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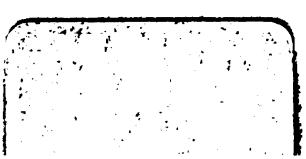

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MONROE'S NEW FIFTH READER

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PREFACE.

In preparing a Reader for advanced classes, the aim of the compiler has been to select articles that shall afford practice in elocution, while their acknowledged literary merit shall, of itself, commend them to favorable notice. The Fifth Reader may, therefore, be regarded both as a reading-book and as an easy introduction to English literature. Its plan, if faithfully followed by teacher and pupil, will tend to develop thought, quicken observation, and arouse the reasoning powers, which, in the majority of so-called reading lessons, are seldom or never awakened.

Every Lesson in the Fifth Reader should be an informal study of definitions, grammar, and composition. These may seem incidental to the *specific purposes* of a reading-book; but they are essential to good results even in elocutionary work; for experience shows that the well-drilled voice alone will not effect everything. To it, the reader must add a thorough knowledge of the mechanism of speech and a clear understanding of all that he reads.

The Preparatory Study is intended to direct the pupil to such research and thought as may be of lasting value to him in all reading, whether in the school-room or beyond its limits. In addition to biographical and historical notices and explanations of the allusions in the various Lessons, this Study gives practical work in Elocution, Etymology, Grammar, Rhetoric, and Composition.

Elocution.—The exercises in Pronunciation are limited to unfamiliar or difficult words, and diacritical marks are used only where there is danger of mispronunciation. Questions upon Inflections, Emphasis, Pauses, and Accent are given, leading the pupil to discover for himself *why* certain words

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and phrases require certain elocutionary effects. This method of examination into *reasons* will, it is believed, stimulate that spirit of inquiry which is the life of all true education.

Etymology.—The study of Prefixes and Suffixes is continued, and Latin and Greek Roots are introduced. These will be of use in studying Spelling and Definitions, and will give the pupil some idea of the origin of our language.

Grammar.—This work, as begun in the Fourth Reader, is extended, presenting simple definitions and explanations, and passing to the Analysis of Sentences by very easy steps.

Rhetoric.—In connection with this subject, Figures of Speech are defined and explained, the most common forms of Poetical Measure are analyzed, and constant reference is made to peculiarities of construction and expression.

Composition.—In addition to the Grammar and Rhetoric, which bear directly upon Composition, exercises in Synonyms, Paraphrase, and Transposition are given, affording ample practice for even the most advanced pupils.

The Synopsis of Preparatory Study will enable teachers to find at once the "Lesson" furnishing drill upon the various subjects.

Especial acknowledgment is due to Roberts Bros., Lee & Shepard, Little, Brown & Co., Harper & Brothers, James R. Osgood & Co., G. P. Putnam's Sons, Charles Scribner's Sons, J. B. Lippincott & Co., and D. Appleton & Co., for their kind permission to make extracts from their editions of the works of leading American authors. Also to the Editors of "The Youth's Companion" for two poems, one of which is "Early Spring" by Tennyson.

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Sounds of the Letters.

VOWELS.

Long and short sounds.

ā,	*long*, ... as in	fāte.	ō,	*long*, ... as in	nōte.
ă,	*short*, ... "	făt.	ŏ,	*short*, ... "	nŏt.
ē,	*long*, ... "	mēte.	ū,	*long*, ... "	tūbe.
ĕ,	*short*, ... "	mĕt.	ŭ,	*short*, ... "	tŭb.
ī,	*long*, ... "	fīne.	ȳ,	*long*, ... "	flȳ.
ĭ,	*short*, ... "	fĭn.	y̆,	*short*, ... "	abyy̆ss.

Occasional sounds.

â,	. . . . . as in	âir.	o̊,	*like* ŭ, . . . as in	o̊ther.
ä,	*Italian*, . . . "	ärm.	o͝,	*like* o͝o, . . . "	mo͝ve.
å,	*intermediate*, "	åsk.	ŏ,	*like* o͝o, . . . "	wŏman.
ạ,	*broad*, ... "	ạll.	ô,	*like* ạ, ... "	fôrm.
ạ,	*like* ŏ, . . . "	whạt.	o͞o,	*long*, ... "	mo͞on.
ê,	*like* â, . . . "	thêre.	o͝o,	*short*, ... "	fo͝ot.
e͝,	*like* ā, . . . "	e͝ight.	u͟,	*preceded by* r, "	ru͟de.
ĕ,	. . . . . "	vĕrge.	u̟,	*like* o͝o, . . . "	bu̟ll.
ĭ,	*like* ē, ... "	machĭne.	û,	. . . . . "	bûrn.
ĭ,	*like* ĕ, ... "	bĭrd.			

Diphthongal sounds.

oi *or* oy,	. . . as in	oil, toy.	ou *or* ow,	. . as in	out, owl.

CONSONANTS.

ç,	*soft, like* s, as in	çell.	th,	*sharp*, . . as in	three.
c,	*hard, like* k, . "	call.	t̄h,	*flat* or *vocal*, "	t̄his.
ch,	. . . . . "	child.	ng,	. . . . . "	sing.
çh,	*soft, like* sh, "	çhaise.	n̄,	*like* ng, . . "	in̄k.
ch,	*hard, like* k, . "	echo.	x,	*like* ks, . . "	six.
ḡ,	*hard*, ... "	ḡet.	x̄,	*like* gz, . . "	ex̄ample.
ġ,	*soft, like* j, . "	ġem.	ph,	*like* f, . . . "	seraph.
s,	*sharp*, ... "	same.	qu,	*like* kw, . "	quench.
s̄,	*flat* or *vocal*, . "	has̄.	wh,	*like* hw, . "	which.

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Practical Elocution.

I.—Directions to Pupils.

1. Study the reading-lesson thoughtfully and carefully. It is a mistake to suppose that the ideas and expressions of an author can be properly rendered by any reader, without due preparation. The "Preparatory Study" at the end of each lesson will help you; but do not depend upon this alone. Let the words of the reading-lesson become your own words for the time being. In no other way can you interest those who listen to you.

2. Stand or sit in a good position, with the body upright, chest expanded, shoulders thrown back, and head erect.

3. Hold the book properly, supporting it in the left hand, with three fingers underneath, and the thumb and little finger extended above to keep the leaves down. Let the elbow be free from the body, and the forearm elevated at an angle of thirty to forty-five degrees.

4. Breathe before the lungs are empty of air, and before necessity or fatigue forces them to respire too great a volume at once.

5. Be in earnest. Enter into the spirit of what you read, and try to do your best.

6. Make yourself heard, understood, and felt. To do this, however, do not strain the voice or pitch its tones too high. Enunciate every word distinctly and correctly, guarding yourself against any forced or unnatural utterance.

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7. Listen attentively while others are reading, that you may see wherein they do well, and take warning by their failures. Learn to imitate their good points, and to avoid their errors.

8. Finally, by giving strict attention to the lesson, both before and during the hour of reading, you will, in time, become familiar with the language of the best writers — those who have learned to crystallize their thoughts into terse, forcible sentences; and thus, unconsciously, you will improve your own language, spoken and written.

II.—Essential Points in Practice.

Pleasant Quality of Tone.

The tone of voice in ordinary reading should be sweet, musical, and sprightly. Practise the following examples for the cultivation of such a tone. Read as a person naturally speaks when in a happy, buoyant spirit.

1.

Pleasant little Ruth! Cheerful, tidy, bustling, quiet little Ruth! No doll's house ever yielded greater delight to its young mistress than little Ruth derived from her glorious dominion over the triangular parlor and the two small bedrooms.

To be Tom's housekeeper. What dignity! Well might she take the keys out of the little cupboard which held the tea and sugar, and jingle them before Tom's eyes when he came down to breakfast!

2.

The Kettle began it! Don't tell me what Mrs. Peerybingle said. I know better. Mrs. Peerybingle may leave it on record to the end of time that she could n't say which of them began it; but I say the Kettle did.

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3.

Though rudely blows the wintry blast,
And sifting snows fall white and fast,
Mark Haley drives along the street,
Perched high upon his wagon seat;
His sombre face the storm defies,
And thus from morn till eve he cries,—
"Charco'! charco'!"
While echo faint and far replies,—
"Hark, O! hark, O!"
"Charco'!"—"Hark, O!"—Such cheery sounds
Attend him on his daily rounds.

4.

Of course, all babies are wonderful, and everybody's baby is more wonderful than any other baby; but this little fellow had a most surprising way of doing things. When he found out that he had feet and toes,—and he made this discovery very early in life—he would make a hoop of his small body; and it was not long before he managed, in one of these gymnastic feats, to roll out of the cradle.

5.

Rollicking Robin is here again.
What does he care for the April rain?
Care for it? Glad of it. Does he not know
That the April rain carries off the snow,
And coaxes out leaves to shadow his nest,
And washes his pretty red Easter vest,
And makes the juice of the cherry sweet,
For his hungry little robins to eat?
"Ha! ha! ha!" hear the jolly bird laugh.
"That is not the best of the story, by half!"

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6.

Pray, where are the charming bluebells gone,
That lately bloomed in the wood?
Why, the little fairies have each taken one,
And put it on for a hood.

And where are the pretty grass-stalks gone,
That waved in the summer breeze?
Oh, the fairies have taken them every one,
To plant in their gardens like trees.

7.

The Dean began to feel more than amusement in his chat with the cobbler; and said, "Well, now, you comical rogue, do you know Dean Swift?"

"Not by person, sir; that is a pleasure that is before me yet; but I know him well by character."

"What do you know about him?" asked the Dean.

"Why, that he's a true friend to Ireland and her people, and an enemy to all oppressors." Then the cobbler added, with a twinkle in his eye, "If he wanted a character and came to me for one, he should have no reason to complain of it."

8.

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree,
"He's singing to me! He's singing to me!"
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"O, the world's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? Don't you see?
Hush! Look! In my tree
I'm as happy as happy can be!"

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Articulation.

Having made sure of a pleasant quality of voice, the pupil may next give his attention to enunciating his words with neatness and precision. Open the mouth sufficiently, and put *life* into the action of the jaw, tongue, and lips. The pupil who has a tendency to blend words and syllables improperly, or to pervert, slur, or suppress certain sounds, should pronounce repeatedly the words in which he fails, and the elementary sounds that present any difficulties to him. The words in the exercises may be pronounced singly; then in phrases; then in complete sentences — slowly at first, afterward with increasing rapidity. Distinct articulation will not interfere with easy and natural utterance.

1.

Fight . . on, . . thou . . brave, . . true . . heart, . . and . . falter . . not, . . through . . dark . . fortune . . and . . through . . bright.

2.

Ye . . are . . brave . . O . . warriors! Ye . . are . . tempests . . in . . war. . . Ye . . are . . like . . storms, . . which . . meet . . the rocks . . without . . fear, . . and . . overturn . . the woods.

3.

To . . improve . . the golden . . moment . . of . . opportunity, . . and . . catch . . the good . . that . . is . . within . . our . . reach . . is . . the great . . art . . of . . life.

4.

He who speaks honestly, . . cares not, . . needs not care, . . though his words be preserved to remotest time.

5.

What sculpture is . . to a block of marble, . . education is . . to a human soul.

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6.

Memory presides over the Past; Action presides over the Present. The first lives in a rich temple, hung with glorious trophies, and lined with tombs; the other has no shrine but Duty, and it walks the earth like a spirit!

7.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook, babbling down the mountain's side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd, dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

Fullness and Power.

Fullness and power of voice are required in forcible reading, in speaking in a large space, or in addressing persons at a distance. For such purposes, the conversational tone lacks the requisite strength and dignity.

Examples are given for practice in a full, free tone. Such exercises are beneficial not only to the voice but to the health, as they bring into action most of the muscles of the trunk.

Observe the following directions in the order named:

1. Take a good standing position. **2.** Inhale a deep breath through the nostrils. **3.** Control the breath by a slight effort of the muscles of the waist and abdomen, somewhat as in lifting. **4.** Fix the eye on some distant point, and aim the voice at that point, letting the tone leap freely and naturally forth.

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1.

The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And since the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence?

2.

The great bell swung as ne'er before:
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron-tongue
Was, "WAR! WAR! WAR!"

3.

Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

4.

"Who dares"—this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came,—
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered "*I.*"

5.

Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? Measures, my lord, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to ruin and contempt! But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world; now, none so poor as to do her reverence.

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III.—Slides or Inflections.

In asking a direct question—that is, one which may be answered by *yes* or *no*—the voice glides from low to high, and in the answer it slides downward. Thus, one asks another at a distance what he wants,—"The bâll?" "Nò! the knife." The movement of the voice on the word "ball" is a *rising slide or inflection;* that upon "no" and "knife" is a *falling inflection.* The more emphatic the language, the more marked are the rise and the fall of the voice.

In sad or plaintive utterance the slide becomes semitonic or *minor.* To indicate irony, double-meaning, surprise, scorn, doubt, great force of signification, etc., the voice slides upward and downward on the same sound, producing the *wave,* or *circumflex slide*—named rising or falling, according to the kind of inflection at its close.

In the expression of awe and sublimity, the voice usually has a level movement from note to note, "like the repeated sounds of a deep-toned bell." This intonation, termed the *monotone,* must be sparingly and judiciously employed.

Falling Inflections.

1.

Rouse thee ùp! O waste not life in fond delùsions
Be a sòldier,—be a hèro,—be a màn!

2.

"Hàlt!" The dust-brown ranks stood fàst.
"Fìre!" Out blazed the rifle blast.

NOTE.—The rising inflection is indicated by the acute accent (ˊ); the falling, by the grave accent (ˋ); the falling circumflex, by the circumflex accent (ʌ); and the rising circumflex, by the circumflex accent *inverted* (v).

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3.

Freedom calls you! Quick, be ready,
Think of what your sires have done;
Onward, onward! strong and steady,—
Drive the tyrant to his den.

4.

"Disperse, ye villains! ye rebels, disperse! Lay down your arms! why don't you lay down your arms and disperse?"

Rising Inflections.

1.

And has it come to this? Are we so humbled, so low, so debased that we dare not express our sympathy for suffering Greece—that we dare not articulate our detestation of the brutal excesses of which she has been the victim, lest we offend some one or more of their imperial and royal majesties?

2.

Do you think those cries will be forgotten? Do you suppose their echo will not reach the plains of my injured and insulted country; that they will not be whispered in her green valleys, and heard from her lofty hills?

3.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

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Rising and Falling Inflections.

1.

What is it, countrymen, that we need to-day? Wealth? Behold it in your hands. Power? God hath given it to you. Liberty? It is your birthright. Peace? It dwelleth among you.

2.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote.

Minor Rising Inflections.

1.

Wilt thou put out mine eyes?
Those eyes that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

2.

Wild, wild wind, wilt thou never cease thy sighing?
Dark, dark night, wilt thou never wear away?

Minor Falling Inflections.

1.

O that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.

2.

O how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!

3.

"O, my Will! my poor fatherless boy! How can I let you go? You are all I have!"

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One of the most common faults in reading aloud is the use of minor inflections where the sentiment of the piece does not require it. It is important, then, that pupils should learn to detect readily the difference between major and minor inflections. Let the teacher give each vowel sound with decided major inflections,—rising and falling,—requiring the class to imitate; as, ā, ā̀; ā, ā̀; ō, ṑ; ŏ, ŏ̀; etc. Then let the same vowel sounds be given, in like manner, with minor inflections, rising and falling.

Rising Circumflex.

1.

It is easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me,—it is easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness.

2.

The common error is to resolve to act right after breakfast, or after dinner, or to-morrow morning, or next time; but now, just now, this once, we must go on the same as ever.

Falling Circumflex.

1.

Oh! but you regretted the partition of Poland! Yes, regretted!—you regretted the violence, and that is all you did.

2.

No, no, my lord; wish not a man from England.

3.

An upright judge, a learned judge! A second Daniel

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Rising and Falling Circumflexes.

1.

If you said so, then I said so. O ho! did you say so? So they shook hands and were sworn brothers.

2.

It is easier to say, than to do.

3.

I said an older soldier—not a better.

Monotone.

1.

Holy! holy! holy! Lord God of Sabaoth!

2.

In all time,
Calm or convulsed,—in breeze, or gale, or storm,—
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime,—
The image of Eternity,—the throne
Of the Invisible;— . . . .
. . . . thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

IV.—Different Qualities of Voice.

Pure Tone is used in unimpassioned discourse; in the expression of agreeable emotions; and in sadness or grief.

Orotund is used to express what is grand, or sublime.

Aspirated quality expresses secrecy, fear, or awe.

The *Whisper* has power similar to that of the aspirated tone. It is seldom employed in reading or speaking, but it may be practised at times as a discipline for the voice.

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Whisper.

1.

"Is all prepared?—speak soft and low."
"All ready! we have sent the men,
As you appointed, to the place."

2.

Or whispering with white lips: "The foe! they come! they come!"

Half-Whisper, or Aspirated Tone.

1.

And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better, by far,
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

2.

"Silence!" in undertones they cry,
"No whisper!—not a breath!
The sound that warns thy comrades nigh
Shall sentence thee to death."

Pure Tone.

1.

Lichens and mosses—humblest of the green things that live—how of these? Meek creatures! the first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed softness its dintless rocks; creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honor the scarred disgrace of ruin, laying quiet fingers on the trembling stones, to teach them rest.

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2.

Sing, little bird, O sing!
How sweet thy voice and clear,
How fine the airy measures ring,
The sad old world to cheer!

Orotund.

1.

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There arose a shout prolonged and loud.

2.

A boom!—the Lighthouse gun!
How its echo rolls and rolls!

3.

The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? what would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?

V.—Movement, or Rate of Utterance.

The movement in reading depends upon the character of the passage to be read, and the sentiments to be expressed. Emotions of solemnity and awe are consistent only with very slow movements. Dignity requires in its expression not only slowness but regularity. Violent passion gives rise to irregular and impulsive speech. The moderate movement indicates the absence of agitation or excitement, and is, in general, the best movement for ordinary reading.

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Rapid Movement.

1.

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet.

2.

Out—out into the darkness,—
Faster, and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her.
The chestnut wood is past,
She looks up; clouds are heavy;—
Why is her steed so slow?—
Scarcely the wind beside them
Can pass them as they go.
"Faster," she cries, "O faster!"
Eleven the church-bells chime:
"O God," she cries, "help Bregenz,
And bring me there in time."

Moderate.

1.

O perfect day of summer time!
I see the purple shadows climb
The peaceful hills, as down the west
The sun goes journeying to his rest,
While all the valley at my feet
Is wrapped in calm as deep and sweet
As that which in my fancy lies
About the peaks of Paradise.

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2.

The very ruins in Europe tell a history of the past, and every moldering stone is a chronicle.

Slow.

1.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently!

2.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Very Slow.

1.

Toll, toll, toll,
Thou bell by billows swung!
And night and day thy warning words,
Repeat with mournful tongue!
Toll for the queenly boat
Wrecked on yon rocky shore:
Seaweed is in her palace halls;
She rides the surge no more.

2.

Every moment of our life, we breathe, stand, or move in the temple of the Most High; for the whole universe is that temple.

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VI.—Pauses.

Grammatical pauses are dependent upon the *grammatical construction* of a sentence, and are indicated by the punctuation marks. *Rhetorical pauses* depend solely upon the *sense* of a passage, and they must be regulated by judgment and good taste, rather than by any formal directions; but, as a rule, they are required in the following cases, in which no grammatical pauses would be allowed:

1. After the subject of a sentence.

The winter moon . . shines clear and cold. The shadows of evening . . lengthen upon the land.

2. After modifiers that are transposed.

Up in the trees . . the robins sung. Bright . . were thine eyes as the stars.

3. After an emphatic word.

We were children . . then, or they called . . us so.

4. Before a prepositional phrase.

But thou shalt flourish . . in immortal youth.

5. Before an appositional phrase.

He made Constantinople . . the capital of his Empire.

6. Before an emphatic word to give greater force to it.

For insult shall I give . . humility?

7. Before a phrase or a clause modifying a verb.

I thrice presented him . . a kingly crown. Does our king care . . whether we live or die?

8. Before a relative clause.

We prize . . the blessings . . that we lose.

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Rhetorical pauses are of double importance, since, if properly applied, they not only heighten the beauty and effect of the reading, but also give that rest to the voice which is absolutely necessary to prevent a jerked and stumbling manner of utterance. If pauses do not occur frequently enough, the words will be crowded upon one another, and the result will be that catching of the breath, stammering, and repetition which are so common with careless readers.

The proper length of a pause depends upon the sentiments expressed, and the effect to be produced. In the following selections, let the pupil state the reasons for the rhetorical pauses, conforming to the eight directions given above.

1.

The banishment . . was overlong,
  But it will soon . . be past,
The man . . who wrote . . Home's . . sweetest . . song . .
  Is coming . . home . . at last.
For years . . his poor abode . . was seen . .
  In foreign . . lands alone,
And waves . . have thundered loud . . between
  The singer . . and his own.

2.

I know each shape . . of those shadowy hills,
  Remembered . . yet . . out of childhood's years;
And each dim line . . of the landscape . . fills
  My soul . . with a joy . . that is hard . . on tears.
For those . . are the Alban hills; and there,
  On the edge . . of the far horizon . . line,
Is that . . Soracte, that stands out clear . .
  Where the night . . hangs yet, and the last stars . .
    shine?

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VII.—Force.

The degree of force or loudness required in reading depends upon the space to be filled by the reader's voice or the distance it must reach; upon the number of persons presumed to be addressed, and upon the emotion expressed.

What is wanted in every-day use of the voice, in the school-room or elsewhere, is a clear tone, and easy, natural utterance. The practice of loud and sustained tones is an excellent means of improving the voice, but is to be the exception, not the rule, in ordinary reading. Yet the softest tone must be elastic and full of life.

Gentle.

1.

And if any painter drew her,
He would paint her unaware
With a halo round her hair.

2.

Was it the chime of a tiny bell
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell,
That he winds on the beach so mellow and clear?
Hark! the notes on my ear that play,
Are set to words; as they float, they say,
Passing away! passing away.

Moderate Force.

1.

People talk of liberty as if it meant the liberty of doing what a man likes. The only liberty that a man should ask for is the privilege of removing all restric-

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tions, inward and outward, that prevent his doing what he ought to do. I call that man free who is able to rule himself. I call him free who has his flesh in subjection to his spirit; who fears doing wrong, but who fears nothing else.

2.

In sweet May time, so long ago,
I stood by the big wheel spinning tow,
Buzz, buzz,—so very slow:
O, how I longed to burst away
From my dull task to the outer day;
But we were poor and I must stay,
So buzz, buzz,— 'twas very slow,
Drawing threads from the shining tow,
When the heart was dancing so.

Loud.

1.

Come on, my friends!
And where you take your stand upon the field,
Thence, howsoever you advance, resolve
A foot you'll ne'er recede; while from the tongues
Of womanhood and childhood, helplessness
Invokes you to be strong! Come on! Come on!
I'll bring you to the foe!

2.

You say that Ireland is a millstone about our necks; that it would be better for us if Ireland were sunk at the bottom of the sea; that the Irish are a nation of irreclaimable savages and barbarians. Ireland a millstone about your neck? Why is it not a stone of Ajax

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in your hand? I agree with you most cordially, that, governed as Ireland now is, it would be a vast accession of strength if the waves of the sea were to rise and engulf her to-morrow. Why will you attribute the turbulence of our people to any cause but the right — to any cause but your own scandalous oppression?

3.

Ring, freedom's bells, across all lands!
Ring, happy bells, from shore to shore!
Until your echoes from far strands
Come back to us once more.
Ring out a blood-bought country's worth;
O joyful bells, ring high, ring low,
To celebrate a nation's birth,
One hundred years ago!

Very Loud.

1.

Hurrah! hurrah! it shakes the wave,
It thunders from the shore —
One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One nation evermore!

2.

Ye guards of liberty,
I 'm with you once again. I call to you
With all my voice.

3.

From every hill, by every sea,
In shouts proclaim the great decree,
"All chains are burst, all men are free!"
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

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VIII.—Pitch, or Modulation.

The proper modulation of the voice is one of the most important elements of expression. In nothing is a reader's good taste more manifest than in his adaptation of pitch and quality of tone to every shade of thought and emotion.

An appreciation of the sentiment is the only correct guide to the use of the various tones required in reading. But the broader distinctions may be indicated as follows:

A high pitch is used in the expression of joyous emotions; in pity, tenderness, and sorrow; and in pain, grief, and fear.

The middle pitch is that of ordinary conversation, and is required in unemotional reading.

A low pitch indicates awe, reverence, scorn, etc.

High Pitch.

1.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

2.

I come, I come!—ye have called me long,—
I come o'er the mountains with light and song.

3.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name,—
Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link, spink, spank, spink.

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4.

Cry Holiday! Holiday! let us be gay,
And share in the rapture of heaven and earth;
For, see! what a sunshiny joy they display,
To welcome the Spring on the day of her birth.

5.

Hear the sledges with the bells,—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that over-sprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight.

Middle Pitch.

1.

An old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped.

2.

My crown is in my heart, not on my head,
Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is called Content;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

3.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words—health, peace, and competence;
But health consists with temperance alone;
And peace, O Virtue, peace is all thy own.

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Low Pitch.

1.

Hark! from the battlements of yonder tower,
The solemn bell has tolled the midnight hour.

2.

But, whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both.

3.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

Very Low.

1.

The drums are all muffled; the bugles are still;
There 's a pause in the valley, a halt on the hill;
And the bearers of standards swerve back with a thrill
Where the sheaves of the dead bar the way:
For a great field is reaped, heaven's garners to fill;
And stern Death holds his harvest to-day.

2.

"Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God!"

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3.

O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low? are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, shrunk to this little measure?

4.

My Father, God, lead on!
Calmly I follow where Thy guiding hand
Directs my steps. I would not trembling stand,
Though all before the way
Is dark as night: I stay
My soul on Thee, and say,—
Father, I trust Thy love: lead on!

IX.—Transition.

The following selections, illustrating a great variety of elevation and depression of tone, are given for practice in *transition*. Exercises of this kind will be found useful in correcting a monotonous style, and in enabling the pupil to manage and modulate his voice freely and skillfully, so that his reading may be "a correct and beautiful picture of speaking." To accomplish this, he must enter into the sentiment expressed, and give, spontaneously, as it were, the requisite variety of tone and movement.

1.

Animated.
The squadron is forming, the war-bugles play!
Pure tone.
To saddle, brave comrades, stout hearts for a fray!
Our captain is mounted,—strike spurs and away!
Moderate.
No breeze shakes the blossoms, or tosses the grain;
But the wind of our speed floats the galloper's mane,
As he feels the bold rider's firm hand on the rein.

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Aspirated.

Lo, dim in the starlight, their white tents appear!
Ride softly! ride slowly! the onset is near!
More slowly! more softly! the sentry may hear!

Loud.

Now fall on the foe like a tempest of flame!
Strike down the false banner whose triumph were shame!

Very loud.

Strike, strike, for the true flag, for freedom, for fame!

Moderate.

The bugles recall us; the carnage is done;
All red with our valor, we welcome the sun.

Very loud.

Hurrah! sheathe your swords! we have won! we have won!

2.

Orotund.

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.

Animated tone.

And see! she stirs!
She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms.

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3.

Moderate.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When on an idle day, a day of search,
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That moldering chest was noticed; and 't was said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,

High pitch.

"Why not remove it from its lurking-place?"

Moderate.

'T was done as soon as said; but on the way

Subdued tone.

It burst—it fell—and lo! a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
A golden clasp clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished—save a wedding-ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name,—the name of both—
"Ginevra." There then had she found a grave!

4.

Pure tone.

Daughter of heaven, fair art thou! the clouds rejoice in thy presence, O moon! Who is like thee in heaven, light of the silent night? The stars turn away their sparkling eyes. Whither dost thou retire from thy course when the darkness of thy countenance grows? Dwellest thou in the shadow of grief?

Orotund.

Thou art now clothed with thy brightness. Look from thy gates in the sky. Burst the cloud, O wind! that the daughters of night may look forth; that the shaggy mountains may brighten, and the ocean roll its white waves in light!

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5.

Medium tone.

John Maynard was pilot on a steamboat from Detroit to Buffalo. One summer afternoon smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out:

Loud.

"Simpson, go below and see what's the matter?"

Half aspirated.

Simpson came up with his face pale as ashes, and said, "Captain, the ship is on fire."

Very loud.

Then "Fire! fire! fire!" on shipboard.

Medium.

All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed on the fire, but in vain. The passengers rushed forward and inquired of the pilot:

Quick and loud.

"How far are we from Buffalo?"

"Seven miles."

Slightly aspirated.

"Is there any danger?"

Bold and loud.

"Danger, here—see the smoke bursting out—go forward, if you would save your lives."

Medium.

Passengers and crew crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose. The captain cried out through his trumpet:

Very loud.

"John Maynard!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Are you at the helm?"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

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"How does she head?"

"Southeast by east, sir."

"Head her southeast and run her on shore."

Medium.

Nearer, nearer, yet nearer, she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out:

Loud.

"John Maynard!"

Soft.

The response came feebly this time, "Aye, aye, sir!"

Loud.

"Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?"

Soft.

"By God's help, I will."

Grave and decided.

The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp; one hand disabled; with his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship; every man, woman, and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took its flight to God.

6.

Soft orotund.

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, O keep us, the Many in One!

Loud and animated.

Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore;
While through the sounding sky,
Loud rings the nation's cry,—

Very loud.

Union and Liberty!—one evermore!

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7.

Moderate.

Scribe. Say, Henry, King of England, come into the court.

Loud orotund.

Crier. Henry, King of England, etc.

Medium.

King. Here.

Moderate.

Scribe. Say, Katharine, Queen of England, come into the court.

Loud orotund.

Crier. Katharine, Queen of England, etc.

X.—Style.

An Arabian proverb says, "He is the best orator who can turn men's ears into eyes." The same truth will apply with equal force to the reader. Let him, then, present to the listener the clearest possible picture of the persons represented and the scenes delineated. In reading the *conversational style*, he should "put himself in the speaker's place."

The narrative and descriptive styles should be read as one would tell an interesting story.

In the didactic style the reader must take care, for there is constant danger of falling into dullness and monotony.

The style of public address varies with the nature of the occasion which gives rise to it; but, in all cases, the *greatest orators* are the *most natural speakers*.

The declamatory style is that of the orator on great public occasions. The tones should be powerful, the inflections decisive, and the manner imposing.

Dramatic and emotional expression require all the varied resources of which the voice is capable;—"with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature."

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Conversational.

1.

Two honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand,
One took the other briskly by the hand:
"Hark ye," said he, "'t is an odd story this,
About the crows!" "I don't know what it is,"
Replied his friend. "No? I 'm surprised at that;
Where I come from, it is the common chat."

2.

Hazel jumped up; but she paused after three steps toward the door, to say gently,—

"Perhaps—I hope I have not stayed too long!"

"Come back, you little Hazel-Sprite!" cried Mrs. Geoffrey; and when she got her within reach again, she put her hands one each side of the little blushing, gleaming face, and kissed it, saying,—

"I hardly think—I am rather slow, usually, in making up my mind about people—but I hardly think you can stay too long, or come too often, dear!"

Light Narrative.

1.

He could not pride himself upon his wit,
And as for wisdom, he had none of it.
He had what 's better; he had wealth.
What a confusion!—all stand up erect—
These crowd around to ask him for his health;
These bow in honest duty and respect;
And these arrange a sofa or a chair,
And these conduct him there.

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2.

Johnny's aggressive disposition was not earlier developed than his duplicity. By the time he was two years of age, I had got the following maxim by heart: "Whenever J. is particularly quiet, look out for squalls." He was sure to be in some mischief. And I must say there is a novelty—an unexpectedness—an ingenuity in his badness that constantly astonishes me. He never repeats himself. His evil resources are inexhaustible. He never does the thing I expect him to do. He never fails to do the thing I am unprepared for.

I am sure I do not know how he came by such unpleasant propensities. I am myself the meekest of men. Of course, I do not mean to imply that Johnny inherited his warlike disposition from his mother. She is the gentlest of women. But when you come to Johnny —he 's the terror of the whole neighborhood.

Narrative and Descriptive.

1.

When Choate essayed the pathetic he was always simple. There is no more beautiful instance of this than his remarks on Webster's love of New England: "He loved New Hampshire,—that old granite world, —the crystal hills, gray and cloud-topped; the river, whose murmur lulled his cradle; the old hearthstone; the grave of father and mother. He loved Massachusetts, which adopted and honored him,—that sounding sea-shore, that charmed elm-tree seat, that reclaimed farm, that choice herd, that smell of earth, that dear library, those dearer friends; but the 'sphere of his duties was his true country.'"

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2.

Of all the sweet sayings that I have heard from the mouths of children, one of the very sweetest was that of a little girl not six years old. She came in one day with her hands full of flowers, which she gave one by one to her mother, gravely calling them by their names, as she did so. Of the last flower, a tiny blue one, she did not know the name. Looking at it earnestly for a moment or two, she said, hesitatingly, as she placed it with the rest, "and this one—this—is a kiss from the good God. He sends them so."

3.

The fight did last from break of day
  Till setting of the sun;
For when they rang the evening bell,
  The battle scarce was done . . .
Of fifteen hundred Englishmen
  Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slain in Chevy Chase,
  Under the greenwood tree.

4.

It was expected that the final vote as to the Declaration of Independence would be taken without delay; but hour after hour wore on, and no report came. The multitude grew impatient; the old man leaned over the railing, straining his eyes downward, till his heart misgave him and hope yielded to fear. But at length, at about two o'clock, the door of the hall opened, and a voice exclaimed, "It has passed." The word leaped like lightning from lip to lip, followed by huzzas that shook the building. The boy-sentinel turned to the belfry, clapped his hands, and shouted, "Ring! ring!"

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Didactic.

1.

Man, like the generous vine, supported lives:
The strength he gains is from the embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun,
So two consistent motions acts the soul,
And one regards itself, and one the whole.
Thus God and Nature linked the general frame,
And bade self-love and social be the same.

2.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

3.

Intellect is the head—labor the right hand. Take away the hand, and the head is a magazine of fire that is sealed up in eternal darkness.

Public Address.

1.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future, but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet.

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2.

It is well for us to keep these anniversaries of great events. It is well to commemorate the past with song and eulogy and pleasant festival—but it is not enough. If they could return, whose forms have been passing in imagination before our eyes; if in the presence of this holy hour the dead could rise and lips dumb for a century find again a tongue, might they not say to us:—Your lines have fallen in a happier time. The boundaries of your Union stretch from sea to sea. You enjoy all the blessings that Providence can bestow; a peace we never knew; a wealth we never hoped for; a power of which we never dreamed. Yet think not that these things only can make a nation great. Do you revere our names? Then follow our example. Are you proud of our achievements? Then try to imitate them. Do you honor our memories? Then do as we have done. You have duties to perform as well as we. It was ours to create; it is yours to preserve. It was ours to found; it is yours to perpetuate. It was ours to organize; it is yours to purify!

Declamatory.

1.

We had a right to tax America! Such is the reasoning by which the noble lord justifies his conduct. Similar was the reasoning of him who was resolved to shear the wolf! What! shear a wolf? Have you considered the difficulty, the resistance, the danger? No! says the madman, I have considered nothing but the right! Man has a right of dominion over the inferior animals. A wolf has wool; animals that have wool are to be shorn; therefore I will shear the wolf!

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2.

The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir—let it come! It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry "Peace! peace!" but there is no peace! The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty Power! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

3.

How far, O Catiline! wilt thou abuse our patience? How long shalt thou baffle justice in thy mad career? To what extreme wilt thou carry thy audacity? Art thou nothing daunted by the nightly watch posted to secure the Palatium? Nothing, by the city guards? Nothing, by the rally of all good citizens? Nothing, by the assembling of the Senate in this fortified place? Nothing, by the averted looks of all here present?

4.

Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that ye do crouch and cower, like base-born slaves, beneath your master's lash? O comrades! warriors! Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves; if we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors; if we must die, let us die under the open sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle.

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Emotional.

1.

"I submit!" said Leopold, indignantly. "*I*, the Archduke of Austria, so important a limb of the Holy Roman Empire; *I* submit myself to this king of half an island—this grandson of a Norman usurper! No! All Christendom shall see whether I yield ground one inch to the English bandog. Up, my lieges, up and follow me! We will place the eagle of Austria where she shall float as high as ever floated the cognizance of king or kaiser."

2.

Speak of Mortimer!
Zounds! I *will* speak of him, and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him.
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and cankered Bolingbroke.

3.

This was the noblest Roman of them all.
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a generous honest thought
Of common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

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Suggestions to Teachers.

While the primary and specific purpose of every reading-lesson is to give the pupil drill in practical elocution, there are other considerations that are equally important to the judicious and observant teacher; the subject-matter should be made as intelligible to the pupil as if the language were his own; and, to effect this, the piece that he is to read must be analyzed and discussed and explained until every word and every phrase shall be so simplified in meaning that the ideas expressed may be like living images in the mind of the reader.

Literary productions of a character suited to a Reader for advanced classes are usually full of allusions, comparisons, and figurative phrases, that are as an unknown tongue to the pupil who reads simply to perform an allotted, but far from interesting, task. A word or two about the author and his times; definitions and explanations, given by the teacher, or by pupils qualified for the work, will give life to the reading-lesson, and make it productive of the greatest possible good.

To lead the pupil toward the intelligent analysis of an author's language, exercises upon figures of speech, transposition, and the structure of sentences in prose and in verse, are given throughout the Fifth Reader.

The words selected for pronunciation and for definition are those that are likely to be mispronounced or misunderstood, and diacritical marks are used only where they are absolutely necessary; the teacher will continually add to the lists any other words that present difficulties to her pupils, so that the class may have exhaustive and beneficial practice in the important work of pronouncing and defining. Some explanation of the use of the various diacritical marks may be required for the benefit of those pupils who are not familiar with the "marking" in a Dictionary.

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THE FIFTH READER.

I.—Cheery People.

1. O, the comfort of them! There is but one thing like them—that is sunshine. It is the fashion to state the comparison the other way, and to let cheery people feel that we flatter them by comparing them to the sun.

2. That cheery people are brighter and better than sunshine is very easily proved; for who has not seen a cheery person make a room and a day bright in spite of the absence of the sun—in spite of clouds, and rain, and cold, all doing their very best to make existence dismal? Therefore I say, the fair way is to compare the sun to cheery people—not cheery people to the sun.

3. Yet, state it as we may, the comparison is true and just; and neither the cheery people nor the sun need take offence. In fact, I believe they will always be good friends and allies, and work steadily together for the same ends. What danger is there, then, that either will depreciate the influence or envy the success of the other?

4. The sun on the field makes things grow—fruits, and flowers, and grains; the cheery person in the house induces everybody to do his best, so that one who can sing feels like singing, and another who has hard, uninteresting

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work to do, determines to shoulder his burden bravely, and make no murmur. And the music, and mirth, and work in the house—are they not like the flowers, and fruits, and grains in the field?

5. If there were only a recipe for making a cheery person, how glad we should all be to try it! Who would not wish to be bright, and cheery, and joy-giving, like the sunshine? Who would not think it a precious gift to be able to lighten the heavy heart, and bring a smile to the sad and careworn face?

6. I said, if there were only a recipe for making a cheery person, we should all be glad to try it, hoping to infuse life and beauty into what were otherwise dull and colorless. Now, if we really wish to learn the wonderful secret, we have only to watch the cheeriest people that we know, and follow their example.

7. We shall see that cheery people never mind small worries, vexations, and perplexities. They "blow them by as dust that dims their sight and shortens their survey." Then, they are brimful of sympathy with other people's gladness—genuinely, heartily rejoiced at the good fortune that comes to their fellow-men.

8. They have a keen sense of humor, and find amusement wherever and whenever they can; they think it worth while to laugh, and to make everybody about them laugh, provided there is good reason for merriment and a favorable opportunity for indulging in it.

9. Patience, sympathy, and humor—these are three traits manifest in the cheery person. But there is something else, which is more an emotion than a trait, more a state of feeling than a positive quality. It is mightier than all other impulses—it is the spirit of love, God's best gift to man.

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10. This is the secret, so far as there is a secret; this is the real point of difference between the brilliant flashes of the witty and sarcastic, which sting even while they amuse, and the innocent natural mirth of the cheery, which "doeth good like a medicine."

11. A lady once said to a great painter, whose pictures were remarkable for their exquisite and beautiful coloring: "Pray, Mr. Opie, with what do you mix your colors?"

"With brains, madam, with brains," growled the painter. His ill-nature spoke a truth. Any man might mix the colors and lay them on the canvas, but who could produce such effects as the artist to whose "brains" eye and hand were but slaves?

12. So patience, sympathy, and humor are the colors of cheeriness; but patience may be mere doggedness, sympathy wordy and selfish, and humor simply a sharp perception of the ridiculous. Only when these three qualities are mixed with love,—the love that never faileth,—do we have the true good cheer of genuine cheery people.

H. H. (*abridged.*)

Preparatory Study.

I. **Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson** (*H. H.*), (1830-1885), daughter of Professor Fiske, of Amherst College, was born in Amherst. Her "Verses," "Bits of Travel," and "Bits of Talk" are marked by a forcible style and quaint natural expression.

II. (**10**) "Brilliant flashes of the witty" is a figurative phrase; that is, the words have not their "original," or "literal," meaning.

A figure of speech is a deviation from the ordinary form, construction, or application of words.

III. **Ăl lieş′, in dū′ces, rĕc′i pē, ex′qui site, ĕf fects′, gen′ū ine, în in′ter est ing.**

IV. (**10**) "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine" is from Proverbs 17: 22. (**7**) The quotation is from Young's "Night Thoughts."

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II.—Reading the Bible at Rugby.

1. Tom and Arthur, and by degrees East occasionally, and sometimes one, sometimes another of their friends, read a chapter of the Bible together, and talked it over afterward. Tom was at first utterly astonished, and almost shocked, at the sort of way in which Arthur read the book, and talked about the men and women whose lives were there told.

2. The first night they happened to fall on the chapters about the famine in Egypt, and Arthur began talking about Joseph as if he were a living statesman—just as he might have talked about Lord Grey and the Reform Bill, only that they were much more living realities to him. The book was to Tom the most vivid and delightful history of real people, who might do right or wrong, just like the doctor, or the masters, or the sixth-form boys.

3. Tom's astonishment soon passed off, the scales seemed to drop from his eyes, and the book became at once and forever to him the great human and divine book, and the men and women, whom he had looked upon as something quite different from himself, became his friends and counsellors.

4. Arthur, Tom, and East were together one night, and read the story of Naaman coming to Elisha to be cured of his leprosy. When the chapter was finished, Tom shut his Bible with a slap.

"I can't stand that fellow Naaman," said he, "after what he had seen and felt, going back and bowing himself down in the house of Rimmon, because his effeminate, wicked master did it. I wonder Elisha took the trouble to heal him. How the prophet must have despised him!"

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5. "Yes, there you go off as usual," struck in East, who always took the opposite side, half from love of argument, half from conviction. "How do you know that he did not think better of it? how do you know that his master was wicked? His letter does not look like it, and the book does not say so."

6. "I don't care," rejoined Tom; "why did Naaman talk about bowing down, then, if he did not mean to do it? Was he likely to be more in earnest when he got back to court, and away from the prophet?"

"Well but, Tom," said Arthur, "hear what Elisha says to him: 'Go in peace.' He would not have said that if Naaman had been in the wrong."

"I do not see that that means more than saying: 'You are not the man I took you for.'"

"No, no, that will not do at all," said East; "read the words fairly, and take men as you find them. I like Naaman, and think he was a very fine fellow."

7. "I do not," said Tom, positively.

"Well, I think East is right," said Arthur; "I cannot see but that it is right to do the best you can, though it may not be the best absolutely. Every man is not born to be a martyr."

"Of course, of course," said East; "but he 's on one of his pet hobbies. How often have I told you, Tom, that you must drive a nail where it will go."

8. "And how often have I told you," rejoined Tom, "that it will always go where you wish, if you only stick to it and hit hard enough. I hate half measures and compromises."

"Yes," laughed East. "Sooner have no bread, any day, than half the loaf."

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"I do not know," said Arthur; "it 's rather puzzling; but are not most right things got by proper compromise? I mean where the principle is not given up."

"That 's just the point," said Tom; "I do not object to a compromise where you do not give up your principle."

9. "Not you," said East, laughingly. "I know him of old, Arthur, and you 'll find him out some day. He never wants anything but what is right and fair; only when you come to settle what is right and fair, it is everything that he wants, and nothing that you want. And that 's his idea of a compromise. Give me the Brown compromise when I 'm on his side."

10. "Now, Harry," said Tom, "no more chaff—I am serious. Look here—this is what makes my blood tingle;" and he turned over the pages of his Bible and read: "Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego answered and said to the king, O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter.

"If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

11. He read the last verse twice, emphasizing the nots, and dwelling on them as if they gave him actual pleasure, and were hard to part with. They were silent a minute, and then Arthur said: "Yes, that 's a glorious story, but it does not prove your point, Tom, I think. There are times when there is only one way, and that the highest; then the men are found to stand in the breach."

12. "There is always a highest way, and it is always the right one," said Tom. "How many times has the doctor told us that in his sermons in the last year, I should like to know?"

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"Well, you are not going to convince us; is he, Arthur? No Brown compromise to-night," said East, looking at his watch. "But it is past eight, and we must go to first lesson. What a bore!"

So they took down their books and fell to work; but Arthur did not forget, and thought long and often over the conversation. *Thomas Hughes.*

Preparatory Study.

I. **Thomas Hughes** (1823– ——), the celebrated English writer and social economist, is best known to the world through his services as Member of Parliament, his earnest endeavors in behalf of the working-classes, and his authorship of "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby" and "Tom Brown at Oxford."

II. (**3, 7, 8**) Select a figure of speech in each paragraph, and explain why it is a figure.

III. **Nā'a mān, Shā'drăch, Mē'shăch, A bed'ne gō, sixth-form, Neb'u chad nĕz'zar, sat'ū al, ab'so lūte ly.**

IV. (**2**) In 1832, the **Reform Bill**, making great changes in Parliamentary representation, became a law. **Earl Grey** was Prime Minister, and had labored hard to secure the passage of the Bill. (**4**) By "the house of Rim'mon" is meant the temple of Rimmon, the Syrian god, believed to be the same as Bā'al.

V. A word from which other words are formed is called a primitive word, or root. The roots of English words are of various languages, Anglo-Saxon, Latin, Greek, French, etc. The Anglo-Saxons were the people from the northern part of Germany who conquered Britain (England) about 450 A. D. Of English words in general use by speakers and writers, three-fifths are of Anglo-Saxon origin, three-tenths Latin, and the remainder Greek, etc.

Analyze (naming and defining prefix, root, and suffix) **conviction** (root, *vincere*); **human** (*homo*); **doctor** (*docere*). (See list of roots, prefixes, and suffixes in Appendix.)

VI. (**4, 6, 8**) Such contractions as **can't, don't, it's,** etc., are colloquial, or conversational, and should not be used in the more dignified styles of writing.

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III.—False Notions of Liberty.

1. People talk of liberty as if it meant the liberty of doing what a man likes. The only liberty that a man should ask for is the privilege of removing all restrictions, inward and outward, that prevent his doing what he ought to do.

2. I call that man free who is able to rule himself. I call him free who has his flesh in subjection to his spirit; who fears doing wrong, but who fears nothing else.

3. I call that man free who has learned the most blessed of all truths, that liberty consists in obedience to the power and to the will and to the law that his higher soul reverences and approves. He is not free because he does what he likes, but he is free because he does what he ought, and there is no protest in his soul against that doing.

4. Some people think there is no liberty in obedience. I tell you there is no liberty except in loyal obedience—the obedience of the unconstrained affections. Did you ever see a mother kept at home, a kind of prisoner, by her sick child, obeying its every wish and caprice? Will you call that mother a slave? Or is this obedience the obedience of slavery? I call it the obedience of the highest liberty—the liberty of love.

5. We hear in these days a great deal respecting rights: the rights of private judgment, the rights of labor, the rights of property, and the rights of man. Rights are grand things, divine things in this world of God's; but the way in which we expound those rights, alas! seems to me to be the very incarnation of selfishness. I can see nothing very noble in a man who is forever going about calling for his own rights.

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6. I cannot see anything manly in the ferocious struggle between rich and poor; the one striving to take as much, and the other to keep as much, as he can. The cry of "My rights, your duties!" we should change to something nobler. If we can say "My duties, your rights," we shall learn what real liberty is.

F. W. Robertson.

Preparatory Study.

I. **Frederick William Robertson** (1816–1853), the famous Anglican minister, was born in London. In his boyhood, he ardently desired to be a soldier, but his father had other plans, and the son was destined for the church. Eloquent and original, independent in thought and action, and liberal in all his views, his sermons and lectures tell exactly what manner of man Robertson was — an earnest, conscientious Christian.

II. (6) What word is understood, or omitted, after **can**? This omission is called **ellipsis**, which is a **figure of syntax**.

A figure of syntax is a deviation from the ordinary construction of sentences.

Ellipsis is the omission of one or more words necessary to complete the grammatical construction.

III. **Ca price', dū'ties, great deal, rev'er ences, kept.**

IV. (1) If you ask the question, "Who **talk**?" what will the answer be? The noun in the answer is the **nominative** of the verb. (3) What **consists**? Then, what is the nominative of the verb **consists**? (4) Who **will call**? What is the nominative of the verb **will call**? (5) Who **expound**? What is the nominative of the verb **expound**? (5) What **seems**? What is the nominative of the verb **seems**? (6) Who **should change**? What is the nominative of the verb **should change**? Find the nominatives of other verbs in the lesson.

The nominative case is the simplest form of the noun or the pronoun, and is commonly used as the *subject* of a proposition or a declaration.

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IV.—A Stream's Singing.

1.

O how beautiful is Morning!
How the sunbeams strike the daisies,
And the kingcups fill the meadow
Like a golden-shielded army
  Marching to the uplands fair!

2.

I am going forth to battle,
And life's uplands rise before me,
And my golden shield is ready,
And I pause a moment, tuning
My heart's pæan to the waters,
As with cheerful song incessant
  Onward runs the little stream;
Singing ever, onward ever,
  Boldly runs the merry stream.

3.

O how glorious is the Noonday!
With the cool, large shadows lying
Underneath the giant forest,
The far hill-tops towering dimly
  O'er the conquered plains below;

4.

I am conquering—I shall conquer
In life's battle-field impetuous:
And I lie and listen dreamy
To a double-voiced, low music,—
Tender beech-trees sheeny shiver
Mingled with the diapason
  Of the stony, joyful stream,
Like a man's love and a woman's;
  So it runs—the happy stream!

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5.

O how grandly cometh Even!
Sitting on the mountain summit,
Purple-vestured, grave, and silent,
Watching o'er the dewy valleys,
Like a good king near his end:—

6.

I have labored, I have governed;
Now I feel the gathering shadows
Of the night that closes all things:
And the fair earth fades before me,
And the stars leap out in heaven,
While into the infinite darkness
Solemn runs the steadfast stream;
Onward, onward, ceaseless, fearless,
Singing runs the eternal stream.

Dinah Maria Muloch.

Preparatory Study.

I. **Dinah Maria Muloch** (*Mrs. Craik*), (1826——) was born in Staffordshire, England. Her works of fiction, excellent and pure in style, have given her a high place among English novelists. Although more widely known as a prose writer, she has published many beautiful poems. "John Halifax, Gentleman," is perhaps the best of her novels, yet some of her later works have been equally popular.

II. (5) "Like a good king" is a simile, which is **a figure of rhetoric.**

A figure of rhetoric is a deviation from the ordinary meaning or application of a word.

Simile is a formal comparison, introduced by *like, as,* or *so.*

Select another simile in the poem.

III. **Di'a pā'ṣon,** *harmony.* **King'cups,** *buttercups.* **Paē'an,** *a song of rejoicing.* **Sheen'y,** *bright.*

IV. Find three exclamatory sentences, and tell what punctuation mark each requires at its close.

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V.—The Dynmouth Fisherman.

1. A terrific storm was raging on the wild coast of North Devonshire, and the Dynmouth life-boat was preparing to put out to a ship which, at some distance from the land, was making signals of distress.

"One more man is wanted—who will go?" was shouted above the roar of the wind and waves.

"I will!" And a Dynmouth fisher-lad started from a crowd of anxious spectators [illegible]uped upon the beach.

2. The cry was taken up by the excited by-standers, "Will Carew—he will go! He can pull an oar with the best man in the boat!"

But just then a woman, pale as death, her black hair blown wildly back by the tempest, darted after him, and with a shriek caught the youth by his sailor's jacket.

"Mother! mother!" he said, "don't be foolish now! There 's nobody else to go—don't you see?"

3. But the woman, having stopped him, flung herself on his neck.

"O, my Will! my poor fatherless boy! How can I let you go? You are all I have! The dreadful sea! Think of your father, and have pity on me!" And she sobbed and clung to him in an agony of distress.

4. Only a few months before, her husband, a brave and skillful fisherman, having gone out to pull his trawls, had been overtaken by a violent storm, and only the broken pieces of his boat drifting upon the shore had brought the dismal tidings of his fate. The wife had not yet recovered from the shock of that dreadful event; and now their boy—the brave Will, in whom all her affections, all her hopes, were centered—was about to risk his life upon the same treacherous, awful deep.

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5. The spectators looked with compassionate respect upon her grief; and some one muttered, "The old wife is daft; and no wonder! Let somebody else go!"

But Will, who would not tear himself from her clinging arms by force, said kindly and earnestly,—

"The boat is waiting! O, mother, it is not the time for selfish sorrow. Think of the lives in that wrecked vessel! It may go to pieces at any moment, and we may be too late to save them."

6. "Can I let you?—can I? O, my brave boy, you are right, I know! There are men on board that ship as dear to their friends, perhaps, as your father was to us. And they may be saved—as he could not be! Go, go, my boy! and Heaven preserve you!"

7. Clasping her hands together as if to keep them from holding him back, she looked on in agony while he leaped aboard the boat, which was already pushing off, seized an oar, and pulled hastily away, out into the darkness of the storm and the gathering night.

8. The widow watched the tossing boat disappear in the light of the beacon-fire, which shot its ruddy glare over the breakers; then suffered herself to be led away by kind neighbors to her desolate cottage, where she was left alone to struggle with her old sorrow and her new fear.

9. Some of those who remained on the shore to watch for the boat—for it contained other lives as precious as Will's—had promised to give her instant warning of its safe return; and suddenly in the dead of night came a loud knock on her door, and a shout,—

"They are coming back! the boat has lived through a terrible sea, and now, if she pulls through the breakers again, she is safe!"

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10. The speaker disappeared in the storm; and the widow, who came to the door at the first sound of his voice, ran out after him, in the direction of the beacon-fire.

She was just in time to hear cries of welcome and triumph, and see the boat seized and dragged upon the shore, out of the jaws of the last foaming wave.

11. In a minute Will was half-stifled in his mother's wild embrace.

"You are safe: thank God! thank God!" she sobbed.

"All safe, mother," Will replied. "And we have brought off every one of the crew from the wreck — we picked up the last man after he had been swept by a wave into the sea. They are lifting him from the boat now. Shall he be taken to our house?"

12. "O, yes! and Heaven be praised that he — that you and all are saved! What do I hear? what do I hear, Will?"

Will, standing in the light of the beacon-fire, watching anxiously his mother's face and the excited group about the boat, replied, "There are some who know him; he was once a Dynmouth fisherman. O, mother! mother! don't go down there yet — wait till I tell you!"

13. Will was strangely agitated, as, keeping between his mother and the group, he went on:—

"I saved him with my own hands — caught him by the hair as he was drifting by. It was after he had revived a little that we found out who he was. He went out from Dynmouth once in his fishing-boat — was lost in a storm — picked up by a brig bound on a foreign voyage — and now, on his way home, another storm — O, mother! since he was saved, may not my own father have been picked up, too? I sprang before to tell you —"

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"She was just in time to hear cries of welcome and triumph, and to see the boat seized and dragged upon the shore, out of the jaws of the last foaming wave."

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14. Will tried to hold her back; but just then the red light of the beacon fell upon the face of the rescued man, as he staggered toward her, half supported by two of his old neighbors.

"My husband!" And with a piercing scream of joy she flew to receive in her arms the long-lost man, who had that night been saved from a second peril of death by the hands of his own son.

Preparatory Study.

I. Shriek, clasp'ing, găth'er ing, sud'den ly, new (nū), swept, a gain' (a gĕn'), flew (flū), Dyn'mouth (dĭn'muth).

II. (1) What was raging? What, then, is the nominative of the verb was raging? What was preparing? Who is wanted? Find, in like manner, the nominative of each of the following verbs: (2) was taken, can pull, darted, caught; (3) sobbed, clung; (4) had recovered; (5) looked, said.

III. Write this story in narrative form, without any conversation of the characters introduced.

VI.—The Old Man of the Mountain.

1. The marvel of this countenance, outlined so distinctly against the sky at an elevation of nearly fifteen hundred feet above the road, is greatly increased by the fact that it is composed of three masses of rock lying at angles in such a way as to outline human features.

2. On the brow of the mountain itself, standing on the visor of the helmet that covers the face, or directly underneath it on the shore of the little lake, you can trace no human features in the lawless rocks. Remove but a few rods, either way, from the guide-board on the road, where you are advised to look up, and the charm is dissolved.

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3. One of Mr. Hawthorne's admirable "Twice-Told Tales" has woven a charming legend and moral about this mighty profile; and in his description of the face the writer tells us: "It seemed as if an enormous giant, or Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; then the nose, with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other."

4. We must reduce the scale of the charming story-teller's description. The whole profile is about eighty feet in length; and of the three separate masses of rock which compose it, one forms the forehead, another the nose and upper lip, and the third the chin.

5. The best time to see the profile is about four in the afternoon of a summer day. Then, standing by the little lake at the base and looking up, one fulfils the appeal of our great transcendental poet in a literal sense in looking at the jutting rocks, and,

> "*Through their granite seeming*
> *Sees the smile of reason beaming.*"

The expression is really noble, with a suggestion partly of fatigue and melancholy.

6. The rock-Titan seems to be waiting for some visitor or message. On the front of the cliff there is a pretty plain picture of a man with a pack on his back, endeavoring—as one may fancy—to go up the valley. Perhaps it is the arrival of this arrested messenger that the old stone visage has been expecting for ages.

7. The upper portion of the mouth looks a little weak, as if the front teeth had decayed, and the granite lips had

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consequently fallen in. Those who can see it with a thunder-cloud behind, and the slaty-scud driving across it, will carry away the memory of the grandest impressions that the stone face makes on the beholder's mind.

8. But after an August shower, late in the afternoon, the mists that arise from the forest below congregate around it, and, smitten with sunshine, break as they drift against its nervous outline. Hiding the mass of the mountain which it overhangs, they isolate it with a thin halo, and the countenance, awful but benignant, is "as if a mighty angel were sitting among the hills, and enrobing himself in a cloud vesture of gold and purple."

Thomas Starr King.

Preparatory Study.

I. Thomas Starr King (1824–1864) was born in New York City. In 1846 he was made pastor of the Charlestown church that had been the field of his father's labors. In 1860 he left the East to take charge of a church in San Francisco. His "White Hills," a graphic picture of New Hampshire scenery, and his eloquent lectures gave him great popularity.

II. (4) Select an example of ellipsis. (3, 8) Of simile. Define each of these figures.

III. Vis'or, di rect'ly, prō'file (feel), **ăc'cents, re dūce', is'o late, sug ges'tion, grand'est, mists, hā'lo.**

IV. (3) The **Ti'tans** were giants, sons of Saturn's elder brother. They tried to take the throne of Heaven from Saturn, and were, by the thunderbolts of Jupiter, Saturn's son, hurled into the lower regions. (5) **Transcendental** language is vague, obscure, and fanciful, yet of a high order in a literary sense. (7) The **scud** signifies loose, vapory clouds driven swiftly by the wind. (5) **Seeming** has here the meaning of *appearance*.

V. Find the nominative of each of the following verbs: (1) **is increased,** (2) **remove,** (3) **had sculptured,** (4) **forms,** (7) **looks, had fallen, can see, will carry,** (8) **arise, break, congregate, were enrobing.** Define the nominative case.

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VII.—Mozart's Requiem.

1. The great composer, Mozart, had a slight and delicate body, and when his health began to fail, he fell into a state of melancholy that approached despondency. A very short time before his death, he composed the celebrated requiem, which, having a presentiment of his approaching dissolution, he considered written for his own funeral.

2. One day, when he was absorbed in a profound reverie, he heard a carriage stop at his door. A stranger was announced. This visitor, who was handsomely dressed and of dignified and impressive manners, said, "I have been commissioned, sir, by a man high in power, to call upon you."

3. "Who is he?" asked Mozart.

"He does not wish to be known."

"Well, what does he want?"

4. "He has just lost a friend whom he tenderly loved, and whose memory will ever be dear to him. He is desirous of annually commemorating this mournful event by a solemn service, for which he requests you to compose a requiem."

5. Mozart was forcibly struck by these words, by the grave manner in which they were uttered, and by the air of mystery in which the whole affair was involved. He engaged to write the requiem. The stranger continued, "Employ all your genius on this work, as it is destined for a connoisseur."

6. "So much the better," replied Mozart.

"What time do you require?"

"A month."

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7. "Very well; in a month's time I shall return. What price do you set on your work?"

"A hundred ducats."

The stranger counted them out, laid them on the table, and disappeared.

8. Mozart remained lost in thought for some time; he then suddenly called for pen, ink, and paper, and began to write. The rage for composition possessed him like a fierce, masterful spirit; he wrote day and night, with unabating ardor; but his constitution, already enfeebled, was unable to support the great strain upon it; one morning he fell senseless, and was obliged to suspend his work.

9. Two or three days afterward, when his wife sought to divert his mind from the gloom that filled it, he said to her abruptly, "It is certain that I am writing this requiem for myself: it will serve for my funeral service." Nothing could remove this impression from his mind.

10. As he went on, he felt his strength diminish from day to day. The month having expired, the stranger again made his appearance. "I have found it impossible," said Mozart, "to keep my word."

11. "Do not give yourself any uneasiness," replied the stranger; "what further time do you require?"

"Another month; the work has interested me more than I expected, and I have extended it much beyond what I at first designed."

12. "In that case it is but just to increase the premium; here are fifty ducats more."

"Sir," said Mozart, with increasing astonishment, "who, then, are you?"

"That is nothing to the purpose; in a month's time I shall return."

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13. Mozart immediately called one of his servants, and ordered him to follow this extraordinary personage, and find out who he was; but the man failed, and returned without being able to trace him.

14. Poor Mozart was then persuaded that the mysterious visitor was no ordinary being; that he had a connection with the other world, and was sent to announce to him his approaching end. The composer applied himself with increased ardor to his requiem, which he regarded as the most durable monument of his genius.

15. While thus employed, he was seized with alarming fainting fits; but the work was completed before the expiration of the month. At the time appointed, the stranger returned — Mozart was no more.

16. His career was as brilliant as it was short. He died before he had completed his thirty-sixth year; but in this short time he had made for himself a name that will never perish.

Preparatory Study.

I. **Mozart** (1756–1791), the great musician and composer, was a native of Austria. When very young, he played before the Emperor, who called him the "Little Sorcerer." In 1781, Mozart settled in Vienna, liberally patronized by Joseph II. and his court.

II. (**14**) "Monument of his genius" is figurative: the word **monument** is used instead of *sign* or *token*. This change of words is called **me tŏn'y my**, which is a figure of rhetoric.

Metonymy is a change of names.

III. **Mō zärt', dis so'lū'tion, ab sorbed', month's time, dū'ra ble, dŭo'ats, ex traôr'di na ry.**

Rē'qui em, *a mass or a hymn for the dead.*
Cōn'nois seur (kon nĭs sûr'), *a critic, a skillful judge.*

V. Analyze **presentiment** (*sentire*); **commissioned** (*mittere*); **expiration** (*spirare*).

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VIII.—The Way to Sing.

1.

The birds must know. Who wisely sings
Will sing as they;
The common air has generous wings,
Songs make their way,
No messenger to run before,
Devising plan;
No mention of the place or hour
To any man;
No waiting till some sound betrays
A listening ear;
No different voice, no new delays,
If steps draw near.

2.

"What bird is this? Its song is good,"
And eager eyes
Go peering through the dusky wood,
In glad surprise;
Then late at night, when by his fire
The traveler sits,
Watching the flame rise brighter, higher,
The sweet song flits
By snatches through his weary brain,
To help him rest.
When next he goes that road again,
An empty nest
On leafless bough will make him sigh,
"Ah me! last spring,
Just here I heard, in passing by,
That rare bird sing!"

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3.

But while he sighs, remembering
How sweet the song,
The little bird, on tireless wing,
Is borne along
In other air, and other men
With weary feet,
On other roads, the simple strain
Are finding sweet.
The birds must know. Who wisely sings
Will sing as they;
The common air has generous wings,
Songs make their way.

H. H.

Preparatory Study.

I. (1) What ellipsis is there in the first line? (2) "When by his fire the traveler sits" in prose form would be, "when the traveler sits by his fire." This transposition, so common in poetry, is called **hy per'ba ton**, which is a figure of syntax.

Hyperbaton is the transposition of words.

Find other examples of hyperbaton in this poem.

II. What moral lesson is this poem intended to convey?

III. (1) What is the antecedent of **who**? What, then, is the nominative of **will sing**? (3) What is the nominative of **is borne**? Of **are finding**?

(1) Who is represented as **devising plan**? (2) What **peering through wood**? Who **watching the flame**? The noun in the answer is the subject of the participle, and the participle belongs to it. (3) Who **remembering how sweet the song**? To what pronoun, then, does **remembering** belong?

A **participle** belongs to the noun or the pronoun to which it relates.

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IX.—The Future.

1. The Future is a great land; a man cannot go round it in a day; he cannot measure it with a bound; he cannot bind its harvests into a single sheaf. It is wider than the vision, and has no end. Yet always, day by day, hour by hour, second by second, the hard Present is elbowing us off into that great land of the Future.

2. Our souls, indeed, wander to it, as to a home-land; they run beyond time and space, beyond planets and suns, beyond far-off stars and comets, until—like blind flies—they are lost in the blaze of immensity, and can only grope their way back to our earth and our time by the cunning of instinct.

3. Cut out the Future—even that little Future which is the evening of our life—and what a fall into vacuity! Forbid those earnest forays over the borders of Now, and on what spoils would the soul live? For myself, I delight to wander there, and to weave every day the passing life into the coming life, so closely that I may be unconscious of the joining.

4. We are not merely working, intellectual machines, but social puzzles, whose solution is the work of a life. Much as hope may lean toward the joy of distinction, there is another leaning in the soul, deeper and stronger, toward those pleasures which the heart pants for, and in whose atmosphere the affections bloom and ripen.

5. The first may, indeed, be uppermost; it may be noisiest; it may drown, with the clamor of mid-day, the nicer sympathies. But our day is not all mid-day; and our life is not all noise. Silence is as strong as the soul; and there is no tempest so wild with blasts, but has a deeper lull. There lies in the depth of every man's soul a

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mine of affection which, from time to time, will burn with the seething heat of a volcano, and heave up lava-like monuments through all the cold strata of his commoner nature.

6. One may hide his warmer feelings; he may paint them dimly; he may crowd them out of his sailing-chart, where he only sets down the harbors for traffic; yet in his secret heart he will map out, upon the great country of the Future, fairy islands of love and of joy. There he will be sure to wander when his soul is lost in those quiet and hallowed hopes which take hold on Heaven.

7. Love only unlocks the door upon that Futurity, where the isles of the blessed lie like stars. Affection is the stepping-stone to God. The heart is our only measure of infinitude. The mind tires with greatness; the heart—never! Thought is weakened in its flight through the immensity of space; but Love soars around the throne of the Highest, with added blessing and strength.

8. I know not how it may be with others, but with me the heart is a readier and quicker builder of those fabrics which strew the great country of the Future than the mind. They may not, indeed, rise so high as the pinnacles that ambition loves to rear, but they lie like fragrant islands in a sea whose ripple is a continuous melody.

9. And as I muse now, looking toward the evening, which is already begun,—tossed as I am with the toils of the Past and bewildered with the vexations of the Present —my affections are the architect that builds up the future refuge. And in fancy, at least, I will build it boldly, saddened, it may be, by the chance shadows of evening; but, through all, I will hope for a sunset, when the day ends, glorious with crimson and gold!

Donald G. Mitchell.

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Preparatory Study.

I. **Donald G. Mitchell** (1822-——), better known to the literary world as Ik Marvel, was born in Norwich, Conn. His earliest works, "Fresh Gleanings" and "The Battle Summer," were followed by "Reveries of a Bachelor," published in 1850. The dreamy, poetical style of the "Reveries" and the beauty and pathos of the sentiments that inspired the musings at once gave to "Ik Marvel" a well-deserved celebrity. His later books, "Dream Life," "My Farm at Edgewood," etc., are characterized by the same peculiar grace of expression. The extract given above is taken from "Reveries of a Bachelor."

II. (7) **Love** is spoken of as if it were a living being. This is an example of **personification**, which is a figure of rhetoric.

Personification attributes to inanimate objects some of the qualities of living beings.

(1, 7, 8, 9) Select examples of personification. (2, 5, 7, 8) Select examples of simile. Define simile.

(9) What figure of syntax is illustrated in each sentence? Define that figure. (1) Find an example of it in this paragraph.

III. Har'vests, el'bōw ing, fūt'ūre, wạn'der, in'stinct, vĕ cu'i ty, fo rayę', in tel lect'ū al, pănts, clam'or, depths, seeth'ing, mon'ū ments, strā'tā, hal'lōwed, in fin'i tūde, con tin'ū ous, ar'chi tect, to'ward (tō'ard), chance, shad'ōws, glo'ri ous.

IV. Analyze **vision** (*videre*); **affection** (*facere*); **sympathy** (*pathos*); **infinitude** (*finis*); **continuous** (*tenere*); **ambition** (*ire*).

V. As an **interrogative sentence** is simply a question, and an **exclamatory sentence** an exclamation, they need no formal definition. (3) The first and the second sentences are in the form of a command, and open with verbs before which the pronoun **you** is understood; they are, therefore, called **imperative** sentences.

An imperative sentence expresses a command, an entreaty, an exhortation, or a prayer.

(3) Find an exclamatory and an interrogative sentence.

VI. (8) Why are **others, me, heart, mind,** and **ambition** emphatic?

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X.—Martha Crossley's Vow.

1. One of the largest manufacturing firms in Halifax, Nova Scotia, is known under the name of John Crossley and Sons. John Crossley, the founder of the firm, started in business in the year 1800 with no money, but with one of the best and most capable of wives that man ever had. Her children know how much they owe to her enterprise and her conscientious discharge of every duty.

2. Her son, Sir Francis Crossley, speaking of the spirit in which his mother took hold of the work at Dean Clough Mills, where was laid the foundation of the prosperity of the famous house, says: "My mother went there with her usual energy. As she was going down the yard at four o'clock in the morning, she made this vow, 'If the Lord bless us at this place, the poor shall taste of it.' To this promise, made with such earnestness and kept with such fidelity, I attribute the great success of my father's business.

3. "My mother was always considering how she could best keep her vow. In times of business depression, when it was almost certain loss to give employment to a large number of people, this was her advice to her sons: 'Do not sell your goods for less than they cost. It would ruin you, without permanently benefiting any one; but keep your people at work until better times come, if you can possibly do so: it is a sorrowful thing for a poor man to go home and hear his children cry for bread when he has none to give them.'"

4. As time rolled on, the sons of that upright mother took upon themselves the fulfilment of her vow, believing that its obligation devolved upon them just as the prosperity of their house became theirs. "The poor shall taste of it" was no idle promise.

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"On the 10th of September, 1855," says Sir Francis Crossley, in reference to one of their many acts of beneficence, "I left Quebec early in the morning for the White Mountains. I remember passing through some of the most glorious scenery that I had ever beheld.

5. "On reaching the hotel at the White Mountains, I went out alone for an evening walk. The sun was just declining behind Mount Washington, amidst all the gorgeous drapery of an American sunset. I felt as if I were walking with God.

"'What,' said I, 'shall I render for all his benefits to me? Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?'—This answer came immediately to my mind: 'It is true thou canst not bring the people thou hast left behind thee in thy native country, to see this beautiful scenery, but thou canst take beautiful scenery to them.

6. "'It is possible so to combine art and nature that every working-man in Halifax may, in his own neighborhood, find a quiet pleasure-ground, a green spot of earth free to himself and his generations forever; there, when his day's toil is over, he can take his evening-walk and breathe the fresh air of heaven!' Well, that seemed to me a glorious thought.

"I walked home, and prayed that night that I might be spared to put into execution the plan already developing in my mind.

7. "When I left Quebec for the White Mountains, I had no more idea of making a park than any one here has of building a city. But on the day I reached home, I felt as convinced that I should carry out my thought as I was of my own existence. And from that day to this I have never flinched from the undertaking, whatever difficulties might arise."

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8. This park, called the People's Park, was opened in August, 1857. It is situated in the centre of the city of Halifax, and covers twelve and a half acres of ground. It cost Sir Francis Crossley thirty-five thousand pounds — more than one hundred and seventy thousand dollars. He also gave the city corporation about thirty thousand dollars for investment, the income of which is used to keep the Park in order.

9. But the vow of Martha Crossley was not yet fulfilled: "If the Lord bless us at this place, the poor shall taste of it." That was what she had promised, and her sons, remembering it, considered it a perpetual and solemn obligation upon them: they had inherited it, just as they had inherited the wealth that "blessed" them.

10. In 1864, the extensive business of John Crossley and Sons, with all its mills, machinery, warehouses, and stock in trade, at Halifax, Kidderminster, Manchester, and London, was converted into a joint-stock company.

The company was formed with the view of securing the co-operation of all parties associated, in any capacity, with the firm. While they labored together for a common interest, the people employed by the great manufacturing house would feel that not only the wealthy proprietor, but even the humblest workman might share in the profits of the business.

11. Sums of money were loaned to the work-people to enable them to take shares in the company. The results of this system have proved entirely satisfactory; the directors report that "the active energies of all parties have been fully enlisted." And thus the vow of Martha Crossley, that the poor should taste of the prosperity of John Crossley and Sons, has been amply and nobly fulfilled. *Samuel Smiles (adapted).*

Preparatory Study.

I. **Samuel Smiles, M.D.** (1816–——), the well-known writer, was born in Haddington, Scotland. He is the author of several valuable books, among which are "Self-Help," "Character," "Lives of the Engineers," and "The Life of George Stephenson."

II. "The poor shall taste of it" compares prosperity to food, yet there is no word—**like, as,** or **so**—to introduce the comparison. This expression is an example of **metaphor,** which is a figure of rhetoric.

Metaphor is an implied comparison.

(5) Select an example of metaphor. (6) What ellipsis is there before **breathe**?

III. **Clough** (klŭf), **con sci en'tious** (kon shĭ en'shus), **per pet'ū al, gor geous** (gôr'jus), **pro pri'e tor, sat'is fac'to ry.**

(7) Transpose the last sentence. As this *declares* something real and absolute, it is called a **declarative sentence,** and closes with a period.

A declarative sentence is a declaration or a denial.

XI.—Unwritten History, and How to Read It.

1. It cannot be discovered in what age of the world Britain was first inhabited by the human race. There is no written record or tradition to yield us any information concerning the original possessors of the land. But the history of the early Britons, though it was never written, may be read.

2. The way in which its materials have been gathered and put together is a fine example of the triumphs of patient thought. The historian, in general, finds his materials in written records. But the earliest British people have left their traces on waste moors and in deep morasses, under ancient burial mounds and cairns, by the margins of rivers and on the beds of drained lochs.

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3. Here, for instance, is an ancient boat, found a few years ago on the south bank of the Clyde, when excavations were being made for the purpose of enlarging the harbor of Glasgow. It is of oak, not planked or built, but made of the trunk of a single tree, hollowed out by means of fire, as the marks still show. Within it, when it was discovered, there lay an axe-head of stone.

4. Now, that fire-hollowed boat and stone axe tell their story as plainly as a printed book. The savage on the shores of the Pacific cuts a groove in the bark round the tree whose trunk is to be shaped into a canoe. Into this groove he puts burning embers till it is charred to some depth. Next he deepens the groove by hewing out the charred wood with his stone hatchet.

5. Then he applies the fire again; and so on, until, by the alternate use of fire and axe, the tree is brought to the ground. By the same process it is hollowed out, and shaped into a canoe. In like manner, had the ancient boat-maker of the Clyde made his little vessel. The stone axe, brought to light after untold ages, bears mute but expressive witness that its owner was a savage.

6. The axe with which the ancient Briton fashioned his canoe, served him also as a weapon in battle. Under a large cairn, on a moor in the south of Scotland, a stone coffin of very rude workmanship was found. It contained the skeleton of a man of uncommon size. One of the arms had been almost severed from the shoulder. A fragment of very hard stone was sticking in the shattered bone. That blow had been struck with a stone axe.

7. When the victor, after the fight, looked at his bloody weapon, he saw that a splinter had broken from its edge. Thousands of years passed, the cairn of the dead was opened, and that splinter was found in the bone of the

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once mighty arm which the axe had almost hewn away. What a curious tale to be told by a single splinter of stone!

8. On yonder lea the ploughman turns over the grassy sward. At the furrow's end, as he breathes his horses for a moment and looks at his work, his eye is caught by some object sticking in the upturned mould. He picks it up. It is a barbed arrow-head, neatly chipped out of yellow flint. How came it there? It is no elf-shaft, shot by the fairies. It was once an arrow in the quiver of an ancient British savage hunting the deer.

9. There are spots in which the flint arrow-heads have been found in such numbers as to show that the barbarian tribes had met there in battle. Spear-heads, too, and knives of flint, have been dug up from time to time in various parts. The ancient race who employed such weapons certainly existed before the use of iron, or any other metal, was known.

10. That period when the rude inhabitants of a country were ignorant of metals, and formed their tools and weapons of stone, is called the Stone Period.

Had this ancient race any idea of religion and a future state? We shall see. Here is an earthen mound, heaped over the grave of some chief. When dug into, it is found to contain a rude stone coffin. In the coffin with the skeleton are flint arrow-heads, a spear-head, also of flint, and perhaps the stone head of a battle-axe: the wooden portions of these weapons have mouldered away long ago.

11. Now we know that the savage expects to go after death to the happy hunting-grounds, and to follow again the war-path. His implements of war and the chase are therefore buried with him, that he may start up fully equipped in the new state of being. His favorite horse or dog, and perhaps his attendants, are laid beside his grave,

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that at his rising he may appear in a manner befitting his rank. The contents of the burial mound unmistakably proclaim that the men of these long-forgotten ages had the same rude idea of a future state that the red Indian still has.

12. In all probability, this ancient race occupied the country, with unchanging habits and with little or no progress, for many centuries. At length, however, the elements of a great change were introduced: the savage tribes became acquainted with the use of metals.

13. The introduction of metals is the first great stage in the history of civilization. Armed with an axe of metal, instead of the old axe of stone, the savage can go into the forest and cut down trees at will. He can split them and hew them into planks. He need not now pile up overlapping blocks of stone to roof in his dark, underground abode. He can make a far more convenient dwelling of rough, axe-hewn boards.

14. He need not now hollow out a log canoe, for his new tools have given him the power of building boats of plank. He can increase the size of his little vessel, and thus make bolder ventures out to sea. Year by year, he cuts his way deeper into the forest. The clearings extend, and the soil, which will be corn-land by-and-by, is laid open. He now can form a variety of tools suited to a variety of purposes. New wants are created with the increased facility of meeting them. In a word, with the introduction of metal among a savage race, the march of improvement has begun.

15. The discovery of copper, silver, and gold naturally takes place before the discovery of iron. The smelting of iron is an art too difficult for the savage to master, till he has been long familiar with the working of the softer metals. Accordingly, we find that the earliest metallic implements used in Britain were not of iron, but of bronze.

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16. Copper and tin are soft metals; but if a portion of tin is mixed with copper, the result is bronze, a metal harder than either of the two of which it is composed. Tools and weapons made of this metal are a great advance upon those made of stone or flint. Bronze, however, is but a poor substitute for iron and steel, and we may be very sure that the people who made use of bronze tools knew nothing of iron.

That period during which the ancient inhabitants of a country, ignorant as yet of iron, made use of bronze tools and weapons, is called the Bronze Period.

17. Let us again suppose ourselves present at the opening of an ancient British tomb. It is under a cairn heaped on the top of a hill that overlooks a wide tract of moorland. The stone coffin is very short—not over four feet in length. From the position of the bones, the body has evidently been placed in a sitting posture.

There are cups or bowls of pottery; there is a bronze sword, but it was broken in two before it was laid beside its owner in his long rest. And what is that glittering among the warrior's dust? It is an ornament of gold—a bracelet or a collar—which he had worn.

18. The skeleton of a dog is found beside the coffin; for the warrior knew hunting-craft by lake and wood, and loved to pursue his game with hound and bow. So with him was laid to rest his four-footed favorite, which had licked his hand and followed his halloo.

19. Now observe the cup or bowl, which has contained drink or food—friendship's last gift to the dead. This cup is very different from the unshapely hand-made and sun-dried pottery of the Stone Period. It has been rounded on a wheel. It is made of fine baked clay, and is neatly ornamented with a simple pattern. There has

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been progress, then, in the mechanical arts since the ruder and older time.

20. Let the broken sword next tell its story. The last honor paid to the buried warrior was to break his sword and lay it beside him, ere his companions-in-arms piled over him the memorial cairn. The warrior of the Stone Period was buried with axe, lance, and bow, in the barbarian anticipation of warfare beyond the grave; but the warrior of the Bronze Period was laid in his narrow bed with his broken sword, in token of warfare accomplished and of expected rest. This speaks — and in no obscure language — of some better and higher ideas that this ancient race had acquired.

Preparatory Study.

I. Cairns, lochs (lŏks), **Clyde, Glas'gow, hol'lōwed, ăl tĕr'nate, prŏc'ess, skel'e ton, wĕap'on, fur'rōw, yel'lōw, elf'-shaft, vā'ri ous, in hab'it ants, at tend'ants, cŏn'tĕnts, prob'a bil'i ty, prŏg'ress, length, el'e ments, in tro dūced', vent'ūres, nat'ū ral ly, hal lōō', next, sub'sti tūte, nar'rōw, i de'as, fa'vor ite.**

II. (2) **Cairns** are rounded heaps of stones, erected by the early inhabitants of the British Isles, apparently as monuments over the dead. **Lochs** are lakes or arms of the sea. (3) **Glasgow** is in the S. W. part of Scotland, on the river **Clyde.** (8) A **lea** is a meadow. (15) The **smelting**, or melting, of metals separates them from foreign substances.

What is meant by **unwritten history**? How may it be read? How did the ancient Briton make his boat? What advantages resulted from the introduction of metals? What were placed in the grave with the ancient warrior? What is meant by the **Stone Period**? By the **Bronze Period**?

III. Analyze **process** (*cedere*); **facility**; **expect** (*spectare*); **inhabitants** (*habere*); **introduce** (*ducere*); **convenient** (*venire*).

IV. (1) Why is **written** emphatic? Why is **though** emphatic? Explain the emphasis clearly.

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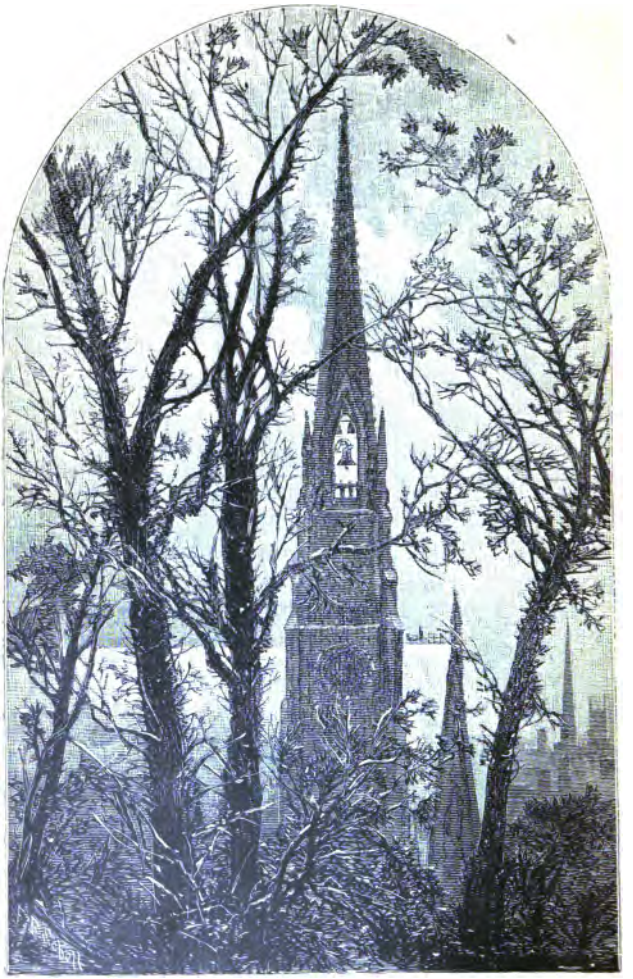

"And now the bell
With sounding swell
Sends the sweet news over hill and dell,—"

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XII.—Voices of Night.

1.

'T is night;—and the old church-bell hath tolled,
With its swinging peal, the passing hour—
Dolorous now, as it tolled of old
From the heart of its quarried tower;
And it seems to say,
As it dies away,—
The brazen clang of the tremulous bell:—
"Old—old, weary and old;—
The heart grows old; for the world is cold,"—
Solemnly sighs the far-spent knell.

2.

The dark pines mingle in pale starlight,
Like the phantom-forms of a fearful night;
Tossing their branches to and fro,
Like the nodding plumes of a funeral show,
The sighing night-winds come and go
And seem to say,
In a mystic way,
As they whisper together, soft and low:—
"Way-worn and weary,
The heart grows cold; for life is dreary,"—
Whisper the night-winds, soft and low.

3.

But, lo! on the far horizon's bar
There riseth the light of a single star;
Like the one that shone o'er Bethlehem's plain,
It heralds the sound of a glad refrain;
And now the bell
With sounding swell
Sends the sweet news over hill and dell:—

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"'T is Christmas eve; no longer grieve
That treach'rous hopes the heart deceive;
For peace on earth, good-will to men,
Shall fill the world! Amen! Amen!"

Preparatory Study.

I. (3) In **treach'rous**, **e** is rejected, and this word is an example of **syncope** (sink'o pē), a figure of etymology.

Syncope rejects a letter or a syllable from the middle of a word.

A figure of etymology is some deviation from the ordinary form of a word.

II. **Dŏl'or ous, plūmes, whis'per, ho ri'zon's.**

III. (1) In the phrase **swinging peal**, the participle **swinging** is used merely as an adjective, and is called a **participial adjective**. (1, 2, 3) Select other participial adjectives, and tell what noun each qualifies.

XIII.—A Country Below the Sea.

1. Pray do not laugh. I have been in it, and have come back dry-shod. Moreover, there are cities and towns with their houses and churches, and there are fields and meadows with their crops and cattle, in this strange country, and tens of thousands of happy and hearty men, women, and children!

2. The name of this extraordinary place is Holland—that is, muddy, or marshy land, and it has this name because a great part of it has been reclaimed from the ocean that washes its borders. It forms part of the district known as "the Netherlands," or the lower lands, so that the very name it bears shows that it lies below the level of its neighbors, even below the level of the ocean.

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3. Holland and the little kingdom of Belgium were, in fact, made by the gradual silting up of the former shallow edge of the German Ocean, with mud brought down, through ages, by the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheldt. Filling the spaces between the sand-banks at the ancient mouths of these streams, it had, before the age of Cæsar, raised a delta of wide morasses, oozy islands, and savage forests, to which the bravest of the Belgic tribes, the Nervii, betook themselves for safety against all enemies.

4. This watery home has been finally wrested from the ocean and from the rivers by the industry of its inhabitants. The whole line of sea-coast and of river-bank has been lined with great dikes of earth, which look to a stranger like common roads, and indeed are used as such. But they have been gradually heaped up till they rise above the highest tides and floods, and thus keep out the waters.

5. Great care is, however, necessary to keep these dikes in perfect repair, and there are watchers along their whole extent, in regular organization, like the companies of so many regiments. When a great storm comes from the west or north-west, all the dikes are lined with men ready to strengthen any weak place by means of mats, or earth, or osiers, and to struggle with the tide till they have raised their rampart above its highest wave.

6. They may, indeed, well keep sleepless watch, for their past history records terrible calamities from the inroads of sea and river. In 1421, an inundation of the river Meuse separated the town of Dort from the mainland, and swept away more than seventy villages and over a hundred thousand people.

7. The Zuyder-Zee, or South Sea—so called because it lies south of the German Ocean, or North Sea—was once a low swampy lake, but the terrible inundations of 1219

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and 1282 broke down the dikes, and made it an arm of the sea. It is now proposed to build a dam across the narrowest part, and pump out the water from behind this wall of earth, thus gaining five hundred thousand acres of good land.

8. Life spent in a country that is thus kept from being swallowed up, only by constant vigilance and labor, has made the Dutch one of the bravest, most industrious, most intelligent, and most liberty-loving of nations. Their history and their present prosperity are the highest praise that a people can have.

9. Such a country must have many peculiarities, and one of the most striking is the way in which large quantities of land have been recovered by draining the lakes formed in earlier ages by inundations. The parts thus won are called polders. A dike is first raised round the spot to be drained, and windmills, which work pumps, are then built on the dike and set in motion.

10. The water from the lake is pumped into a neighboring canal; then, in the progress of the work, straight channels are dug, till the whole polder is divided into little square islands, which the windmills keep from being once more overflowed.

11. Windmills are prominent features in a Dutch landscape. Not only do they keep the land above water by pumping night and day; but they are also used to grind pepper, tobacco, colors, flour, and indeed everything that needs grinding.

12. It is often said that Dutch houses are built on trees; and it is true enough; only, the trees are sunk, in the form of squared piles, in the soft ground, to make a foundation. Hence it often costs more to make the foundation than to build the house. There is not a building

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in Holland that does not rest, in this way, on a pavement of trees driven, like nails, into the ground. Kitchens and cellars are at the top of a house, for the wetness of the soil makes cellars or kitchens like ours impossible.

13. The ditches in the fields have one advantage: they make fences useless. A gate at the little path of dry land leading from the watery labyrinth called a field is all that is needed to keep the cattle safely. The hay is gathered into little stacks, on the squares of dry land, under a frame, which has a permanent roof to keep off the rains.

14. But there is no end of the strange manners and customs prevailing in Holland. They have canal-boats for stage-coaches; and the men sit in the churches with their hats on till the service begins. In their gardens they do not leave bushes or trees as nature suggests, but clip them into all sorts of quaint shapes: this absurd fashion is a relic of the custom of trimming trees, into the forms of animals, vases, pyramids, and even human faces.

Preparatory Study.

I. Cā'i us Ju'li us Cæ'sar (100-44 B. C.), was a Roman general, famous for his learning, his ambition, his valor, and his military successes. He conquered Gaul (France), invaded Britain, and was triumphant in Egypt and in Asia. Cæsar was assassinated in the Senate-house by conspirators who saw in him the destroyer of the liberties of Rome.

II. (6) Of what figure of rhetoric is **sleepless watch** an example? Define this figure. What is a figure of rhetoric?

III. Meŭse, ex traŏr'di na ry, Scheldt (skelt), **Nĕr'vi i, pōl'der, in'dus try, grad'ū al ly, strength'en, nar'rōw est, swal'lowed.**

(3) **Silt'ing,** *choking, filling.* (5) **O'siers** (ō'zhers), *willow-twigs.* **Mo rass'es,** *marshes.* **Ram'pärt,** *surrounding wall or mound.*

IV. (3) The **Bel'gic** tribes, in Cæsar's time, dwelt in the country extending from the Atlantic Ocean to the Rhine and the Seine.

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XIV.—Hannah Lamond.

1. On the same day of midsummer, so drying were the sunshine and the wind, nearly all the people of the parish were busy in securing their hay; and huge heaped-up carts, which almost hid from view the horses that drew them along the sward, were moving in all directions toward the snug farm-yards. Never had the parish seemed so populous.

2. The balmy air was jocund with laughter, whistle, and song. When the trees threw the shadow of one o'clock on the green dial-face of the earth, the horses were turned to grazing; and groups of men, women, and children were collected under grove, and bush, and hedge-row.

3. Graces were pronounced, and the happy company were about to partake of their "daily bread," when the Great Golden Eagle, the pride and the pest of the parish, swooped down and flew away with something in his talons. One single, sudden, female shriek—then shouts and outcries were heard. "Hannah Lamond's child! Hannah Lamond's child!" was the loud, fast-spreading cry. "The eagle has taken off Hannah Lamond's child!" and in another instant many were hurrying to the mountain.

4. Two miles of hill, and dale, and copse, and many intersecting brooks, lay between; but, in an incredibly short time, the foot of the mountain was alive with people. The aerie was well known; and both old birds were visible on the rock-ledge. But who shall scale that dizzy cliff, which Mark Stuart the sailor, who had been at the storming of many a fort, attempted in vain?

5. All kept gazing, weeping, wringing their hands in vain—rooted to the ground, or running to and fro, like so

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many ants in discomfiture. "What's the use—what's the use of any poor human means? We have no power but in prayer!" and many knelt down, fathers and mothers thinking of their own children, as if they would force the deaf heavens to hear!

6. Hannah Lamond had all this while been sitting on a rock, with a face perfectly white, and eyes like those of a mad person, fixed on the aerie. Nobody had noticed her; for, strong as all sympathies with her had been at the swoop of the eagle, they were now lost in the agony of eyesight.

7. "O my sweet little one!" and on uttering these words, she flew off through the brakes and over the huge stones,—up, up, up, faster than ever huntsman ran—fearless as a goat playing among precipices. No stop,—no stay! She knew not that she drew her breath. Beneath her feet, Providence fastened every loose stone, and to her hands strengthened every root.

8. But how was she ever to descend? This thought but once crossed her heart, as up, up, up she went, to the little image made of her own flesh and blood. "The God who holds me from perishing, will not the same God save me when my child is on my bosom?" Down, down came the fierce rushing of the eagles' wings—each savage bird dashing so close to her head, that she saw the yellow of its wrathful eyes.

9. All at once they quailed, and were cowed. Yelling, they flew off to the stump of an ash jutting out of a cliff, a thousand feet above the cataract; and the Christian mother, falling across the aerie in the midst of bones and blood, clasped her child—dead, dead, dead! no doubt!

10. But, no! unmangled and untorn, it lay swaddled up just as it was when she laid it down asleep among the

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22. A neighbor put her child into her bosom; and, shutting her eyes and smiting her forehead, the sorely bewildered creature said in a low voice, "Am I awake? O, tell me if I 'm awake, or if all this is the work of a fever and the delirium of a dream."

John Wilson (adapted).

Preparatory Study.

I. John Wilson (1785–1854) was born in Paisley. He was educated at Glasgow and at Oxford. Under the name of Christopher North, he was one of the first contributors to Blackwood's Magazine. His prose writings, upon which his fame chiefly rests, are remarkable for their simple pathos and grace of style. His "Isle of Palms" and "The City of the Plague" are his best poems. His prose works are "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," "Foresters," "Noctes Ambrosianæ," etc.

II. (5) **What's** is an example of **syn ăr'e sis**, which is a figure of etymology.

Synæresis contracts two syllables or words into one.

(**20, 22**) Select examples of synæresis.

III. Joc'und, fast'-spread'ing, aē'ris (ē'ry), **dis cŏm'fit ūre, swad'dled, hĕath'er, psälms** (sämz), **wind-swept, ăl'ter na'tion, a'ged, de lir'i um, pur sūe'.**

XV.—Ways of Giving Advice.

1. Among all the different ways of giving counsel, I think the finest is fable, in whatever shape it appears. This oblique manner of giving advice is so inoffensive, that if we look into ancient histories, we find that the wise men of old very often chose to give counsel to their kings in fables.

2. To omit many stories which will occur to every one's memory, there is a pretty instance of this nature in a

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Turkish tale, which I do not like the worse for that little oriental extravagance mixed with it.

We are told that the Sultan Mahmoud, by his perpetual wars abroad and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and desolation, and half unpeopled the Persian empire.

3. The vizier to this great Sultan — whether a humorist or an enthusiast we are not informed — pretended to have learned from a certain dervise to understand the language of birds, so that there was not a bird that could open his mouth but the vizier knew what was said.

4. As he was one evening with the Sultan, on their return from hunting, they saw a couple of owls near a tree that grew by an old wall out of a heap of rubbish.

"I would fain know," says the Sultan, "what those two owls are saying to each other; listen to their discourse, and give me an account of it."

5. The vizier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls. Upon his return to the Sultan, "Sir," said he, "I have heard part of their conversation, but dare not tell you what it is."

6. The Sultan would not be satisfied with such an answer, but forced the vizier to repeat word for word everything that the owls had said.

"You must know, then," said the vizier, "that one of these owls has a son, and the other a daughter, between whom they are now upon a treaty of marriage.

7. "The father of the son said to the father of the daughter, in my hearing, 'Brother, I consent to this marriage, provided you will settle upon your daughter fifty ruined villages for her portion.'

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8. "To which the father of the daughter replied, 'Instead of fifty, I will give her five hundred, if you please. God grant a long life to Sultan Mahmoud! Whilst he reigns over us, we shall never want ruined villages.'"

9. The story says that the Sultan was so touched with the fable, that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been destroyed, and from that time forward consulted the good of his people. *Addison.*

Preparatory Study.

I. Joseph Addison (1672–1719), poet, critic, and moralist, was the son of an English clergyman. He was educated at Oxford, and held several public offices, the most important being that of Secretary of State. His prose style is so easy and elegant that he is considered unsurpassed as a master of English. His tragedy of "Cato," his "Hymns," and his contributions to the "Tatler" and the "Spectator" are justly ranked among the classics of our mother-tongue.

II. Oblique (ob leek'), **ancient** (ān'shent), **Mahmoud,** (mä mood'), **der'vise, en thū'si ast, whether, tȳr'an ny, sat'is fied, sto'ry, vizier** (viz'yer), **pretty** (prĭt'ty), **knew** (nū), **Persian** (per'shan), **which, per pet'ū al.**

III. The **vizier** was a high officer of state in Turkey and other Eastern countries. **Dervises** are religious persons among the Mō hăm'me dans of Turkey and Asia, who lead a life of poverty and severity. (**1**) What is meant by **oblique manner**? (**2**) By **oriental extravagance**? (**3**) By **the language of birds**? (**8**) Why did the father wish long life to the Sultan? (**9**) What effect had the fable?

IV. Analyze **different** (*ferre*); **discourse** (*currere*); **attentive** (*tendere*); **treaty** (*trahere*); **conversation** (*vertere*).

V. Select the verbs in this lesson, and name the nominative of each.

VI. (**1, 2, 3**) Why are **finest, oblige, every,** and **worse** emphatic?

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XVI.—Haste Not, Rest Not.

1.

Without haste! without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom;
Bear it onward to the tomb!

2.

Haste not;—let no thoughtless deed
Mar for e'er the spirit's speed:
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward, then, with all thy might!
Haste not;—years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done!

3.

Rest not;—life is sweeping by,
Do and dare, before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time;
Glorious 't is to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away!

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4.

Haste not! rest not! calmly wait,
Meekly bear the storms of fate;
Duty be thy polar guide;—
Do the right, whate'er betide!
Haste not! rest not! Conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

Goethe.

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Preparatory Study.

I. **John Wolfgang Goethe** (gē'tę) (1749–1832) was born at Frankfort. He is one of the most eminent of German writers, excelling not only in poetry, but in polite literature in general. His "Sorrows of Werter" and his dramas, including the well-known "Faust," have given their author world-wide celebrity. Even his minor productions bear testimony to his brilliant and versatile genius. Goethe resided for some time at Weimar, being liberally patronized by the Duke.

II. (**3**) What is a figure of etymology? (**2, 3, 4**) Find examples of synæresis and syncope, and define these figures.

What is a figure of syntax? (**1, 2, 3, 4**) Find examples of hyperbaton and ellipses, and define these figures.

What is a figure of rhetoric? (**1, 2**) Find examples of simile, metaphor, and metonymy, and define each of these figures.

III. (**3**) Transpose the third and fourth lines, and supply the ellipsis, so that the sentence will have the ordinary grammatical construction. What is the nominative of **leave**?

XVII.—A Delightful Afternoon.

1. Hazel was curled up on the broad window-seat, deep in the delights of a great portfolio of rare engravings, prints of glorious frescos in old churches, and designs of grand architecture; and Mrs. Geoffrey, seeing her real pleasure, was sitting beside her, turning over the large sheets and explaining them.

2. As the little girl gazed into the wonderful faces of the saints and evangelists in Correggio's frescos of the church of San Giovanni at Parma, Mrs. Geoffrey told her that the whole dome was one radiant vision of heavenly glory, with clouds and angel faces, and adoring apostles,

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and Christ the Lord high over all; and that these were but the filling in between the springing curves of the magnificent arches.

3. Then she described to Hazel the wonderful room at San Paolo, with its strange, beautiful picture of Diana mounting her stag-drawn car, and its circular walls painted with trellis-work and medallioned with windows, where the heads of little laughing children and graceful, gentle animals peeped in among vines and flowers.

4. Mrs. Geoffrey did not wonder that Hazel lingered with delight over the groups in the Sistine Chapel—the quiet pendentives, in which the waiting of the world for its salvation was typified in the dream-like, reclining forms upon the still desert sand; or the wonderful scenes from the "Creation,"—the majestic "Let there be Light," and the breathing of the breath of life into man.

5. But when afterward, they turned to a portfolio of Architecture, and she found Hazel eager to examine spires, and arches, and capitals, rich reliefs, and façades, and sculptured gates, and exclaiming with pleasure at the colored drawings of Florentine ornamentation, she wondered, and questioned her:—

"Have you ever seen such things before? Do you draw? I should hardly think you would care so much, at your age."

6. "I like the prettiness," said Hazel, simply, "and the grandness; but I do not suppose I should care so much if it were not for Dorris and Mr. Kincaid. Mr. Kincaid draws buildings; he is an architect; but he has not done much yet, because the people who build do not know him. Dorris was very glad to give him a Christmas present of 'Views of Paris,' with the churches, and arches, and bridges; she got it at a sale. I wonder what they would say to all these beauties!"

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7. Then Mrs. Geoffrey found what still more greatly enchanted Hazel, a volume of engravings of English Home Architecture; interiors of old Halls, magnificent staircases, lofty libraries, and galleries dim with space; exteriors, gabled, turreted, and towered; long rambling piles of manor houses, with mixed styles of many centuries.

"They look as if they were brimful of stories!" Hazel cried. "O, if I could only carry it home to show to the Kincaids!"

8. "You may," said Mrs. Geoffrey, as simply, in her turn, as if she were lending a copy of "Robinson Crusoe," not letting the child know by a breath of hesitation the value of what she had asked. "And tell me more about these Kincaids. They are friends of yours?"

9. "Yes, we have known them all winter. They live right opposite, and sit in the windows, drawing and writing. Dorris keeps house up there in two rooms. The little one is her bed-room; and Mr. Kincaid sleeps on the big sofa. Dorris makes crackle-cakes, and asks us over. She cooks with a little gas-stove.

10. "I think it is beautiful to keep house with not very much money. She does all her work up in a corner on a white table, with a piece of oil-cloth on the floor; and then she comes over into her parlor, she says, and sits by the window. It is a kind of play all the time."

11. "And Mr. Kincaid?"

"Dorris says he might have been rich by this time, if he had gone into his Uncle James's office in New York. Mr. James Kincaid is a broker, and buys gold. But Kenneth says gold stands for work, and if he ever has any, he will buy it with work. He wants to do some real thing. Don't you think that is nice of him?"

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12. "Yes, I do," said Mrs. Geoffrey. "And Dorris is that bright girl who rhymed her witty words into 'Crambo?' Mr. Geoffrey told me."

"Yes, ma'am. Dorris can do almost anything."

"I should like to see Dorris, at some time. Will you bring her here, Hazel?"

13. Hazel's little witch-rod felt something in the way.

"I don't know that she would be brought," she said.

Mrs. Geoffrey laughed.

"You have an instinct for the fine proprieties without a bit of respect for the conventionalities," she said; "I will *ask* Dorris."

14. "Then I am sure she will come," said Hazel, understanding quite well and gladly the last three words, and passing over the first phrase as if it had been a Greek motto, put there to be skipped.

15. "Ada has stopped practising," said Mrs. Geoffrey, who had undertaken the entertainment of her little guest during her daughter's half-hour of music. "She is waiting for you now."

Hazel instantly jumped up.

16. But she paused after three steps toward the door, to say gently,—

"Perhaps—I hope I have not stayed too long!"

"Come back, you little Hazel-Sprite!" cried Mrs. Geoffrey; and when she got her within reach again, she put her hands one each side of the little blushing, gleaming face, and kissed it, saying,—

"I hardly think—I am rather slow, usually, in making up my mind about people—but I hardly think you can stay too long, or come too often, dear!"

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

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Preparatory Study.

I. **Adeline D. Train Whitney** (1824- ——) was born in Boston. She is the author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," "The Gayworthys," "Patience Strong's Outings," "Real Folks," etc. Her books present a natural and delightful portraiture of "real life" as lived by "real people."

II. **Ar'chi tect'ūre, San Gio vạn'ni** (săn jō văn'nē), **Flor'en tĭne, a pos'tle** (a pos'sl), **mag nif'i cent, u'su al ly, mixed styles, asked, re'al, dūr'ing, man'or.**

Fres'cōs, *paintings on fresh plaster.* **Pen dent'ives,** *parts of a vault between the arches under a dome.* **Tўp'i fied,** *represented by types or images.* **Re liefs',** *sculpture in which figures rise from a flat surface.* **Fă çădes,** *fronts of edifices.* **Cram'bō,** *a play in which one gives a word, to which another finds a rhyme.* **Con ven'tion al'i ties,** *social forms.*

III. **An to'nio Al lẹ'grĭ** (1494–1534), known as **Correggio** (kor ed'jo), the name of his birthplace, was an illustrious Italian painter. **Păr'ma** is a city in the W. part of Italy. Correggio's work, "Diana returning from the Chase," is in the convent of **Săn Pă ō'lō,** in Parma. **Dī ā'nà** or **Dī ăn'ā,** was the goddess of hunting. The **Sis'tĭne Chapel** is in the Văt'ican, an assemblage of buildings, including the Pope's palace, adjoining St. Peter's, in Rome.

IV. Analyze **magnificent** (*magnus, facere*); **animals** (*anima*).

V. (9) Keeps **what**? In **what**? The noun in each answer is in the **objective case**, the first being the object of the verb **keeps**, and the second the object of the preposition **in.**

The Objective Case is the object of some verb, participle, or preposition.

Find the object of (1) **on, seeing,** (3) **described,** (6) **to give,** (8) **were lending, letting,** (10) **to keep,** (11) **to do.**

Such verbs as **to give, to do, to see,** etc., are in the **infinitive mode,** that is, they have no nominative. A verb that has a nominative is called a *finite verb.* In the **imperative mode,** which expresses command, entreaty, etc., the nominative of the verb is always **thou** or **you,** generally omitted. Examples:— **Come. Do hurry! Let there be light. Go thou in peace.**

VI. Give synonyms of **radiant, enchanted, gleaming, ntertainment, eager, value.**

XVIII.—Short Quotations.

1. He only is rich who owns the day. The days are of the least pretension, and of the greatest capacity, of all things that exist. *Emerson.*

2. One of the illusions is, that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. *Emerson.*

3. Do not refuse the employment which the hour brings for one more ambitious. The highest heaven of wisdom is alike near from all points, and thou must find it, if at all, by methods native to thyself alone. *Emerson.*

4. It is a vain thought to flee from the work that God appoints us, for the sake of finding a greater blessing, as if we could choose for ourselves where we shall find the fulness of the Divine Presence, instead of seeking it where alone it is to be found, in loving obedience. *George Eliot.*

5. Why are not more gems from our great authors scattered over the country? Great books are not in everybody's reach; and though it is better to know them thoroughly than to know them only here and there, yet it is a good work to give a little to those who have neither time nor means to get more. *Coleridge.*

6. Except a living man there is nothing more wonderful than a book!—a message to us, perhaps, from the dead—from human souls whom we never saw, who lived, perhaps, thousands of miles away; and yet these, in those little sheets of paper, speak to us, amuse us, terrify us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers. *Kingsley.*

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7. Education is leading souls to what is best, and making what is best out of them; and these two objects are always attainable together, and by the same means; the training which makes men happiest in themselves also makes them most serviceable to others. *Ruskin.*

8. If we delay till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day, we overcharge the morrow with a burden which belongs not to it. We load the wheels of time, and prevent them from carrying us along smoothly. *Blair.*

9. There are moments in life in which circumstances, like winged shuttles, move backward and forward before us, and ceaselessly furnish the web, which we ourselves, more or less, have spun and put upon the loom. *Goethe.*

10. It is a painful fact, but there is no denying it, the mass are the tools of circumstance; thistle-down on the breeze, straw on the river, their course is shaped for them by the currents and eddies of the stream of life; but only in proportion as they are things, not men and women. Man was meant to be not the slave, but the master of circumstances; and in proportion as he recovers his humanity, in proportion as he gets back the spirit of manliness, which is self-sacrifice, affection, loyalty to an idea beyond himself, a God above himself, so far will he rise above circumstances, and wield them at his will. *Kingsley.*

11. Instead of saying that man is the creature of circumstances, it would be nearer the mark to say that man is the architect of circumstances. It is character which builds an existence out of circumstances. Our strength is measured by our plastic power. From the same materials one man builds palaces, another hovels; one warehouses, another villas; bricks and mortar are mortar and bricks, until the architect can make them something else. *Carlyle.*

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XIX.—The Fox.

1. All sounds are sharper in winter. The air transmits them better. At night I hear more distinctly the steady roar of the North Mountain. In summer, there is only a sort of complacent purr in its voice, as the breezes strike down its sides; but in winter, there is always the same low, sullen growl. When the nights are calm and the moon full, I go out to gaze upon the wonderful purity of the moonlight and the snow.

2. I see the hills lift themselves up cold and white against the sky. Presently, a fox barks away up the mountain, and I imagine that I see him sitting there, in his furs, upon the illuminated surface, and looking down in my direction. As I listen, a brother fox answers him from behind the woods in the valley. What a wild winter sound—wild and weird, up among the ghostly hills!

3. Since the wolf has ceased to howl upon these mountains, and the panther to scream, there is nothing to be compared with it. So wild! I get up in the middle of the night to hear it. It is refreshing to the ear, and one delights to know that such untamed creatures are among us. At this season Nature makes the most of every throb of life that can withstand her severity. How heartily she indorses this fox!

4. I go out in the morning, after a fresh fall of snow, and see where he has crossed the road. At one point he has leisurely passed within rifle-range of the house, evidently reconnoitering the premises, with an eye to the hen-roost. The snow is a great tell-tale!

5. That clear, sharp track—there is no mistaking it for the clumsy footprint of a little dog. All his wildness and agility are photographed in it. Here he has taken fright,

or suddenly recollected an engagement, and in long, graceful leaps, barely touching the fence, has gone careering up the hill as fleet as the wind.

6. The wild, buoyant creature — how beautiful he is! I had often, at a distance, seen the hounds drive him across the upper fields; but the thrill and excitement of meeting him in his wild freedom in the woods were unknown to me, till one cold winter day, when, drawn thither by the baying of a hound, I stood near the summit of the mountain, waiting a renewal of the sound, that I might determine the course of the dog and choose my position.

7. Long and patiently I waited, till, chilled and benumbed and disappointed, I turned back, and was descending the mountain when I heard a slight noise. I looked up and beheld a most superb fox, loping along with inimitable grace and ease, evidently disturbed, but not pursued by the hound, and so absorbed in his private meditations that he failed to see me, though I stood not ten yards distant, absolutely transfixed with amazement and admiration.

8. I took his measure at a glance — a large male, with dark legs and massive brush tipped with white — a most magnificent creature. So astonished and fascinated was I by his sudden appearance and matchless beauty, that not till I caught the last glimpse of him, as he disappeared over a knoll, did I awake to my duty as a sportsman, and realize what an opportunity to distinguish myself I had unconsciously let slip.

9. I clutched my gun half angrily, as if it was to blame, and went home out of humor with myself and with all fox-kind. But I have since thought better of the experience, concluding that the sight of Reynard in his untamed grace and freedom was worth more to me than the excitement of the most successful chase. *John Burroughs.*

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Preparatory Study.

I. **John Burroughs** (1837-——) was born in Delaware County, N. Y. His love of nature is evident in his writings, and his descriptions display close observation and true artistic feeling.

II. **Il lū'mi nā'ted, lēi'sure ly, rē'con noi'ter ing, con clūd'ing, buoy'ant** (bwǫ̆'ant), **op'por tū'ni ty.**

Wēird, *unearthly.* **Lōp'ing,** *moving with long step.* **Knoll** (nōl), *a small elevation.* **Rēy'nard,** *a fox—so called in fables, poetry, etc.* **Brush,** *the tail of a fox.*

III. In the sentence, "The air transmits them better," the noun **air,** the nominative of the verb **transmits,** is modified, or limited, by the article **the**; then, "the air" is the **complete,** or **logical, subject.** The verb **transmits** is modified by the pronoun **them,** and by the adverb **better**; then, "transmits them better" is the **complete,** or **logical, predicate.**

The subject represents that of which something is said or affirmed.

The predicate represents that which is said or affirmed of the subject.

XX.—Valley Forge.

Extract from an oration delivered at Valley Forge, June 19, 1878, the one hundredth anniversary of the departure of Washington's army from that place.

1. My countrymen: The tide of battle never ebbed and flowed upon these banks. These hills never trembled beneath the tread of charging squadrons or echoed to thunders of contending cannon. The blood that stained this ground did not rush forth in the joyous frenzy of the fight; it fell drop by drop from the heart of a suffering people. They who once encamped here in the snow fought not for conquest, not for power, not for glory, not for their country only, not for themselves alone. They served here

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for posterity; they suffered here for the human race; they bore here the cross of all the peoples; they died here that freedom might be the heritage of all!

2. It was humanity that they defended; it was Liberty herself that they had in keeping—she that was sought in the wilderness and mourned for by the waters of Babylon; that was saved at Salamis and thrown away at Chæronea; that was fought for at Cannæ and lost forever at Pharsalia and Philippi—she who confronted the Armada on the deck with Howard and rode beside Cromwell on the field of Worcester; for whom the Swiss gathered into his breast the sheaf of spears at Sempach, and the Dutchman broke the dikes of Holland and welcomed in the sea—she of whom Socrates spoke, and Plato wrote, and Brutus dreamed, and Homer sung; for whom Eliot pleaded, and Sydney suffered, and Milton prayed, and Hampden fell!

3. Driven by the persecution of centuries from the older world, she had come with Pilgrim and Puritan, with Cavalier and Quaker, to seek a home in the new. Attacked once more by her old enemies, she had taken refuge here—nor she alone: the dream of the Greek, the Hebrew's prophecy, the desire of the Roman, the Italian's prayer, the longing of the German mind, the hope of the French heart, the glory and honor of Old England herself, the yearning of all the centuries, the aspiration of every age, the promise of the Past, the fulfilment of the Future, the seed of the old time, the harvest of the new—all these were with her.

4. And here, in the heart of America, they were safe. The last of many struggles was almost won; the best of many centuries was about to break; the time was already come when from these shores the light of a new civilization should flash across the sea, and from this place a

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voice of triumph make the Old World tremble—when from her chosen refuge in the West the spirit of Liberty should go forth to meet the rising sun and set the people free!

5. Americans: A hundred years have passed away and that civilization and that Liberty are still your heritage. But think not that such an inheritance can be kept safe without exertion. It is the burden of your happiness, that with it privilege and duty go hand in hand together. You cannot *shirk* the Present and enjoy in the Future the blessings of the Past. A country is benefited by great actions only so long as her children are able to repeat them. The memory of this spot shall be an everlasting honor for our fathers, but we can make it an eternal shame for ourselves if we choose to do so.

6. The glory of Lexington and Bunker Hill and Saratoga and Valley Forge belongs not to you and me, but we can make it ours if we will. It is well for us to keep these anniversaries of great events. It is well for us to meet by thousands on these historic spots. It is well to walk by those unknown graves, or gather beneath yon little fort, which the storms of so many winters have tenderly spared to look down on us to-day. It is well to commemorate the past with song and eulogy and pleasant festival—but it is not enough.

7. If they could return, whose forms have been passing in imagination before our eyes; if in the presence of this holy hour the dead could rise and lips dumb for a century find again a tongue, might they not say to us:—Your lines have fallen in a happier time. The boundaries of your Union stretch from sea to sea. You enjoy all the blessings that Providence can bestow; a peace we never knew; a wealth we never hoped for; a power of which we never dreamed. Yet think not that these things only can make a nation great.

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8. Do you revere our names? Then follow our example. Are you proud of our achievements? Then try to imitate them. Do you honor our memories? Then do as we have done. You have duties to perform as well as we. It was ours to create; it is yours to preserve. It was ours to found; it is yours to perpetuate. It was ours to organize; it is yours to purify!

9. And what nobler spectacle can you present to mankind, than that of a people honest, steadfast, and secure—true to the teachings of history—led by the loftiest examples and bound together to protect their institutions at the close of the century, as their fathers were to win them at the beginning, by the ties of virtue, honor, and love of country—by that virtue which makes perfect the happiness of a people—by that honor which constitutes the chief greatness of a state—by that patriotism which survives all things, braves all things, endures all things, achieves all things—and which, though it find a refuge nowhere else, should live in the heart of every true American!

Henry Armitt Brown.

Preparatory Study.

I. **Henry Armitt Brown** (1844–1878) was born in Philadelphia. He was graduated at Yale College, and afterward he joined the Columbia Law School. In 1869, he was admitted to the bar of Philadelphia. His rare ability as an orator, and his bold opposition to corruption and misrule, gave promise of an honored future; but death cut short his glorious career. His historical orations are models of finished oratory.

II. (2) The children of Israel, went "through the way of the **wilderness** of the Red Sea," "unto a land flowing with milk and honey." By the **waters of Babylon** they sat down and wept, remembering their own country.

(2) At the battle of **Sal'a mis**, in the strait on the coast of Greece, 480 B. C., the Grecians gained a complete victory over

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Xerxes, the Persian invader. **Chæronea** (kĕr o nē′a), in Greece, was the scene of Philip Macedon's (mas′e don) triumph (338 B. C.), which gave all Greece into the hands of the conqueror.

(2) Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, defeated the Romans at **Cannæ** (kan′ne), in Italy, 216 B. C. Pompey, the celebrated Roman statesman and warrior, was defeated at **Pharsalia** (far sa′-li a), 48 B. C., by Julius Cæsar, his ambitious rival. The battle of **Phi lip′pi**, 42 B. C., overthrew the republic, and established the imperial power in Rome.

(2) Lord **Howard** of Effingham, Elizabeth's great admiral, in 1588, defeated the **Invincible Ar mā′da**, a fleet sent out by Philip II. of Spain to conquer England. On the field of **Worcester** (wo͝os′ter), in 1651, Cromwell utterly routed the royal army, and Charles II. was obliged to flee to France.

(2) The **Swiss** here referred to is Arnold von Winkelried (fon wink′el reet), the hero of **Sempach** (sem′päh). He rushed upon the Austrian host, shouting "Make way for liberty!" and died in the hour of victory, in 1386. In 1672, the **Dutch** flooded their country to drive out the invading French army.

(2) **Socrates** (sok′ra tēz), (470–400 B. C.), and **Plato** (429-348 B. C.) were Grecian philosophers, eminent for wisdom and virtue.

(2) **Marcus Junius Brutus** (85–42 B. C.), one of the assassins of Julius Cæsar, was so ardent a lover of liberty that he looked upon Cæsar's rule as dangerous to Rome.

(2) **Homer**, about 900 B. C., the greatest of Greek poets, narrates the brave deeds of the Grecian forces in the siege of Troy.

(2) **John Eliot** (1604–1690), a Puritan, came to America and labored as a missionary among the Indians. **Algernon Sydney** (1622-1683), an English patriot, was as bitterly opposed to the absolute rule of Cromwell as he had been to kingly power. **John Milton** (1608–1674), the celebrated English poet, rejoiced at the overthrow of royalty in England. **John Hampden** (1594–1643), defended the rights of his countrymen against the arbitrary measures of Charles I.

(3) The **Cavaliers** were the adherents of Charles I., and **the Puritans**, or "Roundheads," were his opponents.

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XXI.—Abraham Davenport.

1.

In the old days (a custom laid aside
With breeches and cocked hats) the people sent
Their wisest men to make the public laws.
And so, from a brown homestead, where the Sound
Drinks the small tribute of the Mianus,
Waved over by the woods of Rippowams,
And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil deaths,
Stamford sent up to the councils of the State
Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.

2.

'T was on a May-day of the far old year
Seventeen hundred eighty, that there fell
Over the bloom and sweet life of the Spring,
Over the fresh earth, and the heaven of noon,
A horror of great darkness, like the night
In day of which the Norland sagas tell—
The Twilight of the Gods.

3.

The low-hung sky
Was black with ominous clouds, save where its rim
Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which climbs
The crater's sides from the red hell below.
Birds ceased to sing, and all the barnyard fowls
Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars
Lowed, and looked homeward; bats on leathern wings
Flitted abroad; the sounds of labor died;
Men prayed, and women wept; all ears grew sharp
To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet shatter
The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ
Might look from the rent clouds, not as He looked
A loving guest at Bethany, but stern
As Justice and inexorable Law.

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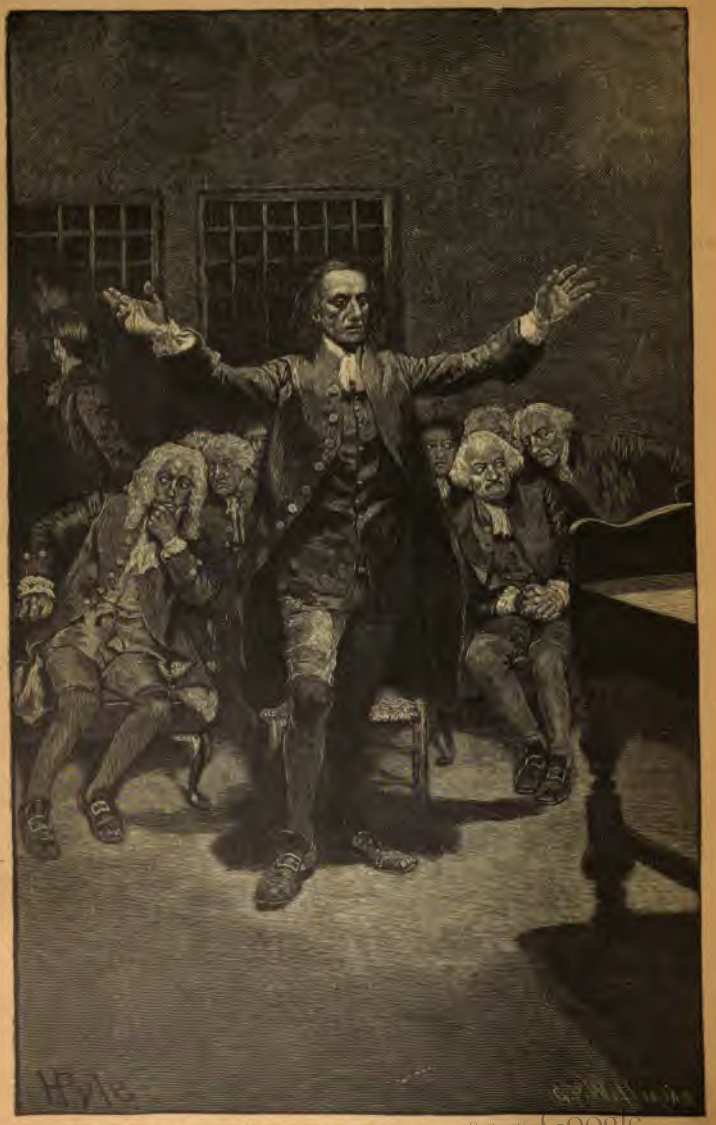

"All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.
He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice
The intolerable hush."

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4.

Meanwhile in the old State House, dim as ghosts,
Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,
Trembling beneath their legislative robes.
"It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us adjourn,"
Some said; and then, as if with one accord,
All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.
He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice
The intolerable hush.

5.

"This well may be
The Day of Judgment which the world awaits;
But be it so or not, I only know
My present duty, and my Lord's command
To occupy till He come. So at the post
Where He hath set me in His providence,
I choose, for one, to meet Him face to face—
No faithless servant frightened from my task,
But ready when the Lord of harvest calls;
And therefore with all reverence, I would say,
Let God do His work, we will see to ours.
Bring in the candles." And they brought them in.

6.

Then by the flaring lights the Speaker read,
Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands,
An act to amend an act to regulate
The shad and alewive fisheries. Whereupon
Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,
Straight to the question, with no figures of speech
Save the ten Arab signs, yet not without
The shrewd dry humor natural to the man—
His awe-struck colleagues listening all the while,
Between the pauses of his argument,
To hear the thunder of the wrath of God
Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud.

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7.

And there he stands in memory to this day,
Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen
Against the background of unnatural dark,
A witness to the ages as they pass,
That simple duty hath no place for fear.

John G. Whittier.

Preparatory Study.

I. **John Greenleaf Whittier** (1807–——) was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts. He took an active part in the anti-slavery movement, and gave vigorous aid with his pen to the cause of abolition. His writings are numerous and popular, and give him a very high rank among American poets.

II. **Ghosts, be neath′, mean′while,** (not *wile*), **om′i nous, fig′ūres, shrewd, Beth′a ny.**

In ex′o ra ble, *unchangeable.* **Al bē′it,** *although.* **Ale′wife,** *a fish resembling the herring.* **Mi an′us,** *a river of Connecticut, flowing into Long Island* **Sound. Rip′po wams,** *the Indian name of Stamford.*

III. (2) **Norland,** or **Norseland,** included ancient Sweden and Norway. The **sā gas** are the old Norse legends. The **Twilight of the Gods,** in the sagas, is the last day, when mankind, giants, and gods are to perish in a shower of fire and blood. (7) The **ten Arab signs** are the figures from 0 to 9, inclusive. The **Dark Day** in New England began about ten o'clock in the morning, May 19, 1780, and continued until midnight.

XXII.—Men to be Honored.

1. Two men I honor, and no third: first, the toil-worn craftsman, that with earth-made implement, laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand; crooked, coarse—wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the sceptre of this planet.

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2. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence! for it is the face of a man living man-like. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly laboring brother! Hardly entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed.

3. Thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee, too, lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labor; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

4. A second man I honor, and still more highly; him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he too in his duty, endeavoring toward inward harmony, revealing this by act or by word, through all his outward endeavors, be they high or low?

5. Highest of all is he when his outward and inward behavior are one; when we can name him artist; not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker. If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil in return, that we have light and guidance, freedom, immortality?

6. Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimer in this world I know nothing than a peasant saint. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendor of heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of earth, like a light shining in great darkness.

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7. It is not because of his toils that I lament for the poor. We must all toil or steal (howsoever we name our stealing), which is worse. No faithful workman finds his task a pastime. The poor is hungry and athirst, but for him also there is food and drink; he is heavy laden and weary, but for him also the heavens send sleep, and of the deepest. In his smoky cribs, a clear, dewy heaven of rest envelops him, and fitful glimmerings of cloud-skirted dreams. *Carlyle.*

Preparatory Study.

I. **Thomas Carlyle** (1795–1881), the renowned essayist, historian, and philosopher, was born in Scotland, and educated at the University of Edinburgh. He was well versed in the German language and its literature, as the whole bent of his writings testifies. His "Sartor Resartus," "History of the French Revolution," "Heroes and Hero-Worship," "Life of Frederick the Great," etc., display a genius of a very high order. His depth and originality, and the vein of quaint irony that runs through his works like a line of fire, are the life and soul of Carlyle's inimitable style.

II. (1) What figures of syntax are in the first sentence? (4) Of what figure of rhetoric is **bread of life** an example? (5) In the series, **light, guidance, freedom,** and **immortality,** each word expresses something better or higher than the preceding, and this arrangement constitutes a **climax,** which is a figure of rhetoric. The word climax literally means *a ladder.*

A climax is a series in which each word or member expresses something more important than the preceding.

III. **Dew'y** (dū'y), **crafts'man, must toil.**

IV. (6) Explain the allusion, "will take thee back to Nazareth." Where is Nazareth? (3) What does the first sentence mean?

V. Analyze **conscript** (*scribere*); **spiritually**; **conquers** (*quaere*).

VI. (4) Why are **spiritually, daily, life, he, inward,** and **revealing** emphatic?

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XXIII.—King Alfred.

PART I.

1. Alfred the Great was a young man three-and-twenty years of age when he became king of England, 871 A. D. Twice in his childhood he had been taken to Rome, where the Saxon nobles were in the habit of going on pilgrimages; and once he had stayed for some time in Paris. Learning was so little cared for in his time, that, at twelve years old, he had not been taught to read, although, of the four sons of King Ethelwulf, he, the youngest, was the favorite.

2. But, like most great and good men, he had an excellent mother; and one day this queen, whose name was Osburga, happened to read to her sons a book of Saxon poetry. The art of printing was not known until long after that period; and the book, which was written, was what is called "illuminated" with beautiful bright letters, richly painted.

3. The brothers admiring it very much, their mother said, "I will give it to that one of you who first learns to read." The older princes loved hunting better than studying; but Alfred sought out a tutor that very day, applied himself with great diligence, and soon won the book. He was proud of it all his life.

4. This great king, in the first year of his reign, fought nine battles with the Danes. He made treaties with them, too, by which the false Danes swore that they would quit the country. They pretended that they had taken a very solemn oath in swearing this upon the holy bracelets that they wore, and which were to be buried with them when they died. But they thought nothing of breaking oaths and treaties, as soon as it suited their purpose, and of coming back again to fight, plunder, and burn, as usual.

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5. One fatal winter, in the fourth year of King Alfred's reign, the Danes spread themselves in great numbers over England; and so routed the king's soldiers, that Alfred was obliged to flee, and, disguised as a common peasant, to take refuge in the cottage of one of his herdsmen, who did not know him.

6. King Alfred, while the Danes sought him far and near, was left one day, by the herdsman's wife, to watch some cakes which she put upon the hearth to bake. But being at work upon his bow and arrows, with which he hoped to punish the false Danes when a brighter time should come, and thinking deeply of his poor, unhappy subjects, whom the Danes chased through the land, he forgot the cakes, and they were burnt.

"What!" said the herdsman's wife, who scolded him well when she came back, and little thought she was scolding the king, "you will be ready enough to eat them by and by; and yet you cannot watch them, idle dog!"

7. At length, the Devonshire men made head against a new host of invading Danes, killed the Danish chief, and captured the famous raven-banner. The loss of this standard troubled the Danes greatly; for they believed it to be enchanted—woven by the three daughters of their king in a single afternoon. And they had a story among themselves, that when they were victorious in battle, the raven stretched his wings, and seemed to fly; and when they were defeated, he would droop.

8. He had good reason to droop now, if he could have done anything half so sensible; for King Alfred joined the Devonshire men, made a camp with them on a piece of firm ground in the midst of a bog in Somersetshire, and prepared for vengeance on the Danes, and the deliverance of his oppressed people.

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9. But first, as it was important to know how numerous those pestilent Danes were, and how they were fortified, King Alfred, being a good musician, disguised himself as a minstrel, and went with his harp to the Danish camp. He played and sang in the very tent of Guthrum, the Danish leader, and entertained the Danes as they caroused. While he seemed to think of nothing but his music, he was watchful of their tents, their arms, their discipline—everything that he desired to know.

Preparatory Study.

I. Charles Dickens (1812–1870), the most popular English novelist of his day, was born in Portsmouth, England, and educated in London. His writings present a great variety of sentiment and humor skilfully delineated. The characters that he portrays are so life-like, whether in their absurdity or their goodness, that they have become almost as real personages, if we may judge by the frequency with which they are quoted. The "Pickwick Papers," "David Copperfield," "Dombey and Son," "Our Mutual Friend," "Bleak House," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Old Curiosity Shop," "Great Expectations," etc., have been read wherever the English language is spoken. The extract given above is from "A Child's History of England."

II. Sub'jects, en chant'ed, tents, Guth'rum (gōōt'rum), **tū'tor, Dā'nish, nū'mer ous.**

III. (4) The first sentence contains but one subject and one predicate, or one **proposition**; it is, therefore, a **simple sentence.** The logical subject is "this great king;" the logical predicate is "fought nine battles with the Danes in the first year of his reign." What is the nominative of the verb? This nominative is called the **grammatical subject.** What is the verb? This finite verb is called the **grammatical predicate.**

A proposition consists of a subject and a predicate.

A simple sentence contains only one proposition.

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XXIV.—King Alfred.

PART II.

1. Right soon did Alfred entertain them with a different tune; for, summoning all his true followers to meet him, he put himself at their head, marched on the Danish camp, defeated the Danes, and besieged them for fourteen days, to prevent their escape.

2. But, being as merciful as he was good and brave, he then, instead of killing them, proposed peace — on condition that they should depart from that western part of England, and settle in the eastern; and that Guthrum should become a Christian, in remembrance of the religion which now taught his conqueror, the noble Alfred, to spare the conquered.

3. This Guthrum did. And he was an honorable chief, who well deserved clemency; for ever afterward he was loyal and faithful to the king. The Danes under him were faithful, too. They plundered and burned no more, but ploughed and sowed and reaped, and led honest lives.

4. The Danes were not all like these under Guthrum: after some years, more of them came over in the old plundering and burning way — among them a fierce pirate named Hastings, who had the boldness to sail up the Thames to Gravesend with eighty ships.

5. Then for three years there was war; and there was a famine in the country, and a plague, both upon human creatures and beasts. But King Alfred, whose mighty heart never failed him, built large ships with which to pursue the pirates; and he encouraged his soldiers, by his brave example, to fight valiantly against them on the shore. At last he drove them all away; and then there was rest for England and her king.

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6. As great and good in peace as in war, King Alfred labored unceasingly to improve his people. He loved to talk with clever men, and with travelers from foreign countries, and to write down what they told him. He had studied Latin; and now one of his labors was to translate Latin books into the Saxon tongue, that his people might be enabled to read them.

7. He made just laws, that his subjects might be freer and happier; he turned away all partial judges, that no wrong might be done; and he was careful of the property of his people. He founded schools; he patiently heard causes himself in his court of justice. The great desires of his heart were to do right to all his subjects, and to leave England better, wiser, and happier than he found it.

8. That he might divide his time exactly—there were no clocks or watches then—he had wax torches or candles made, all of the same size, and notched across at regular distances, and these he so used, that, as the candles burnt down, he divided the day into notches, almost as accurately as we now divide it into hours upon the clock.

9. But it was found that draughts of air, blowing into the palace through the doors and windows, caused the candles to burn unequally. To prevent this, the king had them put into cases formed of wood and white horn. And these were the first lanterns ever made in England.

10. All this time he was afflicted with a terrible, unknown disease, which caused him violent and frequent pain that nothing could relieve. He bore it bravely, as he had borne all the troubles of his life. He died in the year1901; but, long ago as that is, his fame, and the love and gratitude with which his subjects regarded him, are freshly remembered to the present day.

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11. "What he aimed at," says the historian, "was simply the education of his people. But, simple as was his aim, he created English literature. Before his time, England possessed in her own tongue one great poem, the song of Caedmon, and a train of ballads and battle-songs. Prose she had none. The mighty roll of books that now fill her libraries begins with the translations of Alfred, and, above all, with the Chronicles of his reign.

"The writer of English history may be pardoned if he lingers too fondly over the figure of the king in whose court, at whose impulse, it may be in whose very words, English history begins." *Dickens.*

Preparatory Study.

I. **Caed'mon** (kĕd'mon), *an Anglo-Saxon poet, who lived about* 665 A. D. **Tūne, văl'iant ly, drăughts, lit'er a tūre, grat'i tūde.**

II. (**12**) "Before him, England possessed in her own tongue one great poem and a train of ballads and battle-songs," is a simple sentence. Why? What is the grammatical subject? What is the logical subject? What is the grammatical predicate?

The grammatical subject is the nominative of the verb.

The logical subject consists of the grammatical subject and all its modifiers.

The grammatical predicate is the finite verb.

The logical predicate consists of the grammatical predicate and all its modifiers.

A modifier is a word or a group of words joined to a term to limit or to determine its application.

If we say "Good kings are loved by their people," the word **good** limits the application of the word **kings**; omit the adjective, and the meaning will be changed; hence, **good** is a **modifier** of the noun **kings**. In like manner, the prepositional phrase, "by their people," modifies the verb **loved**.

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XXV.—Scene from Alfred the Great.

Enter ODDUNE *and* OSWALD, *meeting.*

Od. No sign of Alfred?

Osw. None! Our scouts have all
Returned disheartened with their fruitless search.

Od. Where can he linger, with so fair a welcome
Impatient waiting him, as he would meet
From yonder gallant bands? The spirits now
That tear their crests on high, from this delay,
To lead them on to action, will anon
Begin to droop—perchance, may quite subside.

Osw. How many do we muster?

Od. By the last
Return, six thousand men.

Osw. The field shows fair!

Od. Fair cause—fair field! Who 'd e'er expect so soon
To see the armor burnished up again
They cast aside for good! A pity 't were
What shows such thrift should not be turned to use,
But, bootless, thrown away! They will not fight
Unless the king commands them!

Osw. See, my lord!
What movement 's that?

Od. Here 's one will tell us.

Edgar (*entering*). Be
Prepared, my lord. The soldiers clamor for
The king, and doubts are spreading through the ranks;
You humor them—he will not come to lead them.
Their chiefs conduct them hither, from your own lips
Assurance to receive, and fair encouragement.

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Enter EGBERT, KENRICK, ARTHUR, *Chief and Soldiers.*

Eg. Now, Kenrick, speak! Say what the soldiers want.

Od. Well, gallant friends! Is England to be free?
Shall we change places with our conquerors,
Or still endure the yoke?

Ken. We want the king!
Let him appear, we cannot meet the foe
Too soon!

Od. As surely shall you see him, as
You long to see the foe!

Ken. But when, my lord?
'T is that we 'd know! When was the king the last
Upon the field? Has he not ever, on
The eve of battle, earlier than his chiefs,
Been out—with looks of ardor heartening us?—
Our morning sun, that never clouded rose—
Enduing us with life and vigor new!
At most we muster bare six thousand men
To meet the Danish host! The king among us
Would make our numbers triple! Show us the king.
The only waving of his plume in battle
Were worth a hundred spears in hands as bold
As ever brandished weapon.

Od. What, and if
Indeed he should not come? Ought you to feel
Your tyrants' feet upon your necks the less?
Your king is present in his cause! Be that
Your king! [ALFRED *enters, still disguised.*]
Whoever leads you, meet the Dane!
I speak not, friends, because I 'm next in place!
I care not for myself! Point out my post;
The van, the rear; I 'll be content to take
My stand beside the man of meanest note

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Among you! Make your minstrel without helm,
Or sword your leader, I will follow him!
So that I fight, I care not in what rank!
Let him who makes the absence of his king,
Plea to desert his country and his king,
Fall off! So Heaven sustain me in the cause,
Although our Alfred's presence now would add
Ten thousand richer lives to mine; yet say
He should not come, this faithful sword I draw,
I will not sheathe till it has struck a blow
For liberty!

Eg. I second you, brave Oddune.

Osw. And so do I.

Od. And so will every man,
Unless there be among the people one
That does not love his king!

Ken. No, Oddune, no!
The people live but for their king!

Alf. (*discovering himself.*) The king
Lives only for his people! Oh, my people!
You are the drops of blood that make your king!
And do I see you once again in arms!

[*Bursts into tears. The soldiers also seem affected.*]

O, friends! Why draw your hands across your eyes,
If mine should be ashamed of what they do?
We 've met again, my friends! Who is the foe
Shall sunder us again? O England! England!
Too fair—too richly gifted—not to tempt
The spoiler—well that thou hast sons, too true,
To leave thee to his raven! Thou 'lt be free
Till thou art childless! Think not, gallant friends,
An hour I 've squandered that was due to you
And to our common country! I have seen
The Danish camp!

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Od. Their camp, my liege!

Alf. Have stood
In Guthrum's very presence! That disguise
Will tell thee how. They 'd fall an easy prey
To half our numbers! Friends! a royal stake
I 've laid upon your heads, that you will win
The day!

Od. What was 't, my liege?

Alf. Your prince and queen!
They 're in the spoiler's power. I might, indeed,
Have ransomed them, but what he asked, your king could not afford to pay.

Od. What was 't, my liege?

Alf. My people, Oddune!

Eg. In the spoiler's power
Our prince and queen! What wait we for?

Od. For nothing,
But the king's word to move upon the foe!

Alf. Upon him, then! Now think you on the things
You most do love! Husbands and fathers on
Their wives and children—lovers upon their mistresses—
And all upon their country!
O, now be men or never! From your hearths
Thrust the unbidden feet, that from their nooks
Your aged fathers drove—your wives and babes!
The couches your fair-handed daughters used
To spread, let not the vaunting stranger press,
Weary from spoiling you! Your roofs that hear
The wanton riot of the intruding guest
That mocks their masters—clear them for the sake
Of manhood, to which all that 's precious clings
Else perishes. The land that bore you—oh!
Do honor to her! Let her glory in

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Your breeding! Rescue her. Revenge her, or
Ne'er call her mother more! Come on, my friends!
And where you take your stand upon the field,
Thence, howsoever you advance, resolve
A foot you'll ne'er recede; while from the tongues
Of womanhood and childhood, helplessness
Invokes you to be strong! Come on! Come on!
I'll bring you to the foe! And when you meet him,
Strike hard! Strike home! Strike while a blow
Is in an arm! Strike till you're free, or fall!

Sheridan Knowles.

Preparatory Study.

I. **James Sheridan Knowles** (1784–1862), dramatist and actor, was born in Cork, Ireland. His plays, "Virginius," "The Hunchback," "William Tell," "Caius Gracchus," etc., attest the great ability of the writer in the line of literature toward which his genius drew him.

II. **En dūre′, Od′dūne, Dā′nish, vāunt′ing, Boot′less,** *fruitless.* **Brăn′dish,** *to shake or flourish.* **Helm,** *helmet.* **Răv′ĕn,** *plunder.* **Liĕge,** *lord; sovereign.* **Wan′ton,** *unrestrained.* **En dū′ing,** *supplying.*

III. Analyze **presence** (*ens*); **action** (*agere*); **perish** (*ire*); **liberty** (*liber*); **invoke** (*vocare*).

IV. This selection is in **blank verse,** that is, *verse without rhyme.* English dramatic poetry is usually in blank verse, and in measure corresponding to this extract. There are ten syllables in each line, divided thus into **feet,** or **poetical steps**: At most | we mus | ter bare | six thou | sand men. Thus **scanning,** or **separating the line into feet,** we find that each line contains **five feet**: a line of five feet is a **pen tăm′e ter.** Each foot contains two syllables, the latter of which is accented: a foot of this kind is an **ī ăm′bus.** This poem is written in **iambic pentameter,** which is called **heroic verse.**

An iambus is a poetical foot of two syllables, the latter of which is accented.

A pentameter is a line containing five poetical feet.

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XXVI.—Autumn Glory.

1. We went to sleep, on a certain night, content, but not expectant of more than we already had. We heard no sound in the night. We made no haste in the morning. With the delicious leisure which wraps solitary people in the warm, autumn, mountain weather, we set ourselves to beginning the day, and by chance looked out of our window.

2. Like children at sight of a merry juggler's show, we first shouted with delight, then drew in long silent breaths, with bewilderment too much like awe to find easy shape in speech. O whence? O who? How had their feet passed by so noiselessly? Who had touched with this enchantment every leaf of every tree that stood within our sight?

3. Every maple-tree blazed at top with tint of scarlet, or cherry, or orange, or pale yellow. Every ash-tree had turned from green to dark purple or to pale straw-color. Every birch-tree shimmered and quivered in the sun, as if gold pieces were strung along its branches; bass-woods were flecked with white; beeches were brown and yellow; poplars were marked and spotted with vermilion; sumachs had become ladders, and bars, and fringes of fire.

4. Not a single tree of solid dark green was left except the pines, and larches, and firs; and they also seemed to have shared in the transformation, looking darker and greener than ever, as a setting for these masses of flashing color. Single trees in fields looked like great hewn jewels. The same trees, in the forests, looked unlike anything that we know and name as gems. Looking at them, one could fancy mid-air spaces in some realm whence the souls of ruby, and amethyst, and topaz come and go, taking for a little while the shapes of stones on earth.

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5. All this in one night! To north, to south, to east, to west, it was the same, Miles away, at the very feet of the farthest green mountains, shone the glory; within our hands' reach, stood the stately splendor.

6. I have seen our western prairies in their June flowering; I have seen the mosaic fields of blossoms in the Ampezzo Pass, at which one cannot so much as look, without shaded eyes; I have seen old altar fronts on which centuries of kings have lavished jewels; but I have never seen such flaming, changing, rioting of color as in this death of the autumn leaves on these New Hampshire hills.

7. Every day we said, "This will be the last;" but the next day was as beautiful, except that the brilliance of the long royal line before it had dulled our sense. Bright days dazzled us and made us leap in their sun; gray days surprised us, revealing new tints and more gorgeous heats in the colors; we had blindly thought that sunshine helped instead of hindering.

8. In this was a lesson — also in the sudden discovering, hour by hour, of tiny hidden leaves, under foot in fields, tucked away in hedges, lying low even in the edge of dusty roads, but bright and burnished and splendid as any of those loftiest in air.

9. There is no doubt that many years will come and go before Bethlehem hills will see such sights again. As I write, the air is full of whirling leaves, brown, and yellow, and red. The show is over, and the winds, like noisy carpenters, are busy, taking down the scenery. They are capricious and lawless workmen, doing nothing for a day or two, and then scurrying about madly by night to make up for lost time.

10. Soon the stripped trees will be all that we shall see to remind us of last week's pomp and spectacle. But

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next in beauty to a tree in full leaf, is a tree bare; and, more than the beauty of shape and the outlining on the sky, is the solemn grace of prophecy and promise which every slender twig bears and reveals in its tiny buds. *H. H.*

Preparatory Study.

I. Bass-wood, su mach (shu′mak), **mō şā′ic, Am pex′zo** (ăm pĕt′sō).

(**II. 3**) What kind of sentence is the first? Why? What is the logical subject? The grammatical subject? The logical predicate? The grammatical predicate? Define each of these terms.

(**4**) The third sentence contains the relative clause, "that we know and name as gems;" this clause is a **proposition dependent** in meaning and construction upon the preceding proposition: since it contains two propositions, one principal or independent, and the other dependent, the sentence is called **a complex sentence.**

A complex sentence consists of a simple sentence with one or more modifying clauses.

A complex sentence contains at least two propositions, one of them principal and the other dependent.

(**9**) Explain why the second sentence is complex. (**10**) Why is the first sentence complex?

XXVII.—Exemplars of Patriotism.

1. How is the spirit of a free people to be formed, and animated, and cheered, but out of the store-house of its historic recollections! Are we to be eternally ringing the changes upon Marathon and Thermopylæ, and going back to read, in obscure texts of Greek and Latin, of the exemplars of patriotic virtue?

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2. We can find them nearer home, in our own country, on our own soil;—strains of the noblest sentiment that ever swelled in the breast of man, are breathing to us out of every page of our country's history, in the native eloquence of our mother tongue. Here we ought to go for our instruction:—the lesson is plain, it is clear, it is applicable. When we go to ancient history, we are bewildered with the difference of manners and institutions.

3. We are willing to pay our tribute of applause to the memory of Leonidas, who fell nobly for his country in the face of his foe. But when we trace him to his home, we are confounded at the reflection, that the same Spartan heroism to which he sacrificed himself at Thermopylæ, would have led him to tear his own child from the bosom of its mother, and carry it out to be eaten by the wolves, if it had happened to be a sickly babe,—the very object for which all that is kind and good in man rises up to plead.

4. We feel a glow of admiration at the heroism displayed at Marathon, by the ten thousand champions of invaded Greece; but we cannot forget that a tenth part of the number were slaves, unchained from the workshops and door-posts of their masters to go and fight the battles of freedom.

5. I do not mean that these examples are to destroy the interest with which we read the history of ancient times; they possibly increase the interest by the very contrast they exhibit; but they *do* warn us, if we need the warning, to seek our great practical lessons of patriotism at home; out of the exploits and sacrifices of which our own country is the theatre; out of the characters of our own fathers.

6. Them we know—the high-souled, natural, unaffected, the citizen-heroes. We know what happy firesides they

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left for the cheerless camp. We know with what pacific habits they dared the perils of the field. There is no mystery, no romance, no madness under the name of chivalry, about them. It is all resolute, manly resistance, for conscience' and for liberty's sake, not merely of an overwhelming power, but all the force of long-rooted habits, and native love of order and peace.

7. Above all, their blood calls to us from the soil which we tread; it beats in our veins; it cries to us not merely in the thrilling words of one of the first victims in this cause, "My sons, scorn to be slaves!" but it cries with a still more moving eloquence, "My sons, forget not your fathers!" *Edward Everett.*

Preparatory Study.

I. Edward Everett (1794–1865) was born in Dorchester, Mass. He was a man of great learning, remarkable power of thought and expression, and peculiar eloquence as preacher and lecturer. His ability in statesmanship and his literary excellence have given him a celebrity second to that of no American of his time.

II. (**1**) At **Măr'a thon**, a village of Greece, 20 miles N.E. of Athens, the Greeks, under **Mil tī'a dēs**, defeated the Persian force of Xerxes, 490 B. C.

Ther'mŏp'y laē is a mountain-pass in the N. E. part of Greece. Here, in 480 B. C., **Lē ŏn'i das**, the Spartan king, with 300 men, checked, for a time, the progress of the hosts of Xerxes. Only one of the 300 escaped from that field upon which death was more glorious than life.

III. Analyze **reflection** (*flectere*); **applicable** (*plicare*); **sentiment** (*sentire*); **exhibit** (*habere*); **resistance** (*sistere*); **eloquence** (*loquir*); **victims.**

IV. (**3**) What kind of sentence is the first? Why? (**4**) Use a synonym of **displayed**? What part of speech is displayed? How can you tell?

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XXVIII.—A Visit to the Royal Exchange.

1. There is no place in the town which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and in some measure gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners, consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of emporium for the whole earth.

2. I must confess I look upon high-change to be a great council, in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the political world; they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent.

3. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London, or to see a subject of the Great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages.

4. Sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians; sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, a Swede, or a Frenchman at different times; or rather fancy myself like the old philosopher, who, upon being asked what countryman he was, replied that he was a citizen of the world.

5. This grand scene of business gives me an infinite variety of solid and substantial entertainments. As I am

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a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude, insomuch that at many public solemnities I cannot forbear expressing my joy with tears.

6. For this reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and at the same time promoting the public stock; or, in other words, raising estates for their own families, by bringing into their country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous.

7. Nature seems to have taken a particular care to disseminate her blessings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to this mutual intercourse and traffic among mankind, that the natives of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependence upon one another, and be united together by their common interest.

8. Almost every degree produces something peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country and the sauce in another. The fruits of Portugal are corrected by the products of Barbadoes; the infusion of a China plant is sweetened by the pith of an Indian cane. The Philippine Islands give a flavor to our European bowls.

9. The single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of a hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the earth. The scarf is sent from the torrid zone, and the tippet from beneath the pole. The brocade petticoat rises out of the mines of Peru, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Hindostan.

10. If we consider our own country in its natural prospect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren, uncomfortable spot of earth falls to

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our share! Natural historians tell us that no fruit grows originally among us, besides hips and haws, acorns and pignuts, with other delicacies of the like nature; that our climate of itself, and without the assistance of art, can make no further advances towards a plum than a sloe, and carries an apple to no greater perfection than a crab; that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and cherries are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalized in our English gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the trash of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left to the mercy of our sun and soil.

11. Nor has traffic more enriched our vegetable world than it has improved the whole face of nature among us. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every climate. Our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines. Our rooms are filled with pyramids of China, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan. Our morning's draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth. We repair our bodies by the drugs of America, and repose ourselves under Indian canopies.

12. My friend, Sir Andrew, calls the vineyards of France our gardens; the Spice Islands, our hot-beds; the Persians, our silk-weavers; and the Chinese, our potters. Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare necessaries of life, but traffic gives us a great variety of what is useful, and at the same time supplies us with everything that is convenient and ornamental.

13. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness that, whilst we enjoy the remotest products of the North and South, we are free from those extremities of weather which gave them birth; that our eyes are refreshed with the green fields of Britain, at the same time that our palates are feasted with fruits that rise between the tropics.

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14. For these reasons there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, add wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great.

15. Our English merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges its wool for rubies. The Mahometans are clothed in our British manufacture, and the inhabitants of the frozen zone warmed with fleeces of our sheep.

16. When I have been upon the 'Change, I have often fancied one of our old kings standing in person, where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled.

17. In this case, how would he be surprised to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men, who in his time would have been the vassals of some powerful baron, negotiating like princes for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury!

18. Trade, without enlarging the British territories, has given us a kind of additional empire. It has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an accession of other estates as valuable as the lands themselves. *Addison.*

NOTE.—Addison says of himself: "I live in the world rather as a 'Spectator' of mankind than as one of the species, by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling in any practical part in life." He might, in truth, have taken for his own, the old Latin motto: "I am a man, and nothing that relates to man is foreign to my feelings."

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Preparatory Study.

I. Su per'fi ous, Bar bā'does, Phil'ip pine, Hin do stăn', fre quent', Ma hŏm'et ans, man'ū fact'ūre.

II. (1) **Me trop'o lis**, which meant originally the "mother city,"—that is, the Greek city which had colonies abroad—now signifies the chief city of any kingdom, state, or country. **An emporium** is a market-place, or a centre of trade.

(3) The **Great Mo gŭl'** is the sovereign of **Del'hi** (del'lee), the empire in Hindostan founded by the **Mŏn'gols** under **Bā'ber**, in the sixteenth century. **Mus'co vy** was the old name of Russia. (4) **Ar me'ni ans** are natives of **Armenia**, a country in W. Asia, south of Georgia, owned partly by Russia and partly by Turkey.

(16) **'Change** is a contraction of *exchange*, a place where the merchants, the brokers, and the bankers of a city meet to transact business, at certain hours. (8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 15) Explain the various allusions.

III. (12) What **antithesis**, or contrast, in the second sentence determines the emphatic words? (16) What contrast is here found? (17) What pronoun is emphatic? Why?

XXIX.—The Alpine Sheep.

1.

After our child's untroubled breath
  Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of Death
  Like a long twilight haunting lay,

2.

And friends came round with us to weep
  The little spirit's swift remove,
The story of the Alpine sheep
  Was told to us by one we love.

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3.

They, in the valley's sheltering care,
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime;
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The shepherd strives to make them climb

4.

To airy shelves of pastures green,
That hang along the mountain's side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mist the sunbeams slide.

5.

But nought can tempt the timid things
The steep and rugged paths to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And seared below the pastures lie,

6.

Till in his arms their lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go;
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on o'er rock and snow.

7.

And in those pastures, lifted fair,
More dewy soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed.

8.

This parable, by Nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south wind, free,
O'er frozen brooks, that flow unsheathed
From icy thraldom to the sea.

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9.

A blissful vision, through the night,
Would all my happy senses sway,
Of the Good Shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the starry way.

10.

Holding our little lambs asleep,—
While, like the murmur of the sea,
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise and follow me!"

Maria W. Lowell.

Preparatory Study.

I. **Maria White Lowell** (1820–1853), wife of James Russell Lowell, was born in Watertown, Mass. Her original poems and translations from the German give evidence of true poetical genius.

II. (**1, 8, 10**) Find examples of simile. (**5**) The adjective **sweet** is here used instead of the adverb **sweetly**; this use is allowable only in poetry (for the measure or the rhyme), and is called **e năl'la gē**, which is a figure of syntax.

Enallage is the use of one part of speech, or one form of a word, for another.

III. **Hăunt'ing, Ăl'pĭne, méad'ōw, rifts, un sheathed', pást'ūres.**

IV. (**3**) "The meadow's tender prime" signifies the early or delicate grass on the meadow. Shakspeare makes Richard III. (Act I., Scene II.) speak of himself as one "that cropped the golden prime of this sweet prince"—referring to Henry VI.'s son Edward, who was murdered in the "prime," or spring-time, of his life. (**8**) A **parable** is a moral fable representing events connected with mankind.

V. A verb that has an object is called a **transitive verb.**

Find the object of (**1**) **took**, (**3**) **crop, to make**, (**5**) **can tempt. to try**, (**6**) **takes**, (**7**) **drops**, (**9**) **would sway**, (**10**) **holding, follow.**

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XXX.—Ruth Pinch's Pudding.

PART I.

1. Pleasant little Ruth! Cheerful, tidy, bustling, quiet little Ruth! No doll's house ever yielded greater delight to its young mistress than little Ruth derived from her glorious dominion over the triangular parlor and the two small bedrooms.

To be Tom's housekeeper. What dignity! Housekeeping, upon the commonest terms, associated itself with elevated responsibilities of all sorts and kinds; but housekeeping for Tom implied the utmost complication of grave trusts and mighty charges.

2. Well might she take the keys out of the little cupboard which held the tea and sugar, and jingle them upon a ring before Tom's eyes when he came down to breakfast! Well might she, laughing musically, put them up in that little pocket of hers with a merry pride! For it was such a grand novelty to be mistress of anything, that if she had been the most relentless and despotic of all little housekeepers, she might have pleaded just that for her excuse, and have been honorably acquitted.

3. So far from being despotic, however, there was a coyness about her very way of pouring out the tea which Tom quite reveled in. And when she asked him what he would like to have for dinner, and faltered out "chops," as a reasonably good suggestion after their last night's successful supper, Tom grew quite facetious and rallied her desperately.

4. "I don't know, Tom," said his sister, blushing. "I am not quite confident, but I think I could make a beefsteak pudding, if I tried, Tom."

"In the whole catalogue of cookery, there is nothing I should like so much as a beefsteak pudding!" cried Tom.

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5. "Yes, dear, that's excellent! But if it should happen not to come quite right the first time," his sister faltered—"if it should happen not to be a pudding exactly, but should turn out a stew, or a soup, or something of that sort, you'll not be vexed, Tom, will you?"

The serious way in which she looked at Tom, the way in which Tom looked at her, and the way in which she gradually broke into a merry laugh at her own expense, would have enchanted you.

6. "Why," said Tom, "this is capital. It gives us a new and quite an uncommon interest in the dinner. We put into a lottery for a beefsteak pudding, and it is impossible to say what we may get. We may make some wonderful discovery, perhaps, and produce such a dish as never was known before."

7. "I shall not be at all surprised if we do, Tom," returned his sister, still laughing merrily, "or if it should prove to be such a dish as we shall not feel very anxious to produce again: but the meat must come out of the saucepan at last, somehow or other, you know. We can't cook it into nothing at all; that's a great comfort. So if you like to venture, I will."

8. "I have not the least doubt," rejoined Tom, "that it will come out an excellent pudding; or at all events, I am sure that I shall think it so. There is naturally something so handy and brisk about you, Ruth, that if you said you could make a bowl of faultless turtle soup, I should believe you."

9. And Tom was right. She was precisely that sort of person. Nobody ought to have been able to resist her coaxing manner; and nobody had any business to try. Yet she never seemed to know it was her manner at all. That was the best of it.

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10. Well! she washed up the breakfast cups, chatting away the whole time, and telling Tom all sorts of anecdotes about the brass and copper founder; put everything in its place; made the room as neat as herself—you must not suppose its shape was half so neat as hers, though, or anything like it—and brushed Tom's old hat round and round again until it was sleek as Mr. Pecksniff's.

11. Then she discovered, all in a moment, that Tom's shirt-collar was frayed at the edge; and flying up-stairs for a needle and thread, came flying down again with her thimble on, and set it right with wonderful expertness, never once sticking the needle into his face, although she was humming his pet tune from first to last, and beating time with the fingers of her left hand upon his neckcloth.

12. She had no sooner done this than off she was again; and there she stood once more, as brisk and busy as a bee, tying that compact little chin of hers into an equally compact little bonnet, intent on bustling out to the butcher's, without a minute's loss of time, and inviting Tom to come and see the steak cut, with his own eyes.

As to Tom, he was ready to go anywhere; so, off they trotted, arm-in-arm, as nimbly as you please; saying to each other what a quiet street it was to lodge in, and how very cheap, and what an airy situation.

13. To see the butcher slap the steak before he laid it on the block, and give his knife a sharpening, was to forget breakfast instantly. It was agreeable, too—it really was—to see him cut it off, so smooth and juicy. There was nothing savage in the act, although the knife was large and keen; it was a piece of art, high art; there was delicacy of touch, clearness of tone, skilful handling of the subject, fine shading. It was the triumph of mind over matter—quite.

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Preparatory Study.

I. Analyze **catalogue** (*logos*); **instantly**; **comfort** (*fortis*); **produce**; **exactly**.

II. This lesson must be studied thoughtfully, that the reader may convey a proper sense of the quiet humor in the description. There is great variety of tone and inflection, there are two voices to be represented, and there are so many little points to be regarded, that the narrative will be a failure in an elocutionary sense, if it is not read naturally and pleasantly.

(**1**) In the last sentence what contrast regulates the emphasis? (**4**) What verb is emphatic? Why? (**7**) Why is **again** emphatic? (**10**) Why is **shape** emphatic? (**12**) Why is **equally** emphatic?

III. Use synonyms of **relentless, despotic, suggestion, facetious, rallied, expertness.**

XXXI.—Ruth Pinch's Pudding.

PART II.

1. Back they went to the lodgings again, after they had bought some eggs and flour, and such small matters; and Tom sat gravely down to write, at one end of the parlor-table, while Ruth prepared to make the pudding.

2. "What are you writing, Tom?" inquired his sister, laying her hand upon his shoulder.

"Why you see, my dear," said Tom, leaning back in his chair and looking up in her face, "I am very anxious, of course, to obtain some suitable employment; and before Mr. Westlock comes this afternoon, I think I may as well prepare a little description of myself and my qualifications; such as he could show to any friend of his."

3. "You had better do the same for me; I should dearly like to keep house for you, and take care of you always, but we are not rich enough for that."

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4. "We are not rich," returned Tom, "certainly; and we may be much poorer. But we will not part, if we can help it. No, no; we will make up our minds, Ruth, that, unless we are so very unfortunate as to render me quite sure that you would be better off away from me than with me, we will battle it out together. I am certain we shall be happier if we can battle it out together. Don't you think we shall?"

5. "Think, Tom!"

"Oh, tut, tut!" interposed Tom, tenderly. "You must n't cry."

"No, no; I won't, Tom. But you can't afford it, dear. You can't, indeed."

"We don't know that," said Tom. "How are we to know that, yet awhile, and without trying? There is no knowing what may happen if we try hard. And I am sure we can live contentedly upon a very little—if we can only get it."

"Yes; that I am sure we can, Tom."

6. "Why, then," said Tom, "we must try for it. My friend, John Westlock, is a capital fellow, and very shrewd and intelligent. I 'll take his advice. We 'll talk it over with him—both of us together. You 'll like John very much, when you come to know him, I am certain. Don't cry, don't cry. You make a beefsteak pudding, indeed!" said Tom, giving her a gentle push. "Why, you have n't boldness enough for a dumpling!"

7. "You will call it a pudding, Tom."

"I may as well call it that, till it proves to be something else," said Tom. "Oh, you are going to work in earnest, are you?" Aye, aye! That she was. And in such pleasant earnest, moreover, that Tom's attention wandered from his writing every moment.

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8. First, she tripped down-stairs into the kitchen for the flour, then for the pie-board, then for the eggs, then for the butter, then for a jug of water, then for the rolling-pin, then for a pudding-basin, then for the pepper, then for the salt, making a separate journey for everything, and laughing every time she started off afresh. When all the materials were collected, she was horrified to find she had no apron on, and so ran up-stairs to get one.

9. She did n't put it on up-stairs, but came dancing down with it in her hand; and being one of those little women to whom an apron is a most becoming little vanity, it took a long time to arrange, having to be carefully smoothed, and to be gathered up into little plaits by the strings before it could be tied, and to be tapped, rebuked, and wheedled, at the pockets, before it would set right.

10. And then there were cuffs to be tucked up, for fear of flour, and she had a little ring to pull off her finger, which would n't come off,—foolish little ring!—and during the whole of these preparations she looked demurely every now and then at Tom, from under her dark eye-lashes, as if they were all a part of the pudding, and indispensable to its composition.

11. Tom could get no farther in his writing than, "A respectable young man, aged thirty-five,"—and this, notwithstanding the show she made of being supernaturally quiet, and going out on tip-toe, lest she should disturb him, which only served to distract his attention, and keep it upon her.

12. "Tom," she said at last, in high glee. "Tom."

"What now?" said Tom, repeating to himself, "aged thirty-five!"

"Will you look here a moment, please?"

As if he had n't been looking all the time!

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"I am going to begin, Tom. Don't you wonder why I butter the inside of the basin?" said his busy little sister.

"Not more than you do, I dare say," replied Tom, laughing. "I believe you don't know anything about it."

13. "What an infidel you are, Tom! How else do you think it would turn out easily when it was done? A civil-engineer and a land-surveyor not to know that!"

It was wholly out of the question to try to write. Tom lined out "A respectable young man, aged thirty-five;" and sat looking on, pen in hand, with one of the most loving smiles imaginable.

14. Such a busy little woman as she was! So full of self-importance, and trying so hard not to smile, or to seem uncertain about anything! It was a perfect treat to Tom to see her, until, at last, the basin being quite full and only wanting the top crust, she clapped her hands, all covered with paste and flour, at Tom, and burst out heartily into such a charming little laugh of triumph, that the pudding need have had no other seasoning to commend it to the taste of any reasonable man on earth.

15. "Where's the pudding?" said Tom.

"Where!" she answered, holding it up with both hands. "Look at it!"

"That a pudding?" said Tom.

"It will be, you stupid fellow, when it's covered in," returned his sister.

Tom still pretending to look incredulous, she gave him a tap on the head with the rolling-pin, and still laughing merrily, had returned to the composition of the top crust, when she started and turned very red. Tom started, too, for, following her eyes, he saw John Westlock in the room.

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"Tom started, too, for, following her eyes, he saw John Westlock in the room."

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16. The success of that initiative dish was so entire, so unalloyed and perfect, that John Westlock and Tom agreed that she must have been studying the art in secret for a long time past, and urged her to make a full confession of the fact. They were exceedingly merry over this jest, and many smart things were said concerning it.

17. But John was not quite so fair in his behavior as might have been expected, for, after luring Tom Pinch on for a long time, he suddenly went over to the enemy, and agreed to everything his sister said. However, as Tom observed the same night, it was only in joke, and John had always been famous for his politeness to the ladies, even when he was quite a boy.

Charles Dickens.

Preparatory Study.

I. Un fort'ū nate, aye (āy), stū'pid, dăn'cing, fol'lōw ing, lūr'ing, in i'ti a tive (in ish'i a tiv).

II. Find the object of (1) **had bought, to make,** (2) **laying, to obtain, may prepare,** (3) **to keep, to take,** (8) **making, had,** (14) **wanting,** (15) **gave, following,** (16) **to make** (17) **luring.**

(2) Who is represented as "laying her hand upon his shoulder"? To what noun, then, does the participle **laying** belong? To what noun or pronoun does each of the following belong? (2) **leaning, looking,** (6) **giving,** (8) **making, laughing,** (13) **looking,** (14) **wanting,** (15) **holding.**

A participial phrase modifies the noun or the pronoun to which the participle belongs; thus, (15) "pretending still to look incredulous" modifies the noun **Tom**, because the participle **pretending** belongs to that noun.

To what verb, participle, or adjective does each of the following adverbs belong? (1) **back,** (2) **well,** (3) **always, enough,** (4) **together,** (6) **much,** (9) **carefully,** (13) **easily,** (14) **hard, quite, heartily,** (15) **up, still, very.**

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XXXII.—A Life for a Life.

1. On the night of the storm that made October 14, 1881, a day of bitter memory to many, there stole on board the Cyprian, at Liverpool, a miserable, uncared-for, uncredited stowaway. The steamer was bound for Genoa and other Mediterranean ports. In all human probability, this truant lad cared very little how long his voyage might be, or where the ship might anchor.

2. He may have been an orphan tired of neglect, or a young thief afraid of punishment. At all events, he thought that any risk was better than life in Liverpool, and when the Cyprian sailed from the Mersey, there he was, hidden out of sight, a stowaway on board.

3. Such surreptitious passengers are not viewed with much favor by the captain or his crew, as sailors know pretty well. Humanity saves them from outrage, but, socially speaking, they are regarded as rats or other vermin.

4. Not having paid for their passage or belonging to the ship's crew, they have not been taken into consideration in the victualing department, and, if it comes to short commons before the ship arrives at its destination, there is another mouth to feed.

5. A certain pity may be extended to the lad who has the pluck to encounter the penalty of discovery; but the situation is often too grave to allow of condoning the offence, and the stowaway is generally the last to expect or to receive good treatment.

6. The Cyprian had scarcely cleared out of the river before the captain and all his crew must have regretted that they ever left Liverpool. A half gale was blowing at the time of starting, and in a few hours it increased to a

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hurricane. The seas were so violent that they swept the deck clean, and the only spot that was safe was the waist of the ship and her bridge.

7. Soon came the earliest of many disasters to the steamer Cyprian. For hours the vessel had been laboring with these tremendous seas beating against her sides, when suddenly the steering gear of the fore wheel-house gave way. Luckily there was still an available apparatus in the after wheel-house, and the steamer was kept under control.

8. The hope thus afforded was of brief duration, for soon one of the boiler tubes burst and put out the fire adjoining it. All was confusion and horror. No one had time to think of the stowaway, who had by this time crept out of his hole, and was in presence of his first storm at sea.

9. The second boiler was still intact, and gave steam enough for the propulsion of the vessel. If human ingenuity might save the Cyprian, the captain and his brave crew were determined to do it. They patched up the burst tube, but on a sudden, the after steering apparatus gave way with a crash, and the Cyprian, with every soul on board, was left to the mercy of the waves.

10. Not yet, however, did the gallant crew give up their ship. They fought for her and for their own lives with the courage and skill of heroes, setting an after sail to try to get the steamer's head to the wind. But she fell off broadside for want of steering power, and roller after roller broke over her decks and into her engine-room, extinguishing the last of her fires. Then all was over.

11. Not a single individual had had a minute's rest since leaving Liverpool. The seas were so powerful that men were washed from one end of the deck to the other;

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and when it was found that the unmanageable steamer, rudderless and without any means of navigation, was drifting toward the Caernarvon coast, the captain called all hands, and told them that it was a case of every man for himself.

12. The captain of the Cyprian, however, was wrong, and he himself nobly proved it, as the rescued sailors testified. Gradually the doomed vessel drifted upon the Welsh coast and struck upon the rocks. Death stared every human being in the face, and, before the steamer touched, each man had prepared, as far as possible, for his own personal safety. The life-belts were served round or seized upon, and one of them was allotted to the captain, who had done his utmost to save the ill-fated vessel.

13. By this time the Cyprian was driving higher up in the frightful sea which raged along the shore. The distress signal could not be recognized, and no life-boat could live in such a surf. There were a hundred people waiting on the beach anxious to save, but utterly powerless; and at last, off Nevin, the steamer grounded fast on a rock, and opened at each shock from stem to stern.

14. The captain had not miscalculated matters. It was, indeed, a case of "Sauve qui peut." One after another of those who had life-belts dropped over the vessel's side into the water. Some who had not any artificial support seized an oar or a barrel, risking anything rather than stay on the sinking steamer.

15. The engineer's boy, who had before been almost washed overboard, said good-bye to his companions, and leaped, trusting to a life-belt and an old oar. Two firemen alone stood paralyzed; they looked hopelessly at the sea, and, going down below, were never seen again.

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16. Meanwhile, what was the captain doing—Captain John Alexander Strachan, of Great Crosby, Liverpool, who had counseled every one to look to himself? All was over, discipline was at an end, the vessel was breaking up; there was no human hope of saving a rope or a spar, and the captain, who had seen the rest of them take to the sea, stood ready to jump, with the life-belt about his waist. If they could see a chance in these wild billows, could not he? and already he heard the encouraging voices on the beach.

17. Captain Strachan was ready to jump for life, for home, for safety, when, just at that moment, he saw the pale and terror-stricken face of the neglected stowaway. The lad had shipped for a ghastly voyage and a bitter port, hiding in that doomed ship! Yesterday, he was a young scamp to be held worthy of the rope-end; now he was a wretched creature left alone on the sinking steamer.

18. A few hours ago he was a miserable pilferer of privileges; but now the skipper only remembered that he was a human being, to be saved, if possible—at any rate, not to be left behind. Without a word, Captain Strachan unbuckled the life-belt from his waist, and lashed it upon the little stowaway, bidding him save himself, if it were the mercy of Providence that he should do so.

19. "I can swim," said the captain; "take the belt." Over the side went the stowaway, lifted upon the surf like a cork; over the side went the captain, trusting—like the good brave fellow that he was—to his strength, enfeebled with long watching and anxiety. But swimming was impossible in such a sea.

20. The boatswain, struggling for his own life, caught at the captain, who was still making headway, and both went down never to be seen again. But the little stow-

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away, with the captain's belt about his waist, was flung upon the Welsh coast, battered about, but alive, to tell the story of his strange fate and his noble friend's heroism.

21. The moral of such a story is discerned in its recital. Words would be wasted in saying more of the perfect humanity and fearlessness of a man who gave up his best chance of life without hesitation, for one of the least of "these little ones."

22. John Strachan of Great Crosby, unlashing his life-belt—with two miles of white water between himself and the shore—to tie it upon the boy who had stolen a passage with him, is a figure which tells us, with new and noble force, that manhood is stronger than storm, and love mightier than death.

Preparatory Study.

I. Cỹp′ri an, Gĕn′o a, Mer′şey, ap′pa rā′tus, first storm, crept, in′ge nū′i ty, tūbe, Caer nar′von (ker nar′von), **Strachan** (stra hăn′), **ghâst′ly, boatswain** (bō′sn), **hĕr′o ism, discerned′** (diz zĕrnd′), **bil′lōws, anx i′e ty** (ang zī′e ty).

Con dōn′ing, *pardoning; overlooking.* **In tact′,** *uninjured.* **Sauve qui peut** (sōv kē pû), *save himself who can.* **Af′ter,** *toward the stern of a ship.* **Stem,** *the forward part of a vessel.*

II. (**21**) "Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of **these little ones** should perish." Matthew 18: 14. Locate the **Mersey, Caernarvon, Nevin.**

III. (**1**) What kind of sentence is the first? Why? What words modify the noun **stowaway**? What is the nominative of the verb **stole**? Of the verb **made**? (**2**) What kind of sentence is the first? Why? The verb **to be** has the same case **after** it as **before** it; thus, the nouns **orphan** and **thief** are in the nominative case after the verb **may have been**, and are called **predicate nominatives.** The **predicate nominative** usually denotes the same person or **thing** as the nominative before the verb.

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XXXIII.—The Bells of Shandon.

Sabbata pango;
Funera plango;
Solemnia clango.

Inscription on an old bell.

1.

With deep affection
And recollection,
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

2.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee—
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

3.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine.

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4.

For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling
  Its bold notes free,
Makes the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

5.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
  From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
  Of Notre Dame;

6.

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
  Pealing solemnly.
O, the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

7.

There 's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk, O!
In St. Sophia,
  The Turkman gets,

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And loud in air
Calls me to prayer,
From tapering summits
Of tall minarets.

8.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them,
But there 's an anthem
More dear to me:
'T is the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

Francis Mahony.

Preparatory Study.

I. **Francis Mahony** (1804–1866), the well-known writer, was a native of Cork, Ireland. Under the name, "Father Prout," he contributed prose and poetry to numerous English periodicals.

II. The inscription "**sabbata pango; funera plango; solemnia clango,**" means, "*I fix the Sabbaths; I mourn the dead; I strike for solemnities.*" (2) **Cork** is in the S. part of Ireland, on the river **Lee.** (5) **Adrian's Mole,** built by the Emperor Hadrian (76–138), is now called the Castle of St. Angelo. A mole is a mau so lē'um, or magnificent tomb, in the form of a tower. The **Vat'i can** is an assemblage of buildings, including the Pope's palace, adjoining St. Peter's, in Rome. **No tre Dame** (nōtr dăm') is a famous cathedral in Paris. (6) **St. Sophia,** in Constantinople, originally a Christian church, is now a mosque. A **kĭ ŏsk'** is a Turkish summer-house. A **min'a ret** is a slender tower upon a mosque, from whose projecting balconies the Mohammedans are summoned to prayer by the mu ĕz'zin, or crier.

III. (3) What noun is understood after **thine**? What noun does **thine** represent? (8) What preposition is understood before **them**? What is the object of the verb **grant**?

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XXXIV.—Short Quotations.

1. Life can never be altogether happy, for it is not heaven; nor altogether unhappy, for it is the way to it.

Guérin.

2. Friends, kinsfolk, and dear ones salute him who, far traveled, returns home safe. So the good deeds done welcome him who, going from this world, enters the other.

Buddha.

3. Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall:
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of Heaven is worth them all!

Moore.

4. What man is there whom contact with a great soul will not exalt? A drop of water upon the petal of a lotus glistens with the splendor of a pearl.

From the Hindu.

5. Shines the last age, the next with hope is seen,
To-day slinks poorly off unmarked between;
Future or Past no richer secret holds,
O friendless Present! than thy bosom holds.

Emerson.

6. Not in good fortune, but in ill, is the power of great men revealed; when the wood of aloes is exposed to the flames, its fragrance exhales stronger than ever.

From the Hindu.

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7. Upon the valley's lap
The liberal morning throws
A thousand drops of dew,
To wake a single rose.
Thus, often in the course
Of life's few fleeting years,
A single pleasure costs
The soul a thousand tears.

José Rosas.

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8. Genuine and innocent wit is surely the flavor of the mind. Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to charm his pained steps over the burning marl.

Sydney Smith.

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9. I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her bright'ning face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve;
Let health my nerves and finer fibers brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave;
Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave.

Thomson.

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10. Genius is not a single power, but a combination of great powers. It reasons, but it is not reasoning; it judges, but it is not judgment; it imagines, but it is not imagination; it feels deeply and fiercely, but it is not passion. It is none of these, because it is all. It is another name for the perfection of human nature; for genius is not a fact, but an ideal.

Edwin P. Whipple.

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XXXV.—Mr. Caudle has lent the Umbrella.

1. That's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about him that could spoil. Take cold, indeed! He does n't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd better take cold than take our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And as I'm alive, if it is n't St. Swithin's day!

2. Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense; you don't impose upon me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? O, you *do* hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't insult me. *He* return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever did return an umbrella!

3. There! do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks—always six weeks. And no umbrella! I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They sha'n't go through such weather, I'm determined. No; they shall stop at home and never learn anything—the blessed creatures! sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up, I wonder whom they'll have to thank for nothing—whom, indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

4. But I know why you lent the umbrella. O, yes! I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow. You knew that, and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate to have me go there, and you

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take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle! No, sir; if it comes down in bucketfuls, I 'll go all the more. No; and I won't have a cab. Where do you think the money 's to come from?

5. You 've got high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen pence at least—sixteen pence!—two-and-eight-pence, for there 's back again. Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who 's to pay for 'em. I can't pay for 'em, and I 'm sure you can't, if you go on, as you do, throwing away your property, and beggaring your children—buying umbrellas!

Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care—I 'll go to mother's to-morrow—I will—and what 's more, I 'll walk every step of the way—and you know that will give me my death.

6. Don't call me a foolish woman—it 's you that are the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet 's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall—and a pretty doctor's bill there 'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I should n't wonder if I caught my death; yes; and that 's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course!

7. Nice clothes I shall get, too, traipsing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoiled quite. Need n't I wear 'em, then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I shall wear 'em. No, sir; I 'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Dear knows! it is n't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once—better, I should say. But when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go like a lady. O, that rain! if it is n't enough to break in the windows!

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8. Ugh! I do look forward with dread for to-morrow! How I am to go to mother's, I 'm sure I can't tell. But if I die, I 'll do it. No, sir; I won't borrow an umbrella. No; and you sha 'n't buy one. Now, Mr. Caudle, please listen to this: if you bring home another umbrella, I 'll throw it in the street. I 'll have my own umbrella, or none at all.

9. Ha! and it was only last week I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I 'm sure if I had known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one, for all me. Paying for new nozzles, for other people to laugh at you! O, it 's all very well for you—you can go to sleep. You 've no thought of your poor patient wife and your own dear children. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas!

10. Men, indeed!—call themselves lords of creation! pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella! I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that 's what you want—then you may go to your club, and do as you like—and then, nicely my poor dear children will be used—but then, sir, you 'll be happy. O, don't tell me! I know you will—else you 'd never have lent the umbrella!

11. You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and, of course, you can't go. No, indeed, you don't go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care—it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes—better lose it: people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas!

12. And I should like to know how I 'm to go to mother's without the umbrella. O, don't tell me that I said I would go—that 's nothing to do with it—nothing at all. She 'll think I 'm neglecting her, and the little money we were to have, we sha 'n't have at all—because we 've no umbrella.

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13. The children, too! Dear things! They 'll be sopping wet; for they sha 'n't stop at home—they sha 'n't lose their learning; it 's all their father will leave 'em, I 'm sure. But they shall go to school. Don't tell me I said they should n't: you are so aggravating, Caudle, you 'd spoil the temper of an angel. They shall go to school; mark that. And if they get their deaths of cold, it 's not my fault: I did n't lend the umbrella. *Douglas Jerrold.*

Preparatory Study.

I. Douglas William Jerrold (1803–1857) was a celebrated English humorist and writer. His sketches of character abound in fancy and satire, but the fancy affords real amusement and the satire is without bitterness or malice. His "Caudle Lectures," contributed originally to the London "Punch," overflow with natural humor.

II. (**1**) **St. Swith'in's day,** July 15, is named in honor of Swithin, bishop of Winchester, and tutor to King Alfred. His monks buried him beneath the altar in his cathedral, instead of laying him in the churchyard, as he had directed. A forty days' rain, says the legend, frightened them into compliance with his request. The superstition that if it should rain on St. Swithin's day, it will rain forty days thereafter, evidently arose from this curious story of the bishop's death and burial.

III. Analyze **temper** (*tempus*); **impose** (*ponere*); **purpose**; **notions** (*noscere*).

IV. Let the pupil indicate clearly which remarks of Mrs. Caudle are replies to Mr. Caudle's vain remonstrances and suggestions.

(**1**) Why does the first question close with the rising inflection? (**2**) What word in the last sentence is emphatic? Why? (**7**) Why is **need n't** emphatic? (**9**) Why is **without** emphatic? (**11**) What verb in the first sentence is emphatic? Why? (**12**) Why is **would** emphatic? (**13**) Why is **should n't** emphatic? Why are **my** and **I,** in the last sentence, emphatic? Why are **lose, I,** and **deserve** emphatic?

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XXXVI.—The Character of Washington.

1. The task upon which he entered here was infinitely greater than that which he undertook when, fourteen years before, he drew his sword under the elm at Cambridge as commander-in-chief of the Continental army. To lead a people in revolution wisely and successfully, without ambition and without a crime, demands, indeed, lofty genius and unbending virtue.

2. But to build their State, amid the angry conflict of passion, prejudice, and unreasonable apprehension, the incredulity of many and the grave doubt of all, to organize for them and peacefully to inaugurate a complete and satisfactory government, is the greatest service that man can render to mankind. This, also, is the glory of Washington. The power of his personal character, the penetrating foresight and the wisdom of his judgment in composing the myriad elements that threatened to overwhelm the mighty undertaking, are all unparalleled.

3. His countrymen are charged with fond idolatry of his memory, and his greatness is pleasantly depreciated as a mythological exaggeration. But no church ever canonized a saint more worthily than he is canonized by the national affection; and to no ancient hero, benefactor, or lawgiver, were divine honors so justly decreed, as to Washington the homage of the world.

4. With the sure sagacity of a leader of men, he at once selected for the highest and most responsible stations the three chief Americans who represented the three forces in the nation which alone could command success in the institution of the government. Hamilton was the head, Jefferson was the heart, and John Jay was the onscience. Washington's just and serene ascendency

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was the lambent flame in which these beneficent powers were fused, and nothing less than that ascendency could have ridden the whirlwind and directed the storm that burst around him.

5. Suddenly the French Revolution — the ghastly spectre rising from delirium and despair, the avenging fury of intolerable oppression, at once hopeful and heart-rending — seized modern civilization, shook Europe to the centre, divided the sympathy of America, and, as the child of liberty, appealed to Washington; but the great soul, amid battle and defeat and long retreat and the sinking heart of a people, undismayed, was not appalled by the convulsion of the world.

6. Amid the uproar of Christendom, he knew liberty too well to be deluded by its mad pretense. Without a beacon, without a chart, but with an unwavering eye and a steady hand, he guided his country safe through darkness and through storm. In the angry shock of domestic parties "there is but one character which keeps them in awe," wrote Edmund Randolph.

7. "The foundations of the moral world," said a wise teacher in Oxford University, bidding young Englishmen mark the matchless man,—"the foundations of the moral world were shaken, but not the understanding of Washington." He held his steadfast way, like the sun across the firmament, giving life and health and strength to the new nation, and, upon a searching survey of his administration, which established the fundamental principles of American policy in every department, there is no great act which his country would annul, no word spoken, no line written, which justice would reverse or wisdom deplore.

8. Elsewhere, in bronze and marble, and upon glowing canvas, genius has delighted to invest with the immortality of art the best-loved and most familiar of American

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figures. The engineer of the Virginia wilderness, the leader of the Revolution, the President, the man, are known to all men: they are everywhere beheld and revered. But here, at last, upon the scene of the crowning event of his life, and of his country's life—here in the throbbing heart of this great city, we raise this calm and admonishing form.

9. Its majestic repose shall charm and subdue the multitudinous life that heaves and murmurs around it, and, as the moon draws the swaying tides of ocean, its lofty serenity shall lift the hurrying crowd to unselfish thoughts, to generous patriotism, to a nobler life. Here descended upon our fathers the benediction of the personal presence of Washington. Here may the moral grandeur of his character and his life inspire our children's children forever! *Geo. Wm. Curtis.*

Preparatory Study.

I. **George William Curtis** (1824- ——), the popular lecturer and writer, was born in Providence, R. I. His activity in public affairs, directed chiefly against political scheming and corruption in New York, gave him prominence as a reformer. He is the author of "The Potiphar Papers," "Nile Notes of an How ad'jĭ," "Lotus Eating," "The Howadji in Syria," "Trumps," and numerous contributions to various periodicals. His style is polished and easy, and his diction is a model of fine English.

II. **In'ore dū'li ty, civ'il ĭ za'tion, mȳth'o lŏg'i cal, in'sti tū'tion, mȳr'i ad, be nef'i cent, de lūd'ed, mul'ti tū'di nous, se ren'i ty, sub dūe', grand'eūr.**

III. (**8**) "This calm and admonishing form" refers to the statue of Washington unveiled in New York, on Monday, November 26, 1883, the hundreth anniversary of the evacuation of that city by the British, on the very spot where Washington took the oath of office as the first President of the United States. The extract given above is the conclusion of the oration delivered by George William Curtis on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue.

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XXXVII.—The Battle of Hastings.

1. Harold was crowned king of England on the day of the Confessor's funeral. When the news reached Duke William, hunting in his park at Rouen, he dropped his bow, returned to his palace, called his nobles to council, and presently sent ambassadors to Harold, calling on him to keep his oath, and resign the crown. Harold would do no such thing.

The barons of France gathered round Duke William for the invasion of England. He promised freely to distribute among them English wealth and English lands.

2. King Harold had a rebel brother in Flanders, who was a vassal of Harold Hardrada, king of Norway. This brother and the Norwegian king, joining their forces against England, won a fight, and then besieged York.

Harold, who was waiting for the Normans on the coast at Hastings, marched with his army to Stamford Bridge, upon the river Derwent, to give instant battle to the besiegers. His rebel brother, and the Norwegian king, and every chief of note in all their host, except the king's son Olave, to whom Harold gave honorable dismissal, were left dead upon the field.

3. The victorious army marched to York. As King Harold sat there at the feast, in the midst of all his company, a stir was heard at the doors, and messengers, all covered with mire from riding far and fast through broken ground, came hurrying in to report that the Normans had landed in England.

4. The intelligence was true. They had been tossed about by contrary winds, and some of their ships had

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been wrecked. A part of their own shore, to which they had been driven back, was strewn with Norman bodies. But they had once more made sail, led by the duke's own galley, upon whose prow stood the figure of a golden boy, pointing toward England.

5. By day, the banner of the three lions of Normandy, the diverse-colored sails, the gilded vanes, the many decorations of this gorgeous ship, had glittered in the sun and shining water; by night, a light had sparkled like a star at her mast-head; and now, encamped near Hastings, with their leader lying in the old Roman castle of Pevensey, the English retiring in all directions, the land for miles around scorched and smoking, fired and pillaged, were the Norman warriors, hopeful and strong on English ground.

6. Harold broke up the feast and hurried to London. Within a week his army was ready. He sent out spies to ascertain the Norman strength. William took them, caused them to be led through his whole camp, and then dismissed. "The Normans," said these spies to Harold, "are not bearded on the upper lip as we English are, but are shorn. They are priests." "My men," replied Harold, with a laugh, "will find those priests good soldiers!"

7. "The Saxons," reported Duke William's outposts of Norman soldiers, who were instructed to retire as King Harold's army advanced, "rush on us through their pillaged country with the fury of madmen."

"Let them come, and come soon!" said Duke William.

8. Proposals for a reconciliation were made, but were soon abandoned. In the middle of the month of October, in the year 1066, the Normans and the English came front to front. All night the armies lay encamped before each

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other in a part of the country then called Senlac, now called, in remembrance of them, Battle. With the first dawn of day, they arose.

9. There, in the faint light, were the English on a hill; a wood behind them; in their midst the royal banner, representing a fighting warrior woven in gold thread, adorned with precious stones; beneath the banner stood King Harold, with two of his brothers by his side; around them, still and silent as the dead, clustered the whole English army—every soldier covered by his shield, and bearing in his hand his dreaded English battle-axe.

10. On an opposite hill, in three lines,—archers, foot-soldiers, horsemen—was the Norman force. Of a sudden, a great battle-cry, "God help us!" burst from the Norman lines. The English answered with their own battle-cry, "God's rood! Holy rood!" The Normans then came sweeping down the hill to attack the English.

11. There was one tall Norman knight who rode before the Norman army, throwing up his heavy sword and catching it, and singing of the bravery of his countrymen. An English knight, who rode out to meet him, fell by his hand. Another English knight rode out, and he, too, fell. But a third rode out, and killed the Norman. This was in the beginning of the fight.

12. The English, keeping side by side in a great mass, cared no more for the showers of Norman arrows than if they had been showers of Norman rain. When the Norman horsemen rode against them, they cut men and horses down with their battle-axes.

13. The Normans gave way. The English pressed forward. A cry went forth among the Norman troops that Duke William was killed. But William took off his helmet, that his face might be seen, and rode along the

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line before his men. This gave them courage. As they turned again, some of their horse divided the pursuing body of the English from the rest, and thus all the foremost portion of the English army fell, fighting bravely.

14. The main body still remaining firm, heedless of the Norman arrows, and with their battle-axes cutting down the horsemen like forests of young trees, Duke William pretended to retreat. The English followed. The Norman army closed again, and fell upon them with great slaughter. "Still, there are thousands of the English, firm as rocks, around their king," cried William. "Shoot upward, Norman archers, that your arrows may fall down upon their faces."

15. The sun rose high, and sank, and the battle still raged. Through all the wild October day, the clash and din resounded in the air. In the red sunset, and in the white moonlight, heaps of dead men lay strewn upon the ground. King Harold, wounded with an arrow in the eye, was nearly blind. His brothers were killed.

16. Twenty Norman knights, whose armor had flashed fiery and golden in the sunshine all day long, and now looked silvery in the moonlight, dashed forward to seize the royal banner from the English knights and soldiers, still gathered round their blinded king. Harold received a mortal wound, and dropped. The English broke and fled. The Normans rallied, and the day was lost.

17. O, what a sight beneath the moon and stars, when lights were shining in the tent of the victorious Duke William, which was pitched near the spot where Harold fell! Soldiers with torches, going slowly to and fro without, sought for the corpse of Harold among the dead; the banner, with its warrior worked in golden thread and precious stones, lay low, all torn and soiled in blood; —and the three Norman lions kept watch over the field!

Charles Dickens.

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Preparatory Study.

I. When Edward the Confessor died, the next heir to the throne of England was Edgar, grandson of King Edmund Ironside, Edward's brother. As Edgar was too young to reign, the "Wise Men," or national legislature of England, agreed to make Harold, son of Earl Godwin, king. William, Duke of Normandy, known in history as the "Conqueror," who claimed cousinship with the Confessor, asserted his right to the crown of England, invaded the country, and slew Harold, "the last of the Saxon kings," in the battle of Senlac, or Hastings, 1066.

II. **Rou en'** (ro̤ ŏn), **O'lāve, vic tō'ri ous, con'tra ry, dī rec'tion, dī verse', prān'cing, dūke, ar'rōws, wa̤r'riors** (wa̤r'yurs).

III. (1) In the primitive Christian church, **Confessors** were those who, for their faith, endured every trial; those who suffered death in the cause of Christianity, were Martyrs. (5) **Pev'en sey**—at which William the Conqueror landed—and **Hāst'ings** are in the S. E. part of England, on the English Channel. (10) **Rood** here signifies *cross*.

XXXVIII.—The Conqueror.

1.

I remember Falaise, and the songs that we sung
When eventide gathered the old and the young,
And over the vineyards the golden moon hung,
In the years that are fled.

2.

My fleet on the waters again I behold,
The gonfalons waving, the pennons of gold,
The three-bannered lions of Normandy old,
As in years that are fled.

3.

I pointed to England, and proudly behind,
The wings of a thousand ships rose on the wind;
And the sun, sinking low, on the serried shields shined,
In the years that are fled.

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4.

Pevensey! The shout from a thousand ships rung;
To Hastings we marched, the green hill-sides among,
And there the great war-song of Roland we sung,
In the years that are fled.

5.

And calm was the evening, the moon it was round,
The dead and the dying lay thick on the ground,
As I stood by the side of young Harold discrowned,
In the years that are fled.

6.

My army from slumber awakened each day,
The yeomen to harry, the foemen to slay:
They fought by the Humber, they fought by the Tay,
In the years that are fled.

7.

Fécamp glows before me—the feasts debonair,
The troubadours' dance in the torch-lighted air,
The full wine that flowed 'neath the coronals there,
In the years that are fled.

8.

The 'scutcheon of Conqueror shines on the wall;
My triumphs are arrased in yonder bright hall;
And chronicled there where the tapestries fall
Are the years that are fled.

9.

My red wars are ending; o'er wrinkles of care
Time's coronet silver encircles my hair;
Alas, and alas, for the son of Robert,
And the years that are fled!

10.

Hark! a young mother sings on the terrace below,
To the babe on her breast, an old rune of Bayeux:
My crown would I give its sweet slumbers to know,
And to lie in its stead!

Hezekiah R. Butterworth.

Preparatory Study.

I. **Hezekiah R. Butterworth** (1839–——) was born in Warren, R. I. He is the author of the "Zigzag Journeys," and many other popular productions in prose and in poetry.

II. (5) "The moon it was round" is a construction allowable only in poetry, for a noun and its pronoun should not be nominative of the same verb. This use of unnecessary words is called **ple'o nasm**, a figure of rhetoric.

Pleonasm is the use of superfluous words.

There are many varieties of pleonasm, in prose and in poetry, that are strictly grammatical; as, (6) "awakened from slumber," (2) "my fleet on the waters," (3) "rose on the wind," in which the prepositional phrases add nothing to the meaning.

Select the examples of hyperbaton, metonomy, syncope, ellipsis, and pleonasm in the poem, and explain each.

III. (1) **Fă lāīse'**, the birthplace of William the Conqueror, is a town in the N. of France. (2) **Gŏn'fa lons** are *standards* of *war-flags*. **Pen'nons** are *flags* or *streamers*. (3) **Sĕr'ried** signifies *crowded* or *close*. **Shined** is less common than shone, and is here used for the rhyme. (4) **Pev'en sey** is here pronounced Pe ven'sey, to suit the metre.

The **war-song of Roland** narrated the brave deeds of Roland, a hero of the 8th century, and nephew of Charlemagne, King of France and Emperor of the West. (7) **Fé'camp** (fā kŏn'), a seaport of France on the English Channel, whose famous Abbey William the Conqueror frequently visited.

(7) **Deb'o nair** here means *pleasant, unceremonious*. The **trou'ba dours'** were a class of poets in Italy, France, etc., in the 11th, 12th, and 13th centuries. (8) **'Scutch'eon**, or escutcheon, signifies a *shield*. **Ar'rased** means *painted or embroidered on the arras, or hangings for the walls of a house*. (9) **Robert**, the Magnificent, Duke of Normandy, was the father of the Conqueror. (Pronounce his name in the poem, rō bâr'.) (10) A **rune** is *a mysterious legend or song*. **Bayeux'** (bă yû') is a city in the northern part of France.

Define **discrowned, yeomen, harry, chronicled.**

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XXXIX.—Alexandria.

1. The excitement of the arrival in Alexandria, and the novelty of everything connected with the landing, can never be repeated. In one moment the Orient flashes upon the bewildered traveler; and though he may journey far and penetrate the hollow shell of Eastern mystery, he never will see again such a contrast to all his previous experience.

2. For myself, I wish the Orient would stand off a little and stand still, so that I might try to comprehend it. But it will not: a revolving kaleidoscope never presented more bewildering figures and colors to a child, than the port of Alexandria offers to us.

3. Our first sight of strange dress is that of the pilot and the crew who bring him off—they are Nubians; he is a swarthy Egyptian. As he steps on deck, in his white turban, loose robe of cotton, and red slippers, he brings the East with him; we pass into the influence of the Moslem spirit. Coming into the harbor, we see the batteries, the palace of the Pasha, and the new villas along the shore. It is difficult to find any ingress on account of the crowd of shipping.

4. The anchor is not down before we are surrounded by row-boats, six or eight deep on both sides, with a mob of boatmen and guides, all standing up and shouting at us in the broken languages of three continents.

5. They are soon up the sides and on deck — black, brown, yellow, in turbans, in robes of white and blue, in brilliant waist-shawls, slippered, bare-footed, half-naked, eager, pushing, yelping, gesticulating, seizing hold of passengers and baggage, and fighting for the possession of the traveler's goods, which seem to him about to be shared among a band of pirates.

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6. We have decided upon our hotel, and ask for the *commissionaire* of it. He appears. In fact there are twenty or thirty of him. They all look like pirates from the Barbary coast, instead of guardians of peaceful travelers. Quartering an orange, I stand in the center of an interesting group engaged in the most lively discussion.

7. The dispute is finally between two. As soon as we select one of them, the tumult subsides, the enemies become friends, and cordially join in unloading luggage. We begin to thread our way through a maze of shipping, and hundreds of small boats and barges; the scene is gay and exciting beyond expression.

8. We meet flat boats coming down the harbor, loaded with laborers, dark, immobile groups in turbans and gowns, squatting on deck in the attitude which is most characteristic of the East; no one stands or sits—everybody squats or reposes cross-legged.

9. Soldiers are on the move; smart Turkish officers dart by in light boats with half a dozen rowers. The crew of an English man-of-war pull past; in all directions the boats fly, and with their freight of color, they remind us of the thrusting of quick shuttles, in the weaving of a brilliant carpet.

10. We step on shore at the Custom-house. I have heard travelers complain of the delay in getting through it. I feel that I want to go slowly, that I should like to spend all day in getting through. What a group this is on shore! importunate guides, porters, coolies. They seize hold of us. We want to stay and look at them. Did ever any civilized man dress so gaily, so little or so much in the wrong place?

11. In a fifteen minutes' walk in the streets, the stranger finds all the pictures that he remembers in his illustrated books of Eastern life. There is turbaned Ali Baba, seated

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on the hindquarters of his sorry donkey, swinging his big feet in a constant effort to urge the beast forward; there is the one-eyed calender who may have arrived last night from Bagdad.

12. There is the water-carrier, staggering under a full goat-skin; there is the veiled sister of Zobeide, riding a gay donkey, and entirely enveloped in a white garment which covers her head and puffs out about her like a balloon; there is the seller of sherbet—a waterish, feeble, insipid drink—clinking his glasses; and the veiled woman in black is gliding about everywhere.

13. We drive outside the walls, passing amid mounds of rubbish, and getting a view of the desert-like country beyond. And now heaves in sight the unchanged quintessence of Orientalism!—there is our first camel, a camel in use, in his native setting, and not in a menagerie.

14. There is a line of them wearily shambling along, loaded with building-stones. The long bended neck apes humility, but the supercilious nose in the air expresses contempt for all modern life. The contrast of this haughty exaltation with the royal ugliness of the brute, is both awe-inspiring and amusing.

15. The camel is a mass of bones, faded tufts, humps, lumps, splay-joints and callosities. His tail is a ridiculous wisp, and a failure as an ornament or a fly-brush. His feet are simply big sponges. For skin covering he has patches of old buffalo-robes, faded and with the hair worn off.

16. His voice is more disagreeable than his appearance. With a reputation for patience, he is snappish and vindictive. His endurance is over-rated—that is to say, he dies like a sheep on an expedition of any length, if he is not well fed. And yet this ungainly creature carries his head in the air, and regards the world out of his great brown

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eyes with disdain. The Sphinx is not more placid. He reminds me, I do not know why, of a pyramid. He has a resemblance to a palm-tree. It is impossible to make an Egyptian picture without him.

17. What a Hapsburg lip he has! The very pose of his head says plainly, "I have come out of the dim past before history was; the deluge did not touch me; I saw Moses come and go; I helped Shoofoo build the great pyramid; I knew Egypt when it had not an obelisk or a temple; I watched the slow building of the pyramid at Sakkara. Did I not transport the fathers of your race across the desert? There are three of us; the date-palm, the pyramid, and myself. Everything else is modern. Go to!"

C. D. Warner.

Preparatory Study.

I. Charles Dudley Warner (1829–——) is an American writer, whose genial, refined style has made his productions very popular. He is the author of "My Summer in a Garden," "Backlog Studies," "In the Levant," etc.

II. Ka leid′o scope, Nū′bi ans, E gyp′tian (ejĭp′shan), **tū′mult, ges tĭc′u lāt′ing, men ag′e rie** (men ăzh′e rў), **pict′ūre, en dūr′ance, pälm, Säk hä′rä.**

Mŏş′lem, *Mohammedan.* **Pa shą′,** *a Turkish governor.* **Cal lŏs′ity,** *hardness of skin.* **Com mis sion āire′,** *a man stationed in public resorts, landing-places, etc., to guide strangers to hotels or other destinations.* **Im mŏb′ĭle,** *immovable.* **Im pôrt′ū nate,** *urgent.* **Coo′lies,** *East Indian porters or laborers.* **Căl′en der,** *a Turkish or a Persian monk.* **Sher′bet,** *a drink made of water, lemon-juice, sugar, rose-water, etc.* **Quin tes′sence,** *pure extract.*

III. (11, 12) Ä′lï Bä′bä, the one-eyed calender, and **Zo beide′** (zō bīd′), are characters in the "Arabian Nights." **(16)** Near the pyramids of Egypt is the **Sphinx,** a stone image of a fabulous monster, with a human head and the body of a lion. **(17)** Rudolph of **Hapsburg** (1273) was the founder of the Austrian Empire. **Shoo′foo** (Khu′fu, or Ché′ops) built "the great pyramid" over 3000 years ago.

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XL.—The Pyramids.

1. And there above us, on a rocky platform a hundred feet higher than the meadows, are the pyramids, cutting the stainless blue of the sky with their sharp lines. They master the eye when we are an hour away; and as we approach, they seem to recede, neither growing larger nor smaller, but simply withdrawing with a grand reserve.

2. I suppose there are more "emotions" afloat about the pyramids than concerning any other artificial subjects. It becomes constantly more and more difficult for the ordinary traveler to rise to the height of these accumulated emotions; and it is impossible to say how much of the excitement which one experiences on drawing near them, results from reading and association, and how much is due to these simple forms in such desolate surroundings.

3. But here they remain, enduring standards; and every visitor seems inclined to measure his own height by their vastness in telling what impression they produced upon him. They have been treated sentimentally, off-handedly, mathematically, solemnly, historically, humorously. They yield to no kind of treatment. They are nothing but piles of stone, and shabby piles at that, and they stand there to astonish people.

4. Perhaps they do not appear so gigantic when the visitor is close to them as he thought they would from their mass at a distance. But if he stands at the base of the Great Pyramid, and casts his eye along the steps of its enormous side and up its dizzy height where the summit seems to pierce the solid blue, he will not complain of want of size. And if he walks around one, and from one to another, wading in the loose sand under a mid-day sun, his respect for the pyramids will increase every moment.

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5. I had sent for a guide who had been recommended to me in the city, and I found Ali Gobree to be the frank, intelligent, quiet man that I had expected — handsome, also, and with honesty and sincerity beaming from his countenance. Two other men were given to me, for the established order is that two shall pull and one shall push the visitor up. And it is easier to submit to the regulation than to attempt to go alone and be followed by an importunate crowd.

6. There is no difficulty in going alone; occasionally, the climber encounters a step three or four feet high, but he can always flank it. Of course it is tiresome to go up stairs, and the Great Pyramid needs an "elevator;" but a person may leisurely zigzag up the side without great fatigue. We went straight up at one corner, the guides insisting on taking me by the hand. The Arab who came behind, earned his money by grunting every time we reached a high step, but he did not lift a pound.

7. We stopped frequently to look down, and to measure with the eye the distance to be traversed. When we were a third of the way up, and turned from the edge to the middle, the height to be climbed seemed as great as when we started. We could only measure our ascent by the diminishing size of the people below and by the widening of the prospect.

8. The guides are perfectly civil; they do not threaten to throw us off, nor do they even mention backsheesh. Stopping to pick shells from the limestone blocks, or to try our glasses on some distant object, we come easily to the summit in a quarter of an hour. The top, thirty feet square, is strewn with big blocks of stone and has a flagstaff. Here ambitious people sometimes breakfast. Arabs are already here with vessels of water and antiquities for sale. When the whole party arrives, the guides set up a

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perfunctory cheer; but the attempt to give an air of achievement to our climbing performance and to make it appear that we are the first to accomplish the feat, is a failure.

9. We sit down on the blocks and look over Egypt as if we were used to this sort of thing at home. All that is characteristic of Egypt is in sight; to the west, the Libyan hills and the limitless stretch of yellow desert sand; to the north, desert also and the ruined pyramid of Abooroash; to the south, that long necropolis of the desert marked by many other pyramids.

10. On the east are the Nile and its broad meadows widening to its dim Delta northward, the white line of Cairo under the hills, and the gray desert beyond. Egypt is a ribbon of green between two deserts. Canals and lines of trees stripe the green of the foreground; white sails flicker southward along the river, winging their way to Nubia; the citadel and its mosque shine in the sun.

11. About the Great Pyramid has long waged an archæological war. Years have been spent in studying it, measuring it inside and out, drilling holes into it, speculating why this stone is in one position and that in another, and constructing theories about the purpose for which it was built.

12. The interior has peculiarities which distinguish it from all other pyramids; and many think that it was not intended for a sepulchre mainly, but that it was erected for astronomical purposes, or as a witness to the true north, east, south, and west, or to serve as a standard of measure; and that the positions of various stones in the passages are full of mystic and even religious signification.

13. Having left the Great Pyramid, we walked a quarter of a mile down the sand-slope on the edge of the terrace. We had been wondering where the Sphinx was,

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expecting it to be as conspicuous almost as the pyramids. Suddenly turning a sand-hill, we came upon it, the rude lion's body struggling out of the sand, the human head lifted up in that stiff majesty which we all know.

14. So little of the body is now visible, and the features are so much damaged, that it is somewhat difficult to imagine what impression this union of beast and man once produced, when all the huge proportions stood revealed, and color gave a startling life-likeness to that giant face.

15. It was cut from the rock of the platform; its back was patched with pieces of sandstone to make the contour; its head was solid. It was approached by flights of stairs descending, and on the paved platform where it stood were two small temples; between its paws was a sort of sanctuary with an altar. Now only the back, head, and neck are above the drifting sand.

16. Traces of the double crown of Upper and Lower Egypt which surmounted the head are seen on the forehead. The kingly beard that hung from the chin has been chipped away. The vast wig—the false mass of hair that encumbered the shaven heads of the Egyptians, living or dead—still stands out on each side of the head, and adds a certain dignity.

17. In spite of the broken condition of the face, with its nose gone, it has not lost its character. There are the heavy eyebrows, the prominent cheek-bones, the full lips, the poetic chin, the blurred but on-looking eyes. I think the first feeling of the visitor is that the face is marred beyond recognition, but the sweep of the majestic lines soon becomes apparent; it is not difficult to believe that there is a smile on the sweet mouth, and the stony stare of the eyes once caught will never be forgotten.

 C. D. Warner.

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Preparatory Study.

I. A′ll Gō′brĕe, sanc′tū a ry, Lib′yan, sub′jects, lei′sūre ly, trăv′ersed Back′sheesh, *a present of money.* **Per func′to ry,** *done merely as a duty.* **Ne crŏp′o lis,** *a city of the dead, a cemetery.* **Ar chae o log′ic al,** *relating to antiquities.* **Con tour′,** *outline.* **Ä′bōō rọ ăsh′.**

II. (6) The second sentence consists of three independent propositions, connected by conjunctions; **and** is between the first and the second propositions, and **but** is between the second and the third. A sentence that contains **two or more principal propositions** is called a **compound sentence.**

(11) What kind of sentence is the first? Why? Give the logical and the grammatical subject, the logical and the grammatical predicate. (13) What kind of sentence is the first? What does the participial phrase modify? To what pronoun, then, does **having left** belong? What is the object of **having left**?

(16) What kind of sentence is the first? Why? Read the relative clause? What noun does it modify? What is the nominative of the verb **stands**? (17) What are the nominatives of the verb **are**?

XLI.—Shopping in Tunis.

1. "A Moor from the bazaars with Mecca scarfs," said the courier at the Hôtel d'Orient. I descended to the wide, cool entrance-hall, and at the farthest end, in the heavy shadow of magnolias without and lemon trees within, saw a tall, straight, slender figure, his white turban in clear relief against the bright blue—the Moor with the Mecca scarfs.

2. Below the white turban I saw an olive face, with thin, sharp features, and those dark, wonderful Asiatic eyes; the jet-black brows almost met; a beard of inky blackness, carefully smoothed, hid his throat.

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3. A short jacket, stiff with gold, was worn open in front, showing a vest embroidered with silks and gold thread; white linen trousers buttoned at the ankle; a variegated sash of vivid dyes, wrapped several times round his waist, held in place silver-mounted pistols and the crooked yataghan, in his hand a dreadful weapon.

4. The Moor was strikingly handsome, picturesque, and dignified. For the first time I understood that most pathetic of all human compositions, the story of Othello, and how the gentle Desdemona could fall in love with the Moorish hero.

5. This was no pert, frisk Yankee trader with whom I was about to deal. I knew he would be slow as eternity; but I had ample leisure, and was not going to be overreached by him or any like him. Not I. "Would Madama Americana be seated?" said he, with a stately bow. She would. He then unrolled the bale and produced a gay little rug, which he spread for my slippered feet. He next brought a cigarette from his pocket, and puffed away.

6. "Madama does not smoke?" he said, inquiringly. I replied that my early education in that direction had been neglected. He nodded, as much as to say, "Madama misses it mightily, and is to be pitied." The noble Othello smoked in silence. My patience and the cigarette were giving out together; as I was about to rise and leave, he tossed the cigar-stump into a small brass basin standing near, and returned the amber holder to his pocket.

7. He then drew his pack toward him, with the air of a man of abundant leisure, unfolded a short, wide scarf, and, with careless ease, threw it over his left arm. Upon that background it looked snowy white. "It is from the sacred city of the Prophet (may his name be extended far as the sand reaches!), and is made of the finest twilled silk."

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8. I examined the fabric with care. It was very pretty, with striped gilt border and a thin gold fringe at the ends. "What price?" I asked, through an interpreter. He named a sum equal to about forty-five dollars. I shook my head; but he regarded the shake coolly, as if I had shaken at the remotest stars.

9. "Will Madama lay the happy scarf round her head and throat, that she may feel its fine softness, like the furs of the moth? It was made for the Princess Fatima, niece of the Khedive of Egypt."

"Then how did you get possession of so costly a prize?"

"Ladies are sometimes short of money," said the unconcerned trader, softly waving the gauzy silk in air. "The Madama Americana may strike off my head if I speak not the truth. Perhaps this will suit her better."

10. He shook out a long, light woolen shawl, of dull apple-green. "Such was the turban of Mohammed (exalted be his name!), when in the heat of battle he raised it on a lance, and made the green banner forever sacred." With stately reverence he inclined toward the royal colors and laid it by the white scarf.

"What price?" I asked.

"Seventy-five dollars."

11. I shook my head with energy. "Possibly Madama Americana would like some towels? Here are the towels of Damascus, embroidered with gold. They come from Araby the Blest, and are fresh from the last caravan."

"Will they wash?"

"Forever. The silk is the best of Syria, and the broidery was laid on in delightful gardens by the flowery banks of the Pharpar. It will be shining ten thousand years hence, as now. Will Madama make me proud to look at them?"

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12. The noble Othello leaned his back against the wall, resting from what toils I could not know. A dead pause of five long minutes and he began again: "Madama sees here the choice things fit for those who live in the shadow of lofty palaces; but remember," he said, gravely, "four things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, the neglected opportunity. Thus sayeth the proverb."

13. "It is too dear. I may look at the towels again." He lifted one and threw it on the near divan. "This is from Bagdad—from Bagdad, the land of Aladdin, the rose and the nightingale, of ivory and amber, spicery and richest merchandise." The tempter saw my wavering. Those keen eyes lost nothing, and marked every shade of change, without seeming to see anything.

14. I sent an appealing glance at the interpreter, who pretended not to see. The delay was tedious, the situation embarrassing to a woman not used to Eastern ways.

"What for the towel?" I asked, driven almost to despair by the silent scrutiny of the Moor.

"The towel from Bagdad? Twelve dollars."

"Too much."

"Then will Madama make an offer? Americanas are princesses. Their money comes easily and goes fast. Madama will offer——?"

15. "Six dollars," I said, hastily. It was the Moor's turn to shake his head now, which he did in melancholy and decorous fashion, not tending to unsettle the graceful turban.

"I lose money," said the injured man, imploring by mournful accent and wistful gesture.

"I cannot help it," I retorted, warming with the day. "You need not sell if you do not want to."

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"A man hard pressed must take what he can get. The towel is yours. It will please Madama's friends across the sea. May it be like the enchanted carpet, which brought a fresh good fortune to its owner every morning!"

16. "Have I seen your stock of goods?"

"You have," he replied, much as to say, "The world is at your feet; what more can mortal ask?" The interpreter counted the money, the crowd broke away, smiling and jabbering in half a dozen languages.

17. The Moor alone preserved his calm dignity, and in silence made his courteous, profound bow. Somehow, the noble Othello's bearing made me feel like a robber, and, with a sense of guilt, I turned to the stairs with the spoil. Thalia was lying in wait for me on a divan in the balconied window. I have a shrewd suspicion that she had been listening over the banister, but she looked as innocent as a baby.

18. Walking toward her I tried to assume a careless manner, and plunged boldly into the subject, by flaunting the embroidery before her eyes; and thereby I revealed two holes hidden with consummate art, and a wretched spot where the fringe stopped short at one end; and, oh! what were those mysterious dots all over the scant and meagre fabric?

19. Thalia smiled such an ironic, blighting sarcasm of a smile as I never saw in her face before. It covered me with confusion, and made my splendid Bagdad towel dwindle and shrink to the proportions of a doily.

"Ah! I see your rage for antiquities again. This has arrived at the antique, without becoming a gem, has n't it?" She held it up to the light, showing a "body" like the sleazy stuff of which our grandmothers used to make milk-strainers.

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20. "Don't you think it's rather—rather tender?" she continued, the dimples deepening in her cheeks. "And, dear me, what *did* you pay?" She broke into the gayest laugh in the world.

I reddened with vexation, but was dumb. She took the Bagdad towel in her two little hands, gave a slight jerk, and the rotten old thing split from one end to the other.

21. "Really, now, that is too bad! I bought this as a souvenir for you, a sample of Oriental magnificence, and you have ruined it!"

"Thank you, kindly," said the spoiled beauty, burying her laughter in the pillows; "but I always prefer *my* dish-rags without tinsel." *Susan E. Wallace.*

Preparatory Study.

I. Susan E. Wallace (wife of General Lew Wallace, author of "Ben-Hur") was born in Crawfordsville, Indiana. Her style of writing, in prose and verse, is easy and graceful. "Shopping in Tunis" is taken from "The Storied Sea," an entertaining little book about the Mediterranean and its ports.

II. Yat'a ghan, *a long Turkish dagger.* **Khe dïve',** *a governor or viceroy.* **Souve nir** (soov neer'), *a keepsake.* **D'Orient** (dō rï ŏn'), **O thel'lo, Deş de mo'na, Mă dă'mă, A mer'i că'nă, Mo ham'med, Fă'tï mă, te'di ous; coûrt'e ous, dï văn', flăunt'ing, con sum'mate, Tha lï'a, as sūme'.**

III. (19) **I ron'ic** signifies *expressing one thing and meaning another.* **I'ron y** is a figure of rhetoric.

Irony is the use of a word or a phrase for its opposite.

IV. (7) The **Prophet** referred to is Mahomet, or Mohammed. (11) The **Phar'par** is a river of **Syria,** flowing by **Damascus.**

Locate **Mecca, Damascus, Araby, Syria, Bagdad.**

V. (5) What adjective in the second sentence is emphatic? Why? (6) What inflection closes the question? Why? (8, 9, 10, 11, 14) What inflection closes each question? Why? (15) Why are **Moor's, want,** and **get** emphatic?

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XLII.—The Wind of Death.

1.

Where mighty ruins, grim and vast,
With fallen architrave and span,
Marked some dead city of the past,
The golden sunshine rippling ran:
Two giant palms beside a well
Rose with a stately, solemn grace,
And sweet and clear a camel's bell
Made echoes in the lonely place.

2.

A white tent in the shadow gleamed,
And close beside its open door,
Above some salt, lance pennons streamed,
The ready signs of peace and war.
A neighing horse made answer loud,
To trampling steeds that nearer drew,
And southward, like a rising cloud,
The sand-storm swept heaven's lustrous blue.

3.

Silent upon his well-worn mat,
With eager eyes and ready hand,
The Bedouin chieftain, Kaled, sat,
And watched the widening sweeps of sand;
He heard the hoofs beside him crash,
He heard the shouts that bade him rise,
He saw the swords in anger flash,
A cold light shining in his eyes.

4.

Then springing to his feet, he said,
In bitter words that cut and stung,

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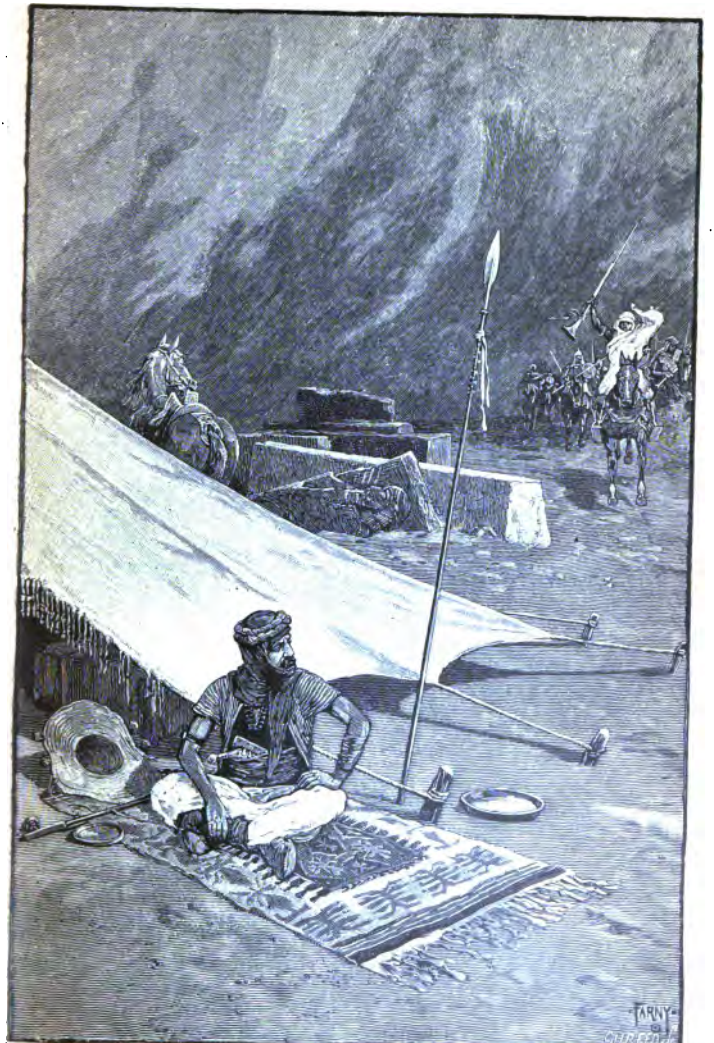

"Silent upon his well-worn mat,
With eager eyes and ready hand,
The Bedouin chieftain, Kaled, sat."

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"Well was it, that about his head
Ferdullah dust and ashes flung;
For he has lived to see a horde
Of hireling slaves debase his name—
And feel the vengeance of the Lord
In this sad heritage of shame.

5.

"You are a hundred men to one,
And yet I scorn your hoarded wrath,
Even as yon distant, brilliant sun
Scorns the black clouds that mar his path:
Strike — for the words I speak are truth,
And ere I kneel unto a slave,
The fame and glory of my youth
Will rot within a loathsome grave.

6.

"Strike!" And his folded arms were clasped,
His massive head was forward thrown,
While bearded horsemen fiercely grasped
Their swords, and sinews grew like stone.
Backward they drew in sullen line,
Ready to charge with fearful might,
Their pennoned lances grimly shine,
Their eyes flame with a baleful light.

7.

Then like a bolt, that drives across
The sky with hot and sulphurous breath,
The dread sirocco's sand-plumes toss
About them in a swirl of death:
Its roar sweeps down the arid plain,
And in the western distance dies,
And silence holds unbroken reign
Beneath the cloudless, purple skies;

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8.

Save that the camel-bells are sweet
  Beyond the windless palms, and there
The Bedouin's slow and trembling feet
  Make weird sounds in the heated air:
And southward, where the level sand
  Ran off in an unbroken sweep,
Low mounds lie scattered o'er the land,
  And hate and wrath beneath them sleep.

Thomas S. Collier.

Preparatory Study.

I. **Thomas S. Collier** (1842-——) was born in New York City. His literary work comprises foreign correspondence, essays, stories, and poems.

II. (1) **Ar'chi trāve,** *a moulding round the exterior curves of an arch.* (7) **Si roc'co,** *an oppressive wind from the desert.* (3) **Bĕd'ou in,** *a wandering Arab in Arabia, Egypt, and other African countries.* **Kā'led, ăr'id, sul'phū rous.**

III. (4) **Fēr dụl'lăh,** an Arab chieftain, "flung dust and ashes about his head"—according to the custom of his people—to indicate penitence or humiliation.

IV. (6) "His folded arms were clasped;" the noun **arms,** the nominative of the verb, suffers or receives the action of clasping, and the verb is in the **passive voice.** "Bearded horsemen fiercely grasped their swords;" the noun **horsemen,** the nominative of the verb **grasped,** performs the action of grasping, and the verb **grasped** is in the active voice.

The active voice is that form of the verb in which the nominative *performs* the action.

The passive voice is that form of the verb in which the nominative *suffers* or *receives* the action.

V. (2) Scan the first line. How many feet are there in it, and in every line of the poem? How is each foot accented? What is this kind of foot called? A line of four feet is called a **te trăm'e ter,** and this poem is written in **iambic tetrameter.** Explain clearly the meaning of iambic tetrameter.

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XLIII.—A Scene from the Last Days of Pompeii.

1. The eyes of the crowd, which filled the vast amphitheatre, followed the gesture of the Egyptian, and beheld, with ineffable dismay, a vast vapor shooting from the summit of Vesuvius, in the form of a gigantic pine-tree: the trunk, blackness—the branches, fire!—a fire that shifted and wavered in its hues with every moment, now fiercely luminous, now of a dull and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth with intolerable glare.

2. There was a dead, heart-sunken silence. Then there arose on high the universal shrieks of women; the men stared at each other, but were dumb. At that moment they felt the earth shake beneath their feet; the walls of the theatre trembled; and beyond, in the distance, they heard the crash of falling roofs; an instant more and the mountain-cloud seemed to roll toward them, dark and rapid; at the same time, it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes mixed with vast fragments of burning stone!

3. Over the crushing vines—over the desolate streets—over the amphitheatre itself—far and wide—with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea—fell that awful shower! Each turned to fly—each dashing, passing, crushing against the other. Tramping recklessly over the fallen,—amidst groans, and oaths, and prayers, and shrieks—the crowd poured itself forth through the numerous passages.

4. Whither should they fly? Some, anticipating a second earthquake, hastened to their homes to load themselves with their more costly goods, and escape while there was yet time; others, dreading the showers of ashes that now fell fast, torrent upon torrent, over the streets, rushed under the roofs of the nearest houses, or temples, or sheds, for protection from the terrors of the open air.

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5. But darker, and larger, and mightier spread the cloud above them. It was a sudden and ghastly night rushing upon the realm of noon! Another and another shower of ashes far more profuse than before, scattered fresh desolation along the streets. Darkness once more wrapped them in a veil, and Glaucus, his bold heart at last quelled and despairing, sank beneath the cover of an arch, and resigned himself to die. Meanwhile, Nydia, separated by the throng from Glaucus and Ione, had in vain endeavored to regain them.

6. Again and again she returned to the spot where they had been divided—to find her companions gone, to seize every fugitive, and inquire of Glaucus—to be dashed aside in the impatience of distraction. At length it occurred to her that, as it had been resolved to seek the seashore for escape, her most probable chance of rejoining her companions would be to persevere in that direction.

7. Guiding her steps by the staff which she carried, she continued, with incredible dexterity, to avoid the masses of ruin that encumbered the path—to thread the streets—and, unerringly, to take the nearest direction to the seashore. On the way a group of torch-bearers rushed against her, and she was thrown down with violence.

8. "What!" said the voice of one of the party, "is this the brave blind girl? She must not be left here to die! Up! my poor girl! So—so—are you hurt? That 's well. Come along with us! we are for the shore!"

"O Sallust! It is thy voice! The gods be thanked! Glaucus! Glaucus! have ye seen him?"

"Not I. He is doubtless out of the city by this time. The gods who saved him from the lion will save him from the burning mountain."

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9. As the kindly Epicure thus encouraged Nydia, he drew her along with him toward the sea, heeding not her passionate entreaties that he would linger yet awhile to search for Glaucus. When Sallust and his party gained the direct path leading from the city to the port, they were arrested by an immense crowd—more than half the population of the city.

10. The sea had retired far from the shore; and they who had fled to it had been so terrified by the gasping, uncouth forms which the waves had left upon the sand, and by the sound of the huge stones cast from the mountain into the deep, that they had returned to the land, as presenting a less frightful aspect. Thus the two streams of human beings, the one seaward, the other from the sea, met, feeling a sad comfort in numbers.

11. "The world is to be destroyed by fire," said an old man in long, loose robes, a philosopher of the Stoic school: "Stoic and Epicurean wisdom have alike agreed in this prediction; and the hour is come!"

"Yea; the hour is come!" cried a loud voice, solemn but not fearful.

12. Those around turned in dismay. The voice came from above them. It was the voice of Olinthus, who, surrounded by his Christian friends, stood upon an abrupt eminence on which the old Greek colonists had raised a temple to Apollo, now time-worn and half in ruin.

13. "The hour is come!" The Christians repeated the cry. It was echoed from side to side—woman and man, childhood and old age repeated, not aloud, but in a smothered and dreary murmur: "The hour is come!"

14. At that moment, a yell burst through the air; and the earthquake, like a tiger of the desert, leaped amidst the throng, and hurried through its parted streams. And

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so darkness once more fell over the earth! And now new fugitives arrived. Grasping the treasures no longer destined for their lord, the slaves of Arbaces joined the crowd. One only of their torches yet flickered on; and as its light fell on the face of Nydia, the slave who bore it recognized her.

15. "What avails thy liberty now, blind girl?"

"Who art thou? Canst thou tell me of Glaucus?"

"Aye; I saw him but a few minutes ago."

"Blessed be thy head! Where?"

"Beneath the arch of the forum—dead or dying!"

16. Nydia uttered not a word; she slid from the side of Sallust; silently she retraced her steps to the city. She gained the forum—the arch; she stooped down—she felt around—she called on the name of Glaucus.

A weak voice answered, "Who calls me? Is it the voice of the shades? Lo! I am prepared!"

17. "Arise! follow me. Take my hand! Glaucus, thou shalt be saved!"

In wonder and sudden hope, Glaucus arose. "Nydia, still? Ah! thou, then, art safe!"

The tender joy of his voice pierced the heart of the poor Thessalian, and she blessed him for his thought of her.

18. Half leading, half carrying Ione, Glaucus followed his guide. After many pauses and incredible perseverance, they gained the shore, and joined a group, who, bolder than the rest, resolved to hazard any peril rather than continue in such a scene. In darkness they put forth to sea; but, as they cleared the land and caught new aspects of the mountain, its channels of molten fire threw a partial redness over the waves.

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19. They looked at each other and smiled—they took heart—they felt once more that there was a world around, and a God above them! And in the feeling that the worst was passed, the over-wearied ones fell placidly to sleep. In the growing light of the skies, there came the silence which night had wanted; and the bark drifted calmly onward to its port.

Bulwer-Lytton.

Preparatory Study.

I. **Sir Edward George Lytton Bulwer** (1806-1873) was born in Norfolk County, England. He was educated at the University of Cambridge. In 1844, by royal licenses, he added his mother's maiden name to his own, and was thenceforth called Bulwer-Lytton. He was raised to the peerage in 1866, with the title of Baron Lytton. His novels, plays, poems, and translations bear witness to the versatile genius of the author.

II. **Lū'mi nous, nā'mer ous, Glạu'cus, Nȳd'i a, Ī o'ne, Ar'ba cēs, ex haust'ed, ġest'ūre.**

III. **Pom pe'ii** (pom pā'yee) was a town in Italy, destroyed, 79 A. D., by an eruption of **Vesuvius.** (11) **Ep'i cū're ans** were followers of Ep i cu'rus, a famous Greek philosopher who believed that pleasure was the chief good. **Stō'ics** were disciples of Zē'no, who taught that men should be indifferent to pleasure or pain Stoic is derived from **Sto'a,** a porch, Zeno and his successors having taught in a porch in Athens.

(12) **A pŏl'lo,** the brother of Diana, and son of Jupiter, was the god of the sun, of song, music, prophecy, archery, etc. (15) The **fō'rum** was a market-place, or public place in which courts were held, orations delivered, etc. (17) A **Thes sā'li an** is a native of Thes'sa ly, a province of ancient Greece, now in Turkey in Europe.

IV. (11) With what noun is **philosopher** in apposition? Why? In what case is **philosopher**? Why? (14) What nouns do the participial phrases modify? Read the two participial phrases.

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XLIV.—The Robin.

1. The robin has a bad reputation among people who do not value themselves less for being fond of cherries. There is, I admit, a spice of vulgarity in him, and his song is rather of the Bloomfield sort, too largely ballasted with prose: His ethics are of the Poor Richard school, and the main chance which calls forth all his energy is altogether of the appetite.

2. He never has those fine intervals of lunacy into which his cousins, the catbird and the mavis, are apt to fall. But for a' that and twice as muckle's a' that, I would not exchange him for all the cherries that ever came out of Asia Minor. Whatever his faults, he has not wholly forfeited that superiority which belongs to the children of nature.

3. He has a finer taste in fruit than could be distilled from many successive committees of the Horticultural Society, and he eats with a relishing gulp not inferior to Dr. Johnson's. He freely feels and exercises his "right of eminent domain."

4. His is the earliest mess of green peas; his, all the mulberries I had fancied mine. But if he get also the lion's share of the raspberries, he is a great planter, and sows those wild ones in the woods, that solace the pedestrians and give a momentary calm even to the jaded victims of the White Hills. He keeps a strict eye over one's fruit, and knows to a shade of purple when your grapes have cooked long enough in the sun.

5. During the severe drought a few years ago, the robins wholly vanished from my garden. I neither saw nor heard one for three weeks. Meanwhile, a small foreign grape-vine, rather shy of bearing, seemed to find the dusty air

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congenial, and, dreaming perhaps of its sweet Argos across the sea, decked itself with a score or so of fair bunches. I watched them from day to day till they should have secreted sugar enough from the sunbeams, and at last made up my mind that I would celebrate my vintage the next morning.

6. But the robins, too, had somehow kept note of them. They must have sent out spies, as did the Jews into the promised land, before I was stirring. When I went to the vine with my basket, at least a dozen of these winged vintagers bustled out from among the leaves, and, alighting on the nearest trees, interchanged some shrill remarks about me — of a derogatory nature.

7. They had fairly sacked the vine. Not Wellington's veterans made cleaner work of a Spanish town; no Federals or Confederates were ever more impartial in the confiscation of neutral chickens. I was keeping my grapes a secret to surprise the fair Fidele with, but the robins made them a profounder secret to her than I had intended.

8. The tattered remnant of a single bunch was all my harvest. How paltry it looked at the bottom of my basket, — as if a humming-bird had laid her egg in an eagle's nest! I could not help laughing; and the robins seemed to join heartily in the merriment. There was a native grape-vine close by, blue with its less refined abundance, but my cunning thieves preferred the foreign flavor. Could I tax them with want of taste?

9. The robins are not good solo singers, but their chorus, when, like primitive fire-worshipers, they hail the return of light and warmth to the world, is unrivaled. There are a hundred singing like one. They are noisy enough then, and sing as poets should, with no after-thought. But when they come after cherries to the tree near my window, they muffle their voices, and their faint *pip, pip, pip!*

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sounds as if far away at the bottom of the garden, where they know I shall not suspect them of robbing the great black-walnut of its bitter-rinded store.

10. They are feathered Pecksniffs, to be sure: but then how brightly their breasts, that look rather shabby in the sunlight, shine in a rainy day against the dark green of the fringe-tree! After they have pinched and shaken all the life out of an earth-worm — as Italian cooks pound all the spirit out of a steak — and then gulped him, they stand up in honest self-confidence, expand their red waistcoats with the virtuous air of a lobby-member, and outface you, with an eye that calmly challenges inquiry.

11. "Do I look like a bird that knows the flavor of raw vermin? I throw myself upon a jury of my peers. Ask any robin if he ever ate anything less ascetic than the frugal berry of the juniper, and he will answer that his vow forbids him." Can such an open bosom cover such depravity? Alas! yes. I have no doubt that his breast was redder that very moment with the blood of my raspberries.

12. On the whole, he is a doubtful friend in the garden. He makes his dessert of all kinds of berries, and is not averse to early peas. But when we remember how omnivorous he is, eating his own weight in an incredibly short time, and that Nature seems exhaustless in her invention of new insects hostile to vegetation, perhaps we may reckon that he does more good than harm.

13. For my own part, I would rather have his cheerfulness and kind neighborhood than many berries. Let him steal, and welcome. I am sure I should if I had the same bringing-up and the same temptation. As for the birds, I believe they do more good than harm, and of how many featherless bipeds can this be said?

James Russell Lowell.

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Preparatory Study.

I. **James Russell Lowell** (1819–——) was born at Cambridge, Mass. He was educated at Harvard, and began to practice law in Boston, but soon determined to devote himself to literary pursuits. As poet and prose writer, he is among the foremost of American authors. He was appointed Minister to England in 1881.

II. **Lŭ'na cy**, **drought** (drout), **neŭ'tral**, **ex haust'less**, **Fi dele'** (fē dĕl'). **Mā'vis**, *a thrush.* **Mŭsk'le** (mŭk'l), *much.* **Ar'gos**, *a city of Greece.* **De rŏg'a to ry**, *injurious.* **Om nĭv'o rous**, *eating everything.* **As cĕt'ic**, *severe; simple.* **Ĕth'ics**, *rules of duty; morals.*

IV. (1) **Robert Bloomfield** (1766–1823) was an English writer whose poetry is somewhat heavy in its style. **Poor Richard** was the name assumed by Benjamin Franklin in publishing his almanacs. The maxims of Poor Richard urge men to practice temperance, economy, etc. (2) **Asia Minor** is that part of Asia between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean.

(3) **Dr. Samuel Johnson** (1709–1784) was a celebrated English lexicographer, essayist, and critic. **The right of eminent domain** is the right that a government has to take private property for public use, with just compensation. (7) **Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington** (1769–1852), gained many victories in Spain, and defeated Napoleon at Waterloo, in 1815. (10) **Pecksniff** is a hypocrite in Dickens's novel, "Martin Chuzzlewit."

XLV.—A Day in June.

1.

Oh! what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
And instinct within it that reaches and towers,

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And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there 's never a leaf or blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace.

2.

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

3.

Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back, with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop o'erfills it,
We are happy now because God so wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell.

4.

We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
That the breeze comes whispering in our ear;
That dandelions are blossoming near;
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing;
That the river is bluer than the sky;

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That the robin is plastering his house hard by.
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack:
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

5.

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how:
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'T is as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue—
'T is the natural way of living.
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache:
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

James Russell Lowell.

Preparatory Study.

I. (5) **'Neath** is a contraction of beneath, and is an example of **a phaĕr'esis**, a figure of etymology.

Aphæresis rejects letters at the beginning of words.

II. What infinitives follow **hear** and **see**? What predicate-nominative occurs in this stanza? (2) What infinitive follows **lets**? (5) What predicate-nominative follows **is** in the sixth line?

III. (2) What contrast determines certain emphasis? (3) What contrast in time makes two words emphatic? (4) Why is **breeze** emphatic? Then what other nouns are emphatic?

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XLVI.—Little Pearl.

1. Hester Prynne went, one day, to the mansion of Governor Bellingham. This was a large wooden house, built in a fashion of which there are specimens still extant in the streets of our elder towns; now moss-grown, crumbling to decay, and melancholy at heart, with the many sorrowful or joyful occurrences, remembered or forgotten, that have happened and passed away within their dusky chambers.

2. Then, however, there were the freshness of the passing year on its exterior, and the cheerfulness gleaming forth from the sunny windows of a human habitation, into which death had never entered. It had, indeed, a very cheery aspect; the walls being overspread with a kind of stucco, in which fragments of broken glass were plentifully intermixed, so that, when the sunshine fell aslant over the front of the edifice, it glittered and sparkled as if diamonds had been flung against it by the double handful.

3. The brilliancy might have befitted Aladdin's palace rather than the mansion of a grave old Puritan ruler. Pearl, looking at this bright wonder of a house, began to caper and dance, and imperatively required that the whole breadth of sunshine should be stripped off its front and given her to play with.

"No, my little Pearl!" said her mother. "Thou must gather thine own sunshine. I have none to give thee."

4. They approached the door, when they beheld the old physician, with a basket on one arm, and a staff in the other hand, stooping along the ground in quest of roots and herbs to concoct his medicines withal. Hester bade little Pearl run down to the margin of the water, and play with the shells and tangled sea-weed, until she should have talked awhile with the gatherer of herbs.

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5. So the child flew away like a bird; and making bare her small feet, went pattering along the moist margin of the sea. Here and there she came to a full stop, and peeped curiously into a pool, left by the retiring tide as a mirror for Pearl to see her face in. Forth peeped at her, out of the pool, with dark, glistening curls around her head, and an elf-smile in her eyes, the image of a little maid, whom Pearl invited to run a race with her.

6. But the visionary little maid, on her part, beckoned likewise, as if to say, "This is a better place! Come thou into the pool!" And Pearl, stepping in, beheld her own white feet at the bottom; while, out of a still lower depth, came the gleam of a kind of fragmentary smile, floating to and fro on the water. Soon finding, however, that the image was unreal, she turned elsewhere for better pastime.

7. She made little boats out of birch-bark, and freighted them with snail-shells, and sent out more ventures on the mighty deep than any merchant in New England. But the larger part of them foundered near the shore. She seized a horseshoe by the tail, and made a prize of several five-fingers, and laid out a jelly-fish to melt in the warm sun. Then she took up the white foam that streaked the line of the advancing tide, and threw it upon the breeze, scampering after it to catch the great flakes ere they fell.

8. Perceiving a flock of beach-birds that fed and fluttered along the shore, the naughty child picked up her apron full of pebbles, and, creeping from rock to rock after these small sea-fowl, displayed remarkable dexterity in pelting them. One little gray bird with a white breast, Pearl was almost sure, had been hit by a pebble and fluttered away with a broken wing.

9. But then the elf-child sighed and gave up her sport, because it grieved her to have done harm to a little being

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that was as wild as the sea-breeze, or as wild as Pearl herself. Her final employment was to gather sea-weed, and make herself a scarf or mantle, and a head-dress, and thus assume the aspect of a little mermaid.

10. Just then she heard her mother's voice, and, flitting along as lightly as one of the little sea-birds, appeared before Hester, dancing and laughing. The road homeward, after the two wayfarers had crossed from the peninsula to the mainland, was no other than a foot-path. It straggled onward into the mystery of the primeval forest. This hemmed it in, and stood black and dense on either side, and disclosed imperfect glimpses of the sky above.

11. The day was chill and sombre. Overhead was a gay expanse of cloud, slightly stirred by a breeze; so that a gleam of flickering sunshine might now and then be seen at its solitary play along the path. This flitting cheerfulness was always at the farther extremity of some long vista through the forest.

12. "Mother," said little Pearl, "the sunshine runs away and hides — it is afraid of something. There it is, playing, a good way off. Stand you here, and let me run and catch it. I am but a child. It will not flee from me."

"Run away, child," answered the mother, "and catch it! It will soon be gone."

13. Pearl set forth at a great pace, and did actually catch the sunshine, standing in the midst of it, brightened by its splendor, and scintillating with the vivacity excited by rapid motion. The light lingered about the child as if glad of such a playmate, until the mother had drawn nigh enough to step into the magic circle.

14. "Come, my child," said Hester, looking about her, "we will sit down a little way within the wood, and rest ourselves." They entered sufficiently deep into the wood

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to secure themselves from the observation of any casual passenger along the forest track. Here they seated themselves in a little dell, with a leaf-strewn bank rising gently on either side, and a brook flowing through the midst, over a bed of fallen leaves. Continually, as it stole onward, the streamlet kept up a babble, kind, quiet, soothing, but melancholy.

15. "O brook! O foolish and tiresome little brook!" cried Pearl, after listening awhile to its talk. "Why art thou so sad? Pluck up a spirit, and do not be all the time sighing and murmuring." But the brook, in the course of its lifetime among the forest trees, had gone through so solemn an experience that it could not help talking about it, and seemed to have nothing else to say. Pearl resembled the brook, inasmuch as the current of her life had flowed through scenes shadowed as heavily with gloom.

16. But, unlike the little stream, she danced and sparkled, and prattled airily along her course. There was no other attribute in Pearl's nature that so much impressed her mother, as the child's never-failing vivacity. It was a doubtful charm, imparting a hard, metallic lustre to the character. She wanted — what some people want throughout life — a grief that should deeply touch her, and thus humanize and make her capable of sympathy. But there was time enough yet for little Pearl.

17. "What does the brook say, mother?" inquired she.

"If thou hadst a sorrow of thine own, the brook might tell thee of it," answered her mother. "Now, Pearl, go and play. But do not stray far into the wood. And take heed that thou come at my first call."

18. The child went singing away, following up the brook, and striving to mingle a more lightsome cadence with its melancholy voice. But the little stream would not b

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comforted; and so Pearl chose to break off all acquaintance with it, and the great black forest became the playmate of the lonely infant, as well as it knew how. It offered her the partridge-berries, now red as drops of blood upon the withered leaves. These Pearl gathered, and was pleased with their wild flavor. The small denizens of the wilderness hardly took pains to move out of her path.

19. A partridge, indeed, with a brood of ten behind her, ran forward, threateningly, but soon repented her fierceness, and clucked to her young ones not to be afraid. A pigeon, alone on a low branch, allowed Pearl to come beneath, and uttered a sound, as much of greeting as alarm. A squirrel from the lofty depths of his domestic tree, chattered, either in anger or merriment,—for a squirrel is such a choleric and humorous little personage that it is hard to distinguish between his moods—and flung down a nut upon her head.

20. A fox, startled from his sleep by her light footstep on the leaves, looked inquisitively at Pearl, as if doubting whether it were better to steal off, or renew his nap on the same spot. The truth seems to be, that the mother-forest and these wild things which it nourished, all recognized a kindred wildness in the human child. And she was gentler here than in the grassy margined streets of the settlement, or in her mother's cottage.

21. The flowers seemed to know it; and one and another whispered, as she passed, "Adorn thyself with me, thou beautiful child; adorn thyself with me!" and, to please them, Pearl gathered the violets, and anemones, and scarlet columbines, and some twigs of the freshest green, which the old trees held down before her eyes. With these she decorated her hair and waist, and became a nymph child or an infant dryad. Then she heard her mother's voice, and came slowly back. *Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

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Preparatory Study.

I. **Nathaniel Hawthorne** (1804–1864) was born at Salem, Mass. He and Longfellow were classmates in Bowdoin College, Maine. He is the author of "Twice-Told Tales," "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Marble Faun," etc. Hawthorne's stories are fascinating in every detail, and his style is so delightful in its polish and clearness that he is justly considered one of the finest of American prose writers.

II. **A nĕm'o ne, col'um bine, ex'tant, A lăd'din. Dry'ad,** *a goddess or nymph of the woods.* **Horse'shoe,** *a species of crab.*

III. Analyze **specimens**; **required**; **fragmentary** (*frangere*); **visionary**; **current**; **recognized**; **sympathy**.

IV. (3) What preposition is understood before **thee**? (5) Before **bird**? (7) Of what verb (understood) is **merchant** the nominative? (8) What is the nominative of **displayed**? (12) The noun **mother**, which is merely an address, not connected with any word, is in **the nominative case independent**.

V. (8) Change the relative clause to a participial phrase, so that the sentence shall not be complex.

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XLVII.—The First Crusade.

1. A zealous missionary had gone through Italy and France, and had proclaimed that the Holy Sepulchre, which Christian prilgrims had freely visited from the days of Haroun al Raschid, was now closed against them by the Turks, who had conquered Syria; and that the servants of the cross were massacred, plundered, and sold into slavery. This missionary was Peter of Amiens, known as Peter the Hermit. His eloquence roused a spirit of enthusiasm in prince and people.

2. Before this time there was no common bond among the Christian communities of Europe—no prevailing sentiment which could unite governments, still less the people

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in any course of action. A vast European confederation for obtaining the freedom of Christian worship in the land that the Redeemer and his apostles had trodden, was an idea that seized upon the minds of men of all classes.

3. When Pope Urban, from his lofty platform in the market-place of Clermont, called out to the chieftains and warriors, "Go, and employ in nobler warfare, that valor and sagacity which you have been used to waste in civil broils," he addressed himself to that love of excitement which, as much as the love of plunder, had called forth the lord from the monotony of his solitary castle, to encounter the perils of "civil broils," rather than to dream away his life in wearisome idleness.

4. The prospect of visiting far-off and famous lands, of fighting against heathen miscreants, of returning with wealth and glory, or of dying in the assured hope of felicity, made the Crusade as welcome to the feudal lord as the gayest tournament would have been.

5. The mixture of motives made every Crusader alive to the higher influences. With one voice, therefore, the people in the market-place of Clermont shouted, "God wills it! God wills it!" "It is, indeed, the will of God," said the Pope. "Let that acclamation be your battle-cry. Wear the cross as your sign and your solemn pledge."

6. The great army of the East was to be gathered together within a year. But the impatience of the people would not wait for arms or for leaders. In March, 1096, a vast multitude set forward from France, gathering fresh crowds as they proceeded. The wonderful scenes of that year have been described by eye-witnesses. The peasant shod his oxen like horses, and yoking them to a cart, migrated with his wife and children; and the children, when they approached a town, cried out, "Is this Jerusalem?"

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XLVIII.—Sir Walter Scott.

1. I have known few things in the world more delightful than to meet people who have met and conversed with Sir Walter Scott. It has been my good fortune to make the acquaintance of several persons who lived near the great man, and were on intimate terms with him for years. To hear them describe his noble character, imitate the tones of his sympathetic voice, and dwell upon his genius, was indeed something to delight in.

2. An old Edinburgh friend, the excellent Adam Black, told me that when Scott came stumping along the road with his cane and his dogs, and raised his cheery voice of greeting, it seemed as if his merry laugh cleared the whole air, and Nature herself rejoiced to have him abroad amid her glories. Mr. Black declared him to be the best-humored man that ever lived; a man whose sympathy was always ready, and whose kindness was enduring.

3. One of his contemporaries said that it was impossible to decide whether he had the clearest head or the soundest heart in all Scotland. How they loved him on Tweed-side we may gather from his son-in-law's beautiful anecdote of the poor music-master who offered Scott all his savings when the great novelist fell into pecuniary embarrassment.

4. It was something to be remembered to hear Washington Irving discourse of Scott. To the end of his life our own charming writer of "The Sketch-Book" could not speak of his friend without enthusiasm. How kind in advice the author of "Waverley" was to the timid young American when he received him in 1817 at Abbotsford!

5. "The glorious old minstrel," said Irving, "came limping (for he was very lame) to the gate, took me by the hand,

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and we were friends in a moment. I cannot express to you my delight as to his character and manners. He was a sterling, golden-hearted old worthy, full of the joyousness of youth, and his deportment toward his family, his neighbors, his domestics, the very dogs and cats, I can never forget; everything that came within his influence seemed to catch a beam of the sunshine which played around his heart.

6. "He entered into every passing scene and pleasure with the simple enjoyment of a child; nothing seemed too high or remote for the grasp of his mind, and nothing too trivial for the kindness and pleasantry of his spirit."

7. Sir Walter Scott's boyhood has been most pleasantly described by himself, and is full of interest. When only a year and a half old, a fever deprived him of the use of his right leg. They carried him into the country, and tried all sorts of prescribed remedies, hoping to cure his malady.

8. By degrees he got strength to stand, then to walk, and then to run, but he never was wholly cured of his lameness. At Bath he lived a year to get the benefit of the waters, and it was there he first learned to read, at a dame's school. I think his lameness gave him many hours of leisure within doors which he might not have had if his limb had been sound. At any rate, he devoured books at a rapid rate, and early became interested in deeds of chivalry, as the character of his writings clearly indicates.

9. He read with avidity everything that he could lay his hands upon in the form of history and poetry, and when some odd volumes of Shakespeare first fell in his way he read the plays with a kind of rapture, sitting up half-dressed, and rapidly perusing them by the light of a midnight fire when the family had retired to bed.

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10. As he grew older, a benevolent old man who owned a library recommended him to read Ossian and Spenser, and these books excited him to a wonderful degree. All this time he was a scholar in the High School of Edinburgh, getting into his head as much Latin and Greek as he could. Soon he became inspired by the beauties of the natural scenery on the banks of the Tweed and the Teviot, and this early worship of the beautiful never deserted him.

11. After he left college and his father had entered him a student at law, he began to compose legendary romances and stirring ballads, which he repeated with much applause to a knot of cronies, who were never tired of listening to Watty Scott, as they called the young man.

12. Lame as he was, he was a great walker in those days, and frequently accomplished thirty miles a day in visiting ruins and old battle-fields. Wandering over the field of Bannockburn gave him exquisite pleasure, and he explored many an old castle with James Ramsay, his fellow law-apprentice. Sir Walter lamented all his life long that he had not studied more thoroughly the essentials of a good education, and often said he had neglected his school advantages in early youth. But during his pupilage he certainly learned many things worth knowing.

13. When Walter was a boy of fifteen, Robert Burns, the famous Scottish poet, came up to Edinburgh for a first visit to the capital. Scott was very anxious to meet Burns, he so loved his poetry and so honored the man, and at last his desire was gratified. Burns came to Prof. Ferguson's, one day, when Scott and some half dozen other youngsters were present. An engraving of a dead soldier in the snow, with his dog by his side, and his widow and his child watching near, was handed about among the company. Under the picture were some lines descriptive of the sad scene.

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14. Burns was so affected by the picture that he shed tears, and asked who was the author of the lines. Nobody but Walter Scott remembered, and he whispered the author's name to a friend standing near, who informed Burns. The poet turned and looked kindly at the lad, and Scott remembered that look all his life.

15. Walter Scott is indeed a literature in himself. His genius throws a luster on the art of story-telling, and renders fiction a boon to the human race. His imagination had a range of eight centuries to unfold itself in, and he roamed through them with a masterful power and beauty. No good reader ever outgrows Sir Walter. Once take him to your heart, and there is no parting company with him after that. In age he will be just as fresh as he was to you in childhood, and you will never tire of his delightful companionship, or have a misunderstanding with him.

16. Lockhart, in his description of Sir Walter's last hours, says: "As I was dressing on the morning of Monday, the 17th of September, 1832, Nicolson came into my room, and told me that his master had awoke in a state of composure, and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself, though in the last stage of feebleness.

"'Lockhart,' he said, 'I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you comfort when you come to lie here.' With this he sank into a tranquil sleep. But the contest was soon to be over.

17. "About half-past one, P. M., on the 21st of September, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm that every window was wide open—and so still that the sound most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son closed and kissed his eyes."

James T. Fields.

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Preparatory Study.

I. James T. Fields (1817–1881) was born in Portsmouth, N. H. He was, at one time, editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," to which he contributed many articles of great literary merit.

II. (**3, 10**) The **Tweed** and the **Tev'i ot** (tiv'e ot) are rivers in the southern part of Scotland. (**4**) **Washington Irving** (1783–1859) was an illustrious American author. (**8**) **Bath** is in the south-western part of England. (**10**) **Os'sian** (ŏsh'an) was a fabulous Scotch poet of the third century. **Edmund Spenser** was a famous English poet of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. (**12**) On **the field of Bannockburn**, in 1314, Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, defeated the English.

(**4**) Who was the author of "The Sketch-Book"? Who was the author of "Waverley"? (**8**) What are **deeds of chivalry**? (**15**) What does the first sentence mean? The third sentence?

XLIX.—The Battle of Flodden.

1.

"But see! look up! on Flodden bent
The Scottish foe has fixed his tent."
And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp edges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke.
Volumed and fast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come.

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2.

Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close.
They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air;
O, life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair!

3.

Wild raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.
And still the Scots, around their King,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
O for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,
When Roland brave, and Oliver,
And every paladin and peer
On Roncesvalles died!
Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,
While yet on Flodden side,
Afar the Royal Standard flies,
And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies,
Our Caledonian pride!

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4.

The English shafts in volleys hailed;
In headlong charge their horse assailed;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep
That fought around their King.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring.
The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark, impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well,
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded King.

5.

Then skillful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their King, their lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.

6.

Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disordered, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land;

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To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song
Shall many an age that wail prolong:
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife and carnage drear—
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield!

Walter Scott.

Preparatory Study.

I. **Sir Walter Scott** (1771–1832) was born in Edinburgh. His poetry is remarkable for its spirited and flowing style, but his prose works have given him a higher rank. The "Waverley Novels" made him the wonder of his age. His poems are "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," etc.

II. (1, 6) **James IV.** of Scotland was killed in the battle of **Flodden**, in the north of England, in 1513. The **Earl of Surrey** commanded the English. (2) **Por tent′ous** signifies *foreshowing evil.* (3) A **fal′chion** (fawl′chun) is a broad sword, with a curved point.

(3) **Fon′ta rā′bia** and **Ron′ces val′les** (ron′se val′leş) are towns in the north of Spain. In the fight at **Ron′ces-val′les**, 778 A. D., **Ro′land** and **Ol′i ver** (here pronounced Ol′i vĕr′), two **paladins**, or knights, of **Charlemagne's** army were slain. Roland, in the struggle, blew his marvelous horn with such force that Charlemagne heard it miles away, and knew that his brave soldiers were in mortal danger.

(3) **Cal′e do′ni a** is the poetical name of Scotland. (1) **Bent** here means *slope* or *declivity.* (4) The **bill-men** fought with bills, or hooked axes. (3) What does **Amain** mean? **Crests**? The **Royal Standard**? (4) What were **the horse**? The **squadrons**? The **spearmen**? Explain the phrase, **their dark, impenetrable wood.** What do **phalanx, groom, and squire** mean? (6) Explain the last two lines.

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L.—The Rival Standards.

PART I.

1. When Leopold of Austria joined the Crusade, he desired much to enjoy the friendship of Richard, and had made such advances as the King of England should, in policy, have received and answered. But the Archduke, though not deficient in bravery, was infinitely inferior to Cœur de Lion, who regarded Leopold with contempt.

2. Besides, Richard, as a Norman prince, one of a people with whom temperance was habitual, particularly despised the German for his liberal indulgence in the use of wine. The discord between the English king and Leopold was fanned by the secret arts of Philip of France—one of the most sagacious monarchs of his time—who, dreading the fiery and overbearing character of Richard, endeavored to unite the crusading princes of inferior degree in resistance to the authority of the King of England.

3. Such was the state of affairs, when Conrad of Montserrat resolved upon employing his jealousy of England as the means of dissolving or, at least, loosening the league of the Crusaders. The time chosen for his visit was noon, and the pretence, to present to the Archduke some choice Cyprus wine, and to discuss its merits as compared with the wines of Hungary and of the Rhine.

4. He received a courteous invitation to partake of the Archducal meal, and every effort was made to render it fitting the splendor of a sovereign prince. Leopold was served only by pages of noble blood; he fed from plates of silver, and drank his wines from a cup of gold. His mantle was adorned with ermine, his coronet might have equaled in value a royal crown, and his feet, cased in velvet shoes, rested upon a footstool of solid silver.

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5. But, although courteous to the Marquis of Montserrat, whom he had placed at his right hand, Leopold gave much more of his attention to his man of conversation, or *sayer of sayings*, who stood behind his right shoulder. At the other shoulder stood the court-jester, who made as much noise with his fool's-cap, bells, and bauble, as did the orator, or man of talk, with his jingling baton.

6. It was not long ere the King of England was brought on the carpet by the jester, who considered Dickon of the Broom (which irreverent epithet he substituted for Richard Plantagenet) as a subject of inexhaustible mirth. The orator was silent, and it was only when applied to by Conrad, that he observed, "The *genista*, or broom-plant, is an emblem of humility; and it would be well for those who wear it to remember the warning."

7. "Honor to whom honor is due," said the Marquis of Montserrat; "we have all had part in these marches and battles, and methinks other princes might share a little in the renown which Richard of England engrosses amongst minstrels. Has no one present a song in praise of the royal Archduke of Austria, our princely entertainer?"

Three minstrels emulously stepped forward with voice and harp. A hearing was at length procured for the poet preferred, who sang, in high German, a stanza which may be translated thus:—

Ask not Austria why, midst princes,
Still her banner rises highest;
Ask as well the strong-wing'd eagle,
Why to Heaven he soars the highest.

8. "The eagle," said the expounder of dark sayings, "is the cognizance of our noble lord, the Archduke, and of all the feathered creation, the eagle flies the highest and nearest to the sun."

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"The lion hath taken a spring above the eagle," was Conrad's light reply.

The Archduke reddened, and the sayer of sayings answered: "The Lord Marquis will pardon me—a lion cannot fly above an eagle, because no lion hath wings."

9. "Except the Lion of Saint Mark," said the jester.

"Nay, I spoke not of the Venetian lion," said the Marquis of Montserrat, "but of the three lions of England; once they were leopards, but now they have become lions, and must take precedence of beast, fish, or fowl."

10. "Mean you seriously, my lord?" said the Austrian, now flushed with wine. "Think you that Richard of England asserts any pre-eminence over the free sovereigns who have been his voluntary allies in this Crusade?"

"I know but from circumstances," answered Conrad; "yonder hangs his banner in the midst of our camp, as if he were the generalissimo of our Christian army."

11. "And do you endure this so patiently, and speak of it so coldly?" said the Archduke.

"Nay, my lord," answered Conrad, "it cannot concern the poor Marquis of Montserrat to contend against an injury patiently endured by Philip of France and Leopold of Austria. What dishonor you are pleased to submit to, cannot be a disgrace to me."

12. Leopold closed his fist, and struck the table with violence. "I have told Philip of this," he said; "I have often told him that it was our duty to protect the inferior princes against the usurpation of this islander; but he answers me ever with cold respects of their relations together as suzerain and vassal."

"The world knows that Philip is wise," said Conrad, "and will judge his submission to be policy. Yours, my

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lord, you alone can account for; but I doubt not you have deep reasons for submitting to English domination."

13. "I submit!" said Leopold, indignantly. "*I*, the Archduke of Austria, so important a limb of the Holy Roman Empire; *I* submit myself to this king of half an island—this grandson of a Norman usurper! No! All Christendom shall see whether I yield ground one inch to the English bandog. Up, my lieges, up and follow me! We will place the eagle of Austria where she shall float as high as ever floated the cognizance of king or kaiser."

14. And he started from his seat, and, amidst the tumultuous cheering of his guests and followers, made for the door of the pavilion, and seized his own banner, which stood pitched before it.

"Nay, my lord," said Conrad, affecting to interfere, "it will blemish your wisdom to make an affray in the camp at this hour, and perhaps it is better to submit to the usurpation of England a little longer than to——"

15. "Not an hour—not a moment longer," vociferated the Duke; and with the banner in his hand, and followed by his shouting guests and attendants, he marched hastily to the central mount, from which the banner of England floated, and laid his hand on the standard spear, as if to pluck it from the ground.

The sayer of sayings clashed his staff loudly, and Leopold turned his head toward his man of counsel.

16. "The eagle is king among the fowls of the air," said the sayer of sayings, "as is the lion among the beasts of the field—each has his dominion, separated as wide as England and Germany—do thou, noble eagle, no dishonor to the princely lion, but let your banners remain floating in peace side by side."

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17. Leopold withdrew his hand from the banner-spear, and looked round for Conrad, but he saw him not; for the crafty Marquis had withdrawn himself from the crowd, taking care, in the first place, to express before several neutral persons his regret that the Archduke should have chosen the hours after dinner to avenge any fancied wrong.

Preparatory Study.

I. Cœur de Lion (kûr de lē ōn′) signifies *lion-hearted.* **Bā tōn′**, *a staff.* **Plan tăg′e net,** or planta genista, signifies the *broom-plant.* **Cog′ni zance,** *a badge.* **Gen′e ral is′si mo,** *the chief commander.* **Sū′ze răin,** *superior lord.* **Vas′sal,** *a subject.* **Kaī′ṣer,** *emperor.* **Ban′ḍog,** *a large, fierce dog.* **Mont ser rat′, neū′tral, Arch dū′cal, Chris′ten dom** (krĭs′n dum), **pre cēd′ence.**

II. (7) **High German** was the language of the people in southern or elevated Germany, or the language of the educated classes. (9) The winged **Lion of St. Mark** was the standard of the republic of Venice.

LI.—The Rival Standards.

PART II.

1. The physician had just predicted that King Richard might be awakened with safety; and the leech also declared that the fever had entirely left his sovereign. Richard himself seemed to be of the same opinion. "Believe me," said he, "my bosom feels so free from the wasting fire which, for so many days, hath scorched it, that I care not how soon I expose it to a brave man's lance. But, hark! what mean these shouts in the camp?"

2. "It is the Archduke Leopold," said the messenger, returning after a minute's absence, "who makes with his boon companions some procession through the camp."

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"The drunken madman!" exclaimed King Richard, "can he not keep his inebriety within the veil of his pavilion, that he must show his shame to all Christendom? What say you, Sir Marquis?" he added, addressing Conrad of Montserrat, who, at that moment, entered the tent.

3. "Thus much, honored Prince," answered the Marquis, "that I delight to see your majesty so far recovered; and that is a long speech for any one to make who has partaken of the Duke of Austria's hospitality."

"What! you have been dining with the Teutonic drunkard!" said the monarch; "and what frolic has he found out to cause all this disturbance?"

4. "What the Archduke does," he said, "is of little consequence, since he probably knows not what he is acting; yet it is a gambol I should not like to share in, since he is pulling down the banner of England from Saint George's Mount and displaying his own in its stead."

"What say'st thou?" said the King, in a tone which might have waked the dead.

"Nay," said the Marquis, "let it not chafe your Highness, that a fool should act according to his folly——"

5. "Speak not to me," said Richard, springing from his couch, and casting on his clothes with marvelous dispatch; "he that breathes but a syllable is no friend to Richard Plantagenet." With the last word, the king snatched his sword, and rushed out of the tent.

6. He was soon at the foot of Saint George's Mount, on whose summit were pitched the rival banners. Leopold, surrounded by his partisans, was still contemplating with self-satisfaction the deed that he had done, when suddenly Richard burst into the circle, attended, indeed, only by two men, but in himself an irresistible host.

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7. "Who has dared," he said, laying his hands upon the Austrian standard, and speaking in a voice like the sound that precedes an earthquake, "who has dared to place this paltry rag beside the banner of England?"

Leopold wanted not personal courage, yet he was troubled and surprised by the arrival of Richard, and the demand was twice repeated, ere he replied, "It was I, Leopold of Austria."

8. "Then shall Leopold of Austria," replied Richard, "presently see the rate at which his banner, and his pretensions, are held by Richard of England."

So saying, the King pulled up the standard-spear, splintered it to pieces, threw the banner itself on the ground, and placed his foot upon it.

"Thus," said he, "I trample on the banner of Austria. Who dares impeach my deed?"

9. There was a momentary silence; then "I!" and "I!" was heard from the Duke's followers; and Leopold himself accepted the King of England's defiance.

"Why do we dally thus?" said the Earl Wallenrode, a gigantic warrior from Hungary. "Noble gentlemen, this man's foot is on the honor of your country. Let us rescue it, and lower the pride of England."

10. So saying, he drew his sword, and struck at the King a blow which might have proved fatal, had not Sir Kenneth intercepted and caught it upon his shield.

"I have sworn," said King Richard, and his voice was heard above all the tumult, "never to strike one whose shoulder bears the cross; therefore live, Wallenrode—but live to remember Richard of England."

11. As he spoke, he grasped the tall Hungarian round the waist and hurled him backward through the ring

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of spectators, and over the edge of the mount, until, at length, Wallenrode lay like one dead. Those who stood farthest back, clashed their swords, and shouted, "Cut the island mastiff to pieces!" but those who were nearer, veiled their personal fears, and cried out, "Peace! peace! the peace of the cross—the peace of the Holy Church!"

12. Richard glared round him with an eye from which the angry nobles shrunk appalled. At this moment, Philip of France appeared to inquire the cause of the disturbance. He made gestures of surprise at finding the King of England raised from his sick-bed, and confronting their common ally in a menacing and insulting attitude.

13. "What means this unseemly broil betwixt the brethren of the Cross—the royal Majesty of England and the princely Duke Leopold? How is it possible that those who are the chiefs and pillars of this holy expedition——"

"A truce with thy remonstrance, France," said Richard, enraged at finding himself placed on a sort of equality with Leopold; "this duke, or prince, or pillar hath been insolent, and I have chastised him—that is all."

14. "Majesty of France," said the Duke, "I appeal to you, and to every sovereign prince, against a foul indignity. This King of England hath torn my banner, and trampled on it."

"Because he had the audacity to plant it beside mine," said Richard.

"My rank as thine equal entitled me," replied the Duke, emboldened by the presence of Philip.

"Assert such equality," said King Richard, "and——"

15. "Patience! brother of England," interrupted Philip; "I will show Austria that he is wrong. In permitting the standard of England to occupy the highest point in our

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camp, we, the independent sovereigns of the Crusade, acknowledge no inferiority to the royal Richard.

"But as sworn brethren of the Cross, we have renounced to King Richard, from respect to his high renown and great feats of arms, that precedence which, elsewhere, and upon other motives, would not have been yielded.

"I am satisfied, that when your grace of Austria shall have considered this, you will express sorrow for your deed, and that the royal Majesty of England will then give satisfaction for the insult he has offered."

16. The Duke answered that he would refer his quarrel to the Council of the Crusade. Richard retorted:

"I am drowsy—this fever hangs about me still. Brother of France, thou art acquainted with my humor, and that I have at all times but few words to spare; know, therefore, at once, I will submit a matter touching the honor of England neither to Prince, Pope, nor Council.

17. "Here stands my banner; whatsoever pennon shall be reared within three butts' length of it, aye, were it the oriflamme, the banner of France, it should be treated as that dishonored rag; nor will I yield other satisfaction than that which these poor limbs can render in the lists, aye, were it against five champions instead of one."

18. Philip answered calmly: "I came not hither to awaken fresh quarrels, contrary to the oath we have sworn. I part from my brother of England as brother should part, and the only strife between the Lions of England and the Lilies of France shall be, which shall be carried deepest into the ranks of the infidels."

"It is a bargain, my royal brother," said Richard, stretching out his hand with all the frankness of his generous disposition; "and soon may we have the opportunity to try this gallant and fraternal wager!"

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19. "Let this noble Duke also partake in the friendship of this happy moment," said Philip; and the Duke approached half-willing to enter into some accommodation.

"I think not of fools, or their folly," said Richard, carelessly; and Leopold, turning his back on him, withdrew from the ground.

20. Richard looked after him as he retired. "There is a sort of glow-worm courage," he said, "that shows only by night.. I must not leave this banner unguarded in darkness," and then added, addressing Sir Kenneth, "There stands the banner of England! Watch it as a novice does his armor on the night before he is dubbed. Sound thy bugle, if thou art assailed by more than three at once. Dost thou undertake the charge?"

21. "Willingly," said Kenneth; "and will discharge it upon penalty of my head. I will but arm me, and return hither instantly."

The kings of France and England then took formal leave of each other, hiding, under an appearance of courtesy, the grounds of complaint which either had against the other.

Walter Scott (adapted).

Preparatory Study.

I. Leech, *a physician, or professor of the art of healing.* **Teū ton'ic,** *German.* **Ŏr'i flăm me,** *the ancient royal standard of France.* **Dubbed,** *knighted.* **Lists,** *the ground for a race or a combat.*

(17) A **butt's length** is the ordinary distance from the place of shooting to the butt, or mark. (18) By the **Lions of England** is meant the standard of the Dukes of Normandy, who, from William the Conqueror's time, were also Kings of England. The **Lilies of France** referred to the standard of the Kings of France, the lily, or fleur de lis (*flûr'de lē'*), being the royal emblem of that country.

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LII.—The Declaration of Independence.

1. Go with me to Philadelphia, as she was a hundred years ago. Observe and watch the movements, listen attentively to the words, look steadfastly at the countenances, of the men who compose the little Congress assembled there. Braver, wiser, nobler men have never been gathered and grouped under a single roof, in any age, on any soil beneath the sun. What are they doing? What are they daring? Who are they, thus to do, and thus to dare?

2. Single out with me, as you easily will at the first glance, by a presence and a stature not easily overlooked or mistaken, the young, ardent, accomplished Jefferson. He is just thirty-three years of age. Charming in conversation, ready and full in counsel, he is "slow of tongue," like the great Lawgiver of the Israelites, for any public discussion or formal discourse. But he has brought with him the reputation of wielding what John Adams well called "a masterly pen." And grandly has he justified that reputation. Grandly has he employed that pen already, in drafting a Paper which is at this moment lying on the table, and awaiting its final signature and sanction.

3. Three weeks before, indeed,—on the previous 7th of June,—his own noble colleague, Richard Henry Lee, had moved the Resolution, whose adoption, on the 2d of July, had virtually settled the whole question. Nothing, certainly, more explicit or emphatic could have been wanted for that Congress itself than that Resolution, setting forth as it did, in language of striking simplicity and brevity and dignity, "That these United Colonies are, and, of right, ought to be, Free and Independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

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4. But the form in which that Resolution was to be announced and proclaimed to the people of the Colonies, and the reasons by which it was to be justified before the world, were at that time of intense interest and of momentous importance. No graver responsibility was ever devolved upon a young man of thirty-three, if, indeed, upon any man of any age, than that of preparing such a Paper.

5. As often as I have examined the original draft of that Paper, still extant in the Archives of the State Department at Washington, and have observed how very few changes were made, or even suggested, by the illustrious men associated with its author in its preparation, it has seemed to me to be as marvelous a composition, of its kind and for its purpose, as the annals of mankind can show.

6. This Declaration goes forth to the American people with no individual responsibility save in the signature of John Hancock, President, and Charles Thomson, Secretary. Was there ever a more signal distinction vouchsafed to mortal man, than this which was won and worn by John Hancock a hundred years ago? Not altogether a great man; not without some grave defects of character;—we remember nothing save his Presidency of the Congress of the Declaration, and his bold and noble signature to our Magna Charta.

7. Behold him in the chair which is still standing in its old place—the very same chair in which Washington was to sit, eleven years later, as President of the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States; the very same chair, emblazoned on the back of which Franklin was to descry "a rising, and not a setting sun," when that Constitution had been finally adopted—behold him, not yet quite forty years of age, not only with a princely fortune at stake, but with a price at that moment on his own head, sitting there in all the calm composure and dignity that so peculiarly characterized him.

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8. He had chanced to come on to the Congress during the previous year, just as Peyton Randolph had been compelled to relinquish his seat and go home—returning only to die; and, having been unexpectedly elected as his successor, he hesitated about taking the seat. But grand old Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia, we are told, was standing beside him, and with the ready good-humor that loved a joke even in the Senate House, he seized the modest candidate in his athletic arms, and placed him in the presidential chair; then, turning to some of the members around, he exclaimed: "We will show Mother Britain how little we care for her, by making a Massachusetts man our President whom she has excluded from pardon by a public proclamation."

9. Behold him! He has risen for a moment. He has put the question. The Declaration is adopted. It is already late in the evening, and all formal promulgation of the day's doings must be postponed. After a grace of three days, the air will be vibrating with the joyous tones of the Old Bell in the cupola over his head, proclaiming Liberty to all mankind, and with the responding acclamations of assembled multitudes. Meantime, for him, however, a simple but solemn duty remains to be discharged. The Paper is before him. You may see the very table on which it was laid, and the very inkstand which awaits his use. No hesitation now.

10. He dips his pen, and with an untrembling hand proceeds to execute a signature, which would seem to have been studied in the schools, and practiced in the counting-room, and shaped and modeled day by day in the correspondence of mercantile and political manhood, until it should be meet for the authentication of some immortal act; and which, as Webster grandly said, has made his name as imperishable "as if it were written between Orion and the Pleiades." *Robert C. Winthrop.*

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Preparatory Study.

I. **Robert C. Winthrop** (1809– ——), one of the most distinguished Americans of his time, was born in Boston, and educated at Harvard. He has served his State as Member of Congress and U. S. Senator. His fine scholarship, "masterly pen," and cultivated style have made his lectures and orations famous.

II. (2) Who was "the great Lawgiver of the Israelites"? (3) What does **virtually** signify? (5) **Ar'chives** are *public records, ancient writings or records;* and the term is also applied to *the place in which such records are kept.* (6) **Mag'na Char'ta** (kar'tà), literally, great charter, was signed by King John of England in 1215. What is "our Magna Charta"? **Orī'on** is a brilliant constellation, and the **Ple'ia des** (ple'ya dēz) are a cluster of seven stars in the neck of the constellation Taurus.

The Declaration of Independence was adopted by Congress, July 4, 1776, and on the 2d of August was signed by all the members then present.

LIII.—Sonnets.

1. Man's Life.

Man's life is like a sparrow, mighty king,
That, stealing in, while by the fire you sit
Housed with rejoicing friends, is seen to flit
Safe from the storm, in comfort tarrying.
Here did it enter—there, on hasty wing
Flies out, and passes on from cold to cold;
But whence it came we know not, nor behold
Whither it goes. E'en such that transient thing
The human soul; not utterly unknown
While in her body lodged, her warm abode—
But from what world she came, what woe or weal
On her departure waits, no tongue hath shown.
This mystery if the stranger can reveal,
His be a welcome cordially bestowed!

William Wordsworth.

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2. On his own Blindness.

When I consider how my light is spent
  Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
  And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
  My true account, lest He, returning, chide,
  "Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
  That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
  Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

John Milton.

3. On the Family Name.

What reason first imposed thee, gentle name —
  Name that my father bore, and his sire's sire,
  Without reproach? We trace our stream no higher;
And I, a childless man, may end the same.
Perchance some shepherd on Lincolnian plains,
  In manners guileless as his own sweet flocks,
  Received thee first amid the merry mocks
And arch allusions of his fellow swains.
Perchance from Salem's holier fields returned,
  With glory gotten on the heads abhorred
  Of faithless Saracens, some martial lord
Took his meek title, in whose zeal he burned.
Whate'er the fount whence thy beginnings came,
No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name.

Charles Lamb.

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Preparatory Study.

I. **William Wordsworth** (1770–1850) was born in Cumberland County, England. His poetry is commended for its purity and simplicity; but his theory that nature is more poetical than art led him, at times, to choose commonplace subjects and homely diction, thus provoking the derision of the critics.

About 630 A. D., Paulinus, a missionary, came to the court of King Edwin of Northumbria, to preach the religion of the true God. The heathen King debated with his courtiers the question of accepting Christianity, and one of them, ripe in years and in wisdom, thus replied to Edwin: "The sparrow flies in at one door, and tarries for a moment in the light and heat, then vanishes into the darkness whence it came. So tarries for a moment the life of man: we know not whence it came, whither it goes. If this new doctrine tells us aught of our destiny, let us follow it." Wordsworth's sonnet is a poetical rendering of this speech.

II. **John Milton** (1608–1674) was born in London, and educated at Cambridge. In learning, imagination, and sublimity of thought and expression, he has no equal in the whole range of English literature. His principal poems are, "Paradise Lost," "Paradise Regained," "Comus," "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," etc.

III. **Charles Lamb** (1775–1834), the distinguished essayist and critic, was born in London. His compositions have a peculiar charm, arising from the delicate wit, genial humor, fine pathos, and quaint style of the author, in whom the simplicity of the child mingled with the learning of the scholar and the splendor of genius.

Lin col′ni an (lin kŏ′ni an), pertaining to the county of Lincoln, in England. What is meant by **Salem's**? **Saracens**? What was a **martial lord** who fought the Saracen called? Why? What is the **gentle name** referred to? What fanciful reasons for the name does the poet give? Scan the first line of each sonnet, and describe the meter.

IV. The **sonnet** was introduced from Italian into English literature by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (1516–1547), who was also the first English poet that used blank verse. The **sonnet** consists of fourteen lines, iambic pentameter, variously rhymed, but usually as Milton arranges it in the poem given above.

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LIV.—The Country Church.

1. I was, as yet, a stranger in England, and curious to notice the manners of the fashionable classes. I found, as usual, that there was the least pretension where there was the most acknowledged title to respect. I was particularly struck with the family of a nobleman of high rank, consisting of several sons and daughters. Nothing could be simpler and more unassuming than their appearance. They came to church in the plainest equipage or on foot.

2. The young ladies would stop and converse in the kindest manner with the peasantry, caress the children, and listen to the stories of the humble cottagers. Their countenances were open and beautifully fair, with an expression of high refinement, but at the same time a frank cheerfulness and engaging affability. Their brothers were tall and elegantly formed. They were dressed fashionably, but simply, with strict neatness and propriety, and without any mannerism or foppishness.

3. Their whole demeanor was easy and natural, with that lofty grace and noble frankness which bespeak free-born souls that have never been checked in their growth by feelings of inferiority. There is a hardiness about real dignity that never dreads contact and communion with others, however humble. It is only spurious pride that is morbid and sensitive, and shrinks from every touch.

4. I was pleased to see the manner in which they would converse with the peasantry about those rural concerns and field sports in which the gentlemen of this country so much delight. In these conversations there was neither haughtiness on the one part, nor servility on the other; and you were only reminded of the difference of rank by the habitual respect of the peasant.

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5. In contrast to these was the family of a wealthy citizen who had amassed a vast fortune, and having purchased the estate and mansion of a ruined nobleman in the neighborhood, was endeavoring to assume all the style and dignity of a hereditary lord of the soil. The family always came to church in state. They were rolled majestically along in a carriage emblazoned with arms. The crest glittered in silver radiance from every part of the harness where a crest could possibly be placed.

6. A fat coachman in a three-cornered hat, richly laced, and a flaxen wig, curling close round his rosy face, was seated on the box, with a sleek Danish dog beside him. Two footmen in gorgeous liveries, with huge bouquets and gold-headed canes, lolled behind. The carriage rose and sunk on its long springs with a peculiar stateliness of motion. The very horses champed their bits, arched their necks, and glanced their eyes more proudly than common horses; either because they had got a little of the family feeling, or were reined up more tightly than ordinary.

7. I could not but admire the style with which this splendid pageant was brought up to the gate of the churchyard. There was a vast effect produced at the turning of an angle of the wall;—a great smacking of the whip, glistening of harness, and flashing of wheels through gravel. This was the moment of triumph and vain-glory to the coachman. The horses were urged and checked, until they were fretted into a foam. They threw out their feet in a prancing trot, dashing about pebbles at every step.

8. The crowd of villagers, sauntering quietly to church, opened precipitately to the right and left, gaping in vacant admiration. On reaching the gate, the horses were pulled up with a suddenness that produced an immediate stop, and almost threw them on their haunches. There was an extraordinary hurry of the footmen to alight, open the

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door, pull down the steps, and prepare everything for the descent on earth of this august family.

9. The old citizen, with his round red face, first emerged from the carriage, looking about him with the pompous air of a man accustomed to rule on 'change, and shake the stock-market with a nod. His consort, a fine, fleshy, comfortable dame, followed him. There seemed, I must confess, but little pride in her composition. She was the picture of broad, honest, vulgar enjoyment. The world went well with her; and she liked the world.

10. She had fine clothes, a fine house, a fine carriage, fine children, everything was fine about her: it was nothing but driving about and visiting and feasting. Life was to her a perpetual revel: it was one long Lord Mayor's day. Two daughters succeeded to this goodly couple. They certainly were handsome, but had a supercilious air that chilled admiration, and disposed the spectator to be critical. Though no one could deny the richness of their decorations, yet their appropriateness might be questioned amid the simplicity of a country church.

11. They descended loftily from the carriage, and moved up the line of peasantry with a step that seemed dainty of the soil it trod on. They cast an excursive glance around, that passed coldly over the burly faces of the peasantry, until they met the eyes of the nobleman's family, when their countenances immediately brightened into smiles, and they made the most profound and elegant courtesies, which were returned in a manner that showed they were but slight acquaintances.

12. I must not forget the two sons of this aspiring citizen, who came to church in a dashing curricle, with outriders. They were arrayed in the extremity of the mode, with all that pedantry of dress which marks the man of questionable pretensions to style. They kept entirely by them-

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selves, eying every one askance that came near them, as if measuring his claims to respectability; yet they were without conversation, except the exchange of an occasional cant phrase.

13. They even moved artificially, for their bodies, in compliance with the caprice of the day, had been disciplined into the absence of all ease and freedom. Art had done everything to accomplish them as men of fashion, but Nature had denied them the nameless grace. They were vulgarly shaped, like men formed for the common purposes of life, and had that air of supercilious assumption which is never seen in the true gentleman.

14. I have been rather minute in drawing the pictures of these two families, because I considered them specimens of what is often to be met with in this country—the unpretending great, and the arrogant little. I have no respect for titled rank, unless it be accompanied by true nobility of soul; but I have remarked, in all countries where these artificial distinctions exist, that the very highest classes are always the most courteous and unassuming.

15. As I have brought these families into contrast, I must notice their behavior in church. That of the nobleman's family was quiet, serious, and attentive. Not that they appeared to have any fervor of devotion, but rather a respect for sacred things and sacred places, inseparable from good-breeding. The others, on the contrary, were in a perpetual flutter and whisper; they betrayed a consciousness of finery, and the sorry ambition of being the wonders of a rural congregation.

16. The old gentleman was the only one really attentive to the service. He took the whole burden of family devotion upon himself, standing bolt upright, and uttering the responses with a loud voice heard all over the church. It was evident that he was one of these thorough church

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and king men, who connect the idea of devotion and loyalty; who consider the Deity, somehow or other, of the government party, and religion "a very excellent sort of thing, that ought to be countenanced and kept up."

17. When he joined so loudly in the service, it seemed more by way of example to the lower orders, to show them that, though so great and wealthy, he was not above being religious; as I have seen a turtle-fed alderman swallow publicly a basin of charity soup, smacking his lips at every mouthful, and pronouncing it "excellent food for the poor."

18. When the service was at an end, I was curious to witness the several exits of my groups. The young noblemen and their sisters, as the day was fine, preferred strolling home across the fields, chatting with the country people as they went. The others departed as they came, in grand parade. Again were the equipages wheeled up to the gate. There was again the smacking of whips, the clattering of hoofs, and the glittering of harness. The horses started off at almost a bound; the villagers again hurried to right and left; the wheels threw up a cloud of dust, and the aspiring family was wrapped out of sight in a whirlwind.

Washington Irving.

Preparatory Study.

I. Washington Irving (1783-1859) was born in New York City. From 1842 to 1846 he was U. S. Minister to Spain. His essays, histories, and miscellaneous sketches have given him a reputation unrivaled among American authors. His pure style and rare facility of expression have won for him the name of the "American Addison."

II. Em blā'zoned, *adorned.* **Crest,** *a figure or device.* **Haunch'es, un as sūm'ing, sāun'ter ing, pag'eant** (păj'ant), **courte'sies** (kûrt'sĭz), **bou quet** (bōō kā).

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LV.—A Young Desperado.

1. When Johnny is all snugly curled up in bed, with his rosy cheek resting on one of his scratched and grimy little hands, forming a perfect picture of peace and innocence, it seems hard to realize what a busy, restive, pugnacious, badly ingenious little wretch he is!

There is something so comical in those funny little shoes and stockings sprawling on the floor—they look as if they could jump up and run off, if they wanted to; there is something so laughable about those little trousers, which appear to be making vain attempts to climb up into the easy-chair—the said trousers still retaining the shape of Johnny's little legs, and refusing to go to sleep.

2. There is something, I say, about these things, and about Johnny himself, which makes it difficult for me to remember that, when Johnny is awake, he frequently displays traits of character not to be compared with anything but the cunning of an Indian warrior, combined with the combative qualities of a trained prize-fighter.

I am sure I do not know how he came by such unpleasant propensities. I am myself the meekest of men. Of course, I do not mean to imply that Johnny inherited his warlike disposition from his mother. She is the gentlest of women. But when you come to Johnny—he's the terror of the whole neighborhood.

3. Johnny's aggressive disposition was not earlier developed than his duplicity. By the time he was two years of age, I had got the following maxim by heart: "Whenever J. is particularly quiet, look out for squalls." He was sure to be in some mischief. And I must say there is a novelty—an unexpectedness—an ingenuity in his badness that constantly astonishes me. The crimes

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he commits could be arranged alphabetically. He never repeats himself. His evil resources are inexhaustible. He never does the thing I expect him to do. He never fails to do the thing I am unprepared for.

4. I am not thinking so much of the time when he painted my writing-desk with raspberry jam, as of the occasion when he perpetrated an act of original cruelty on Mopsey, a favorite kitten in the household. We were sitting in the library. Johnny was playing with Mopsey in the front hall. In view of the supernatural stillness that reigned, I remarked, suspiciously, "Johnny is very quiet, my dear." At that moment a series of pathetic *mews* was heard in the entry. Then Mopsey bounded into the room with three empty spools strung upon her tail.

5. The spools were removed with great difficulty, especially the last one, which fitted remarkably tight. After that, Mopsey never saw a work-basket without arching her tortoise-shell back, and distending her tail to three times its natural thickness. Another child would have squeezed the kitten or twisted her tail; but it was reserved for the superior genius of Johnny to string rather small spools upon it. He never does the obvious thing.

6. This fertility and happiness of invention prevent me from being entirely dejected over my son's behavior. Sometimes the temptation to seize him and shake him is too strong for poor human nature. But I always regret it afterward. When I see him asleep in his tiny bed, with one tear dried on his plump velvety cheek and two little mice-teeth visible through the parted lips, I cannot help thinking what a little bit of a fellow he is; and it seems to me that he is not the sort of person to be attacked by a great strong man like me.

"When Johnny grows older," I often say to his mother, "I 'll reason with him."

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7. Now I do not know when Johnny will grow old enough to be reasoned with. When I reflect how hard it is to reason with wise, grown-up people, if they happen to be unwilling to accept our view of matters, I am inclined to be very patient with Johnny, whose experience is rather limited, after all, though he is six-and-a-half years old, and naturally wants to know why and wherefore. Somebody says something about the duty of "blind obedience." I cannot expect Johnny to have more wisdom than Solomon, and to be more philosophic than the philosophers.

8. I freely confess that Johnny is now and then too much for me. I wish I could read him as cleverly as he reads me. He knows all my weak points; he sees right through me, and makes me feel that I am a helpless infant in his adroit hands. He has an argumentative, oracular air, which always upsets my dignity. Yet how cunningly he uses his power! It is only in the last extremity that he crosses his legs, puts his hands into his trousers-pockets, and argues the case with me.

9. One day he was very near coming to grief. Kindling-wood and coal are placed every morning in the library grate, in order that I may have a fire the moment I return at night. Johnny must needs apply a lighted match to this arrangement early in the forenoon. The fire was not discovered until the blower was one mass of red-hot iron, and the wooden mantel-piece was smoking with the intense heat.

10. When I came home, Johnny was led from the storeroom, where he had been imprisoned for some hours, and where he had employed himself in eating about two dollars' worth of preserved pears.

"Johnny," said I, in as severe a tone as one could use in addressing a person whose forehead glistened with syrup, —"Johnny, don't you remember that I have always told you never to meddle with matches?"

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It was something delicious to see Johnny trying to remember. He cast one eye meditatively up to the ceiling, then he fixed it abstractedly on the canary-bird, then he rubbed his ruffled brows with a sticky hand; but, really, he could not recall any injunctions concerning matches.

11. "I can't, papa, truly, truly," said Johnny at length. "I guess I must have forgot it."

"Well, Johnny, in order that you may not forget it in future—"

Here Johnny was seized with an idea. He interrupted me:—"I'll tell you what you do, papa,—*you just put it down in writin'*."

12. With the air of a man who has settled a question definitely, but at the same time is willing to listen politely to any crude suggestions that you may have to throw out, Johnny crossed his legs, and thrust his hands into those wonderful trousers-pockets. I turned my face aside, for I felt a certain weakness creeping into the corners of my mouth. I was lost. In an instant the little head, covered all over with yellow curls, was laid upon my knee, and Johnny was crying, "I 'm so very, very sorry!"

13. I have said that Johnny is the terror of the neighborhood. I think I have not done the young gentleman an injustice. If there is a window broken within the radius of two miles from our house, Johnny's ball, or a stone known to come from his dexterous hand, is almost certain to be found in the battered premises. I never hear the musical jingling of splintered glass, but my porte-monnaie gives a convulsive throb in my breast-pocket. Every door-step in our street has borne evidences, in red chalk, of his artistic ability; and there is not a bell that he has not rung and run away from at least three hundred times. Scarcely a day passes but he falls out of something, or over something, or into something.

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14. I am well aware that, socially speaking, Johnny is a Black Sheep. I know that I have brought him up badly, and that there is not an unmarried man or woman in the United States who would not have brought him up very differently. It is a great pity that the only people who know how to manage children never have any! At the same time, Johnny is not a black sheep all over. He has some white spots. His sins—if wiser folks had no greater!—are the result of too much animal life.

15. They belong to his evanescent youth, and will pass away; but his honesty, his generosity, his bravery, belong to his character, and are enduring qualities. The quickly crowding years will tame him. A good large pane of glass, or a seductive bell-knob ceases in time to have attractions for the most reckless spirit. And I am quite confident that Johnny will be a great statesman, or a valorous soldier, or, at all events, a good citizen, after he has got over being A Young Desperado.

Preparatory Study.

I. **Thomas Bailey Aldrich** (1836-——) was born in Portsmouth, N. H. His productions, prose and poetry, are very popular, and are remarkable for the original and fanciful ideas to which the author gives expression in easy, flowing language.

II. **Des'per ā'do,** *a desperate fellow.* **Cŏm'bat ive,** *disposed to fight.* **O rac'u lar,** *uncommonly wise.* **Ev'a nes cent,** *fleeting.* **Porte mon naie'** (port mun nā'), **val'or ous.**

III. (**1**) Select the adjectives, and tell to what word each of them belongs. (**2**) To what does the participle **combined** belong? (**3**) Of what verb is **duplicity** the nominative? What relative pronoun is understood after **crimes**? (**6**) What are the nominatives of the verb **prevent**? What is the number of this verb? Why? (**13**) What preposition is understood after **done**? What noun is the object of this preposition? What is the object of the following verbs: **have done, hear, give?**

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LVI.—Winter Beauty.

1. He who marvels at the beauty of the world in summer will find equal cause for wonder and admiration in winter. The pomp and the pageantry are swept away, but the essential elements remain—the day and the night, the mountain and the valley, the elemental play and succession, and the perpetual presence of the infinite sky.

2. In winter the stars seem to have rekindled their fires, the moon achieves a fuller triumph, and the heavens wear a look of more exalted simplicity. Summer is more wooing and seductive, more versatile and human, appeals to the affections and the sentiments, and fosters inquiry and the art impulse. Winter is of a more heroic cast and addresses the intellect. The severe studies and disciplines come easier in winter.

3. The simplicity of Winter has a deep moral. The return of Nature, after a career of prodigality and splendor, to habits so simple and austere, is not lost either upon the head or the heart. It is the philosopher coming back from the banquet and the wine to a cup of water and a crust of bread.

4. And then this beautiful masquerade of the elements,—the novel disguises our nearest friends put on! Here is another rain and another dew, water that will not flow nor spill. Look up at the miracle of the falling snow—the air a dizzy maze of whirling, eddying flakes, noiselessly transforming the world—the exquisite crystals disguising in the same suit of spotless livery all objects upon which they fall.

5. How novel and fine the first drifts! The old dilapidated fence is suddenly set off with the most fantastic ruffles, scalloped and fluted after an unheard-of fashion! Looking down a long line of decrepit stone wall, in the

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trimming of which the wind had fairly run riot, I saw, as for the first time, what a severe yet master artist old Winter is. Ah, a severe artist! How stern the woods look, dark and cold and as rigid against the horizon as iron!

6. Summer has few finer pictures than this winter one of the farmer foddering his cattle from a stack upon the clean snow,—the movement, the sharply-defined figures, the great flakes of hay, the long file of patient cows, the advance just arriving and pressing eagerly for the choicest morsels, and the bounty and providence it suggests.

7. Here is the chopper in the woods—the prostrate tree, the white new chips scattered about, and the clear, sharp ring of the axe. The woods are rigid and tense, keyed up by the frost, and resound like a stringed instrument. Anon come the road-breakers, sallying forth with oxen and sleds in the still white world, the day after the storm, to restore the lost track and demolish the beleaguering drifts.

8. A severe artist! No longer the canvas and the pigments, but the marble and the chisel. When the nights are calm and the moon full, I go out to gaze upon the wonderful purity of the moonlight and the snow. The air is full of latent fire, and the cold warms me after a different fashion from that of the kitchen-stove. The world lies about me in a trance of snow.

9. The clouds are pearly and iridescent, and seem the farthest possible remove from the condition of a storm—the ghosts of clouds, the indwelling beauty freed from all dross. I see the hills lift themselves up cold and white against the sky,—the black lines of fences here and there obliterated by the depth of the snow.

10. With the arrival of March our interest in the beauties of winter begins to decline. Vague rumors are afloat

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in the air of a great and coming change. We are eager for Winter to be gone, since he, too, is fugitive and cannot keep his place. Invisible hands deface his icy statuary; his chisel has lost its cunning.

11. The drifts, so pure and exquisite, are now earth-stained and weather-worn,—the flutes and scallops, and fine, firm lines are all gone; and what was grace and ornament to the hills is now a disfiguration. Like worn and unwashed linen appear the remains of that spotless robe with which he clothed the world as his bride.

12. But he will not abdicate without a struggle. Day after day he rallies his scattered forces, and night after night pitches his white tents on the hills, and would fain regain his lost ground; but the young prince in every encounter prevails. Slowly and reluctantly the gray old hero retreats up the mountain, till finally the south rain comes in earnest, and in a night he is dead.

John Burroughs.

Preparatory Study.

I. (**4**) What does the second sentence mean? (**8**) Explain the allusion to "the marble and the chisel." What does **latent fire** mean? (**12**) Who are meant by the **young prince** and the **gray old hero**?

II. (**3**) What kind of sentence is the second? Why? What is the logical predicate? (**5**) What participial phrase modifies **ruffles**? To what pronoun does **looking** belong? (**12**) What kind of sentence is the second? Why? What do **slowly** and **reluctantly** modify?

III. Why are **summer, equal,** and **winter** emphatic? (**3**) What contrast determines the emphasis in the last sentence? (**5**) What inflection should be given to **wall, riot,** and **time**? Why? (**10**) Why does **March** take the rising inflection? (**12**) Why is **regain** emphatic?

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LVII.—The Iron Gate.

At a breakfast given in honor of the 70th birthday of Dr. Holmes, the poet—in response to the sentiment: "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, O King! live forever!"—read the following verses.

1.

Old age, the graybeard—well indeed I know him,
Shrunk, tottering, bent, of aches and ills the prey.
In sermon, story, fable, picture, poem—
Oft have I met him from my earliest day.

2.

And sad "Ecclesiastes, or the Preacher,"
Has he not stamped the image on my soul
In that last chapter, where the worn-out teacher
Sighs o'er the loosened cord—the broken bowl?

3.

Yes, long indeed I 've known him, at a distance;
And now my lifted door-latch shows him here;
I take his shriveled hand without resistance,
And find him smiling as his step draws near.

4.

What though of gilded baubles he bereaves us,
Dear to the heart of youth, to manhood's prime?
Think of the calm he brings—the wealth he leaves us,
The hoarded spoils—the legacies of time;

5.

Altars once flaming, still with incense fragrant,
Passion's uneasy nurslings rocked asleep,
Hope's anchor faster, wild desire less vagrant,
Life's flow less noisy, but the stream—how deep!

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6.

Still, as the silver cord gets worn and slender,
Its lightened task-work tugs with lessening strain,
Hands get more hopeful, voices grow more tender,
Soothe with their softened tones the slumbering brain.

7.

Youth longs, and manhood strives, but age remembers—
Sits by the raked-up ashes of the past;
Spreads its thin hands above the whitening embers
That warm its creeping life-blood till the last.

8.

Dear to its heart its every loving token
That comes unbidden ere its pulse grows cold,
Ere the last lingering ties of life are broken,
Its labors ended, and its story told.

9.

And nature lends her mirror of illusion
To win from saddening scenes our age-dimmed eyes,
And misty day-dreams blend in sweet confusion
The wintry landscape and the summer skies.

10.

So when the iron portal shuts behind us,
And life forgets us in its noise and whirl,
Visions that shunned the glaring noonday find us,
And glimmering star-light shows the gates of pearl.

11.

I come not here your morning hour to sadden,
A limping pilgrim, leaning on his staff—
I, who have never deemed it sin to gladden
This vale of sorrows with a wholesome laugh.

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12.

If word of mine another's gloom has brightened,
Through my dumb lips the heaven-sent message came;
If hand of mine another's task has lightened,
It felt the guidance that it dares not claim.

13.

But, oh! my gentle sisters, oh! my brothers,
These thick-sown snow-flakes hint of toil's release;
These feebler pulses bid me leave to others
The tasks once welcome—evening asks for peace.

14.

Time claims his tribute: silence now is golden;
Let me not vex the too long-suffering lyre;
Though to your love untiring still beholden,
The curfew tells me—cover up the fire.

O. W. Holmes.

Preparatory Study.

I. **Oliver Wendell Holmes** (1809–——) was born in Cambridge, Mass., and educated at Harvard. He studied law and medicine, and was at one time Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Dartmouth College, and afterward in Harvard. His keen wit, lively fancy, and marvelous sense of the humorous and the absurd, added to exquisite taste and unlimited resources of expression, have given wide popularity to his writings.

II. The use of **oft** for often is common in poetry. It is an example of **a pŏc'o pē**, a figure of etymology.

Apocope rejects a letter or syllable at the end of a word.

III. Explain the allusions: (**2**) Ecclesiastes, worn-out teacher, loosened cord, broken bowl, (**9**) mirror of illusion, (**10**) iron portal, (**13**) snow-flakes.

(**14**) The **curfew** (*couvre-feu* (kōōvr fû′), or *cover fire*) was a bell rung at nightfall as a signal to the people to extinguish their lights, cover their fires, and retire to rest. The practice was established by William the Conqueror. Explain the last line in the poem.

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LVIII.—Rocky Mountain Scenery.

1. Those enthusiastic tourists who see, or affect to see, similitudes everywhere, have called the Rocky Mountains the "Alps of America." Now, if we take the word "alp" in its original Gaelic meaning,—height or eminence,—there is nothing in the comparison to disturb our self-complacence; for the great western chain is, undoubtedly, the "height" of this country.

2. If, on the other hand, these "Mother Sierras" have been regarded simply as a very creditable imitation, on the part of nature, of the Switzer's dearly-loved mountains, we differ with the tourists, and resent the dubious compliment embodied in the phrase—the "Alps of America." This country is old enough, physically speaking, to claim originality; and we have national pride enough to suggest that, after the usual fashion of likening the less to the greater, the Alps be called the "Rocky Mountains of Europe."

3. From the summit of Mount Lincoln, in Colorado, you may have, on a clear day, such a view as the eye has never seen—never can see—from the loftiest crests of the Swiss mountains. The peaks around rise like battlements against the "bright vault and sapphire wall" of the sky. "There are," says one who beheld the incomparable sight, "one hundred and thirty of them not less than thirteen thousand feet high,—not three thousand lower than Mont Blanc—and at least fifty over fourteen thousand feet high. Can Switzerland equal this?

4. "The country before us embraces the grandest natural beauties, a bewildering reach of mountain-tops, valleys, cañons, rivers, and lakes. We find, too, on Mount Lincoln, some lovely Alpine flowers, which grow in profusion even on the very summit, and are of various colors and great

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fragrance. One of our party gathered several bunches of delicate blue-bells, within five feet of the dome of Mount Lincoln — fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea! These tender little plants are chilled every night to freezing, and draw all their nourishment from the freshly-melted snow."

5. The traveler by rail loses the golden opportunity that his more fortunate — or more adventurous — brother given to "views afoot," seizes and improves. To him, in whose behalf the iron pathway annihilates time and space, flying glimpses of snow-capped hills, of irregular elevations dotted with dark pines, and of red rock-masses on the solitary plains, give but a faint idea of the upper world in the majestic solitude of the Rocky Mountains.

6. To him, the Garden of the Gods, with its wonderful gateway, its towering rocks, and strange monumental forms of sandstone, is as far away as if it were on famed and mythical Olympus. Perhaps, this especial tourist is not fond of mountain traveling; then he may congratulate himself upon having escaped the toils and perils of ascent and descent among the hills.

7. Yet he, too, runs his risks. "Having laid in your necessary supplies," says a certain hand-book, as an item of advice to travelers in America, "it only remains for you to insure yourself against accident, by sea or land." It sets one thinking. How many lives hang upon the vigilance and the fidelity of the silent engineer! upon the strength of airy trestle-work that spans some torrent or ravine! upon the security of every shred of wood and iron over which the train rushes to safety or destruction!

8. In some parts of the journey, the curves are so sharp and frequent that the course of the cars is like the windings of a gigantic snake; accidents seem inevitable; yet,

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"Where the track curves round the ledge of a precipice, — more than a thousand feet above a rushing stream—"

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great as the dangers are, the precautions are even greater, and travel on the Pacific railway is as safe as human skill and human foresight can make it.

9. Where the track curves round the ledge of a precipice,—more than a thousand feet above a rushing stream—or crosses a trestle-bridge over a very deep chasm, just beyond another sharp and dangerous curve, it is impossible for the traveler to banish the feeling of awe inspired by the situation; and when the cars have passed in safety by these ways of peril, he must attest his relief by long-drawn breaths, and audible expressions of satisfaction, however they may be worded.

10. Time, and the march of civilization, have wrought mighty changes in our western country, but the physical features of Rocky Mountain scenery remain the same. What a real lover of nature wrote, many years ago, about Long's Peak, will answer as well as if it were written to-day.

11. "By sunlight or moonlight its splintered gray crest is the one object which unfailingly arrests the eye. From it come all storms of snow and wind, and the forked lightnings play round its head like a glory. It is one of the noblest of mountains, but in one's imagination it grows to be much more than a mountain. It becomes invested with a personality. In its caverns and abysses one comes to fancy that it generates and chains the strong winds, to let them loose in their fury.

12. "The thunder becomes its voice, and the lightnings do it homage. Other summits blush under the morning kiss of the sun, and turn pale the next moment; but it detains the first sunlight and holds it round its head for an hour at least, till it pleases to change from rosy red to deep blue; and the sunset, as if spell-bound, lingers latest on its crest.

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13. "The soft winds which hardly rustle the pine needles down here are raging rudely up there round its motionless summit. The mark of fire is upon it; and though it has passed into a grim repose, it tells of fire and upheaval as truly, though not so eloquently, as the living volcanoes of Hawaii. Here, under its shadow, one learns how naturally nature-worship and the propitiation of the forces of nature came to minds that had no better light."

14. The traveler in the Rocky Mountains can easily realize the grandeur of "the solitude of vast extent,"—

"Whose garments are the clouds;
Whose palaces, the everlasting hills;
Whose ceiling, heaven's unfathomable blue;
And from whose rocky turrets, battled high,
Prospect immense spreads out on all sides round."

Preparatory Study.

I. En thū'si ast'ic, tour'ists, si mil'i tūdes, dū'bi ous, chasm, in com'par a ble, Al'pine, sol'i tūde, lū'na tics, rā vine', a byss'es, ad vent'ūr ous, ġi ān'tic.

II. (1) The **Gae'lic** (gā'lik) is the language of the Highlanders of Scotland. It is a branch of the Celtic. The Celts were an ancient race, of Asiatic origin, who inhabited Western Europe, and whose descendants are found in Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and northern France. (6) **The Garden of the Gods** is in the central part of Colorado. **O lym'pus**, a mountain in ancient Greece, was the home of Jupiter. (13) **Ha wai'i**, (hä wī'ee) is the largest of the Sandwich Islands. (14) The quotation is taken from "The Course of Time," by Robert Pollok (1799–1827).

III. (1) Why are **affect**, (2) **other, physically**, (3) **can**, (5) **rail**, (6) **him**, (8) **dangers**, emphatic? (2) What contrast in the last sentence makes two words emphatic? (9) What inflection is given to **precipice** and **chasm**? Why? (13) Why does **here** take the rising inflection?

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LIX.—The Siege of Calais.

1. Edward III., in 1346, after the battle of Crecy, laid siege to Calais. All the efforts of France to raise the siege, or throw succors into the city, proved ineffectual. The citizens, under Count Vienne, their gallant governor, made an admirable defence. France had now put her sickle to her second harvest since Edward, with his victorious army, sat down before the town.

2. At length famine did more for Edward than arms. After suffering unheard-of calamities, the citizens resolved to attack the enemy's camp. They boldly sallied forth; and after a long and desperate engagement, Count Vienne was taken prisoner, and the citizens, who survived the slaughter, retired within their gates.

3. The command devolving upon Eustace St. Pierre, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue, he offered to capitulate, provided Edward permitted the inhabitants of the town to depart with life and liberty. Edward consented, on condition that they should give up to him six of their principal citizens, with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the people.

4. When his messenger, Sir Walter Mauny, delivered the terms, consternation and dismay were impressed on every countenance. To a long and dead silence, deep sighs and groans succeeded, till Eustace St. Pierre thus addressed the assembly:—"My friends, we are brought to great straits this day. We must either yield to the terms of our cruel and ensnaring conqueror, or give up our people to the cruelty of the enemy.

5. "Is there any expedient left whereby we may avoid, on the one hand, the infamy of delivering up those who

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have suffered every misery with you, or, on the other hand, the horror of a sacked city? There is, my friends, —there is one expedient left! A gracious, an excellent, a godlike expedient! Is there any one here to whom virtue is dearer than life? Let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people!"

6. A universal silence prevailed. At length St. Pierre resumed:—"I doubt not that there are many here as ready for this martyrdom as I am; though the station to which I am raised by the captivity of Count Vienne entitles me to be first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely! I give it cheerfully!—Who comes next?"

"Your son!" exclaimed a youth not yet come to maturity.

7. "Ah! my child!" cried St. Pierre; "I am then twice sacrificed. But, no: I have rather given thee new life. Thy years are few, but full, my son. The victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality.—Who next, my friends? This is the hour of heroes!"

"Your kinsman!" cried John d'Aire.—"Your kinsman!" cried James Wissant.—"Your kinsman!" cried Peter Wissant.—"Ah!" exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, "why was not *I* a citizen of Calais!"

8. The sixth victim was still wanting, but was quickly supplied by lot from numbers who were emulous of so ennobling an example. The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens through the English camp.

9. Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take their last adieu of their deliverers. What a parting! What a scene! They crowded about St. Pierre

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and his fellow-prisoners. They groaned, they wept aloud, and the clamor of their mourning passed the gates of the city. The English, by this time apprised of what had passed within Calais, were touched with compassion. Each of the soldiers prepared a portion of his own food to give to the half famished inhabitants.

10. At length St. Pierre and his fellow-victims appeared, under the conduct of Sir Walter. The English soldiers came forth from their tents to behold and to admire this little band of patriots. They murmured their applause of that virtue which they could not but revere, even in enemies; and they regarded the ropes about the prisoners' necks as ensigns of honor.

11. "Mauny," said King Edward, when the six victims had reached his presence, "are these the principal inhabitants of Calais?" "They are," answered Mauny. "They are not only the principal men of Calais; they are the principal men of France, my lord, if virtue has any share in the act of ennobling."

12. "Were they delivered peaceably?" asked Edward. "Was there no resistance, no commotion, among the people?" "Not in the least, my lord. The people would have perished rather than give them up. These men of Calais are self-delivered, self-devoted, and have come to offer up their inestimable heads as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands."

13. Edward was secretly piqued at this reply of Sir Walter; but he knew the privilege of a British subject, and suppressed his resentment. "Experience," said he, "has ever shown that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity, at times, is necessary to compel subjects to submission. Go," he cried to an officer, "lead these men to execution."

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14. At this instant a sound of triumph was heard throughout the camp. The queen had just arrived, with a re-inforcement of gallant troops. Sir Walter flew to receive her majesty, and informed her of the devotion of the six victims. As soon as she had been welcomed by Edward and his court, she desired a private audience.

15. "My lord," said she, "the question I am to enter upon is not touching the lives of a few mechanics: it respects the honor of the English nation; it respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, my king. You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death.

"No, my lord, they have sentenced themselves; and their execution would be the execution of their own orders, not the orders of Edward. The stage on which they would suffer would be to them a stage of honor; but a stage of shame to Edward; an indelible disgrace to his name.

16. "Let us rather disappoint these haughty burghers, who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expense. We cannot wholly deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice so nobly intended, but we may cut them short of their desires. In the place of that death by which their glory would be consummate, let us bury them under gifts. We shall thereby defeat them of that honor attending those who suffer in the cause of virtue."

17. "You have prevailed. Be it so!" replied Edward. "Prevent the execution. Have them instantly before us." They came; when Queen Philippa, with an aspect and accent diffusing sweetness, thus bespoke them:—"People of Calais! You have put us to a vast expense of blood and treasure in the recovery of our just inheritance. But you have acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment; and we honor in you that valor by which we have been so long kept out of our rightful possessions.

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18. "Though you were tenfold the enemies of our person and our throne, we can feel for you nothing on our part save respect and affection. We loose your chains; we snatch you from the scaffold; and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which teaches us that excellence is not of blood, or of station; that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings; and that those whom the Almighty informs with sentiments like yours are eminently raised above all human distinction.

19. "You are now free to depart to your kinsfolk, to all those whose lives and liberties you have so nobly redeemed. Yet we would bind you to ourselves by every endearing obligation; and for this purpose we offer to you your choice of the gifts and honors that Edward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons."

"Ah! my country," exclaimed St. Pierre; "it is now that I tremble for you. Edward only wins our cities; but Philippa conquers our hearts!"

Henry Brooke.

Preparatory Study.

I. Henry Brooke (1706–1783) was born in Ireland. He is the author of poems, tragedies, fables, and miscellaneous compositions.

II. Cre'cy (krĕs'sē), **Ca lais'** (kă lā'), **Vi ĕnne'**, **Mau ny'** (mō nē'), **St. Pierre'** (sān pē ār') **d'Aire** (dâr), **Wis sant** (wēs sän'), **Phi lip'pa, burgh'er, len'i ty, sac'ri fice** (sak'rĭ fīz), **in es'ti ma ble, a dieu'** (ă dū').

III. (7) Why did Mauny wish to be a **citizen of Calais**? (**10**) **Ensigns** here signifies *badges*, or *marks of distinction.*

IV. (4) What inflection is given to **conqueror**? (5) To **avoid, you,** and **city**? Why are **one** and **other** emphatic? (5, **11, 12**) What inflection does each question take? Why? (**19**) What words are emphatic in the last sentence? Why?

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LX.—Studies.

1. Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of affairs, come best from those that are learned.

2. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar; they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants that need pruning by study; and studies give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience.

3. Crafty men contemn studies; simple men admire them; and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, or to believe and take for granted, or to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

4. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things.

5. Reading makes a full man; conference, a ready man; and writing, an exact man; therefore, if a man write little,

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he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that which he doth not.

6. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. Studies pass into character: so, if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away ever so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find difference, let him study the schoolmen; for they are "splitters of cummin-seed;" if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt. *Bacon.*

Preparatory Study.

I. **Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Albans** (1561–1626), one of the most illustrious philosophers of modern times, was born in London. In 1618 he was made lord high chancellor of England, the highest judicial officer of the crown. In sagacity, penetration, and vast learning, he is without an equal in the world of literature.

II. (6) **Cummin-seed** is a small aromatic seed; the expression, "splitters of cummin-seed," applies to those who make distinctions of unnecessary exactness.

III. (5) What verb is understood after **conference** and **writing**? What infinitive follows **need**? (6) What is understood after **poets, mathematics, philosophy, moral**, and **rhetoric**?

IV. (3) Why are **without** and **above** emphatic? What adjectives are emphatic? Why? What nouns are emphatic? Why? Why is **seem** emphatic? (6) What inflection must be given to **wandering, little, difference, matters**, and **another**? Why?

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LXI.—Trial of Queen Katharine.

(*From "King Henry VIII.," Act II., Scene 4.*)

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What 's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides th' authority allowed;
You may, then, spare that time.

Wol. Be 't so. Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry, King of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry, King of England, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine, Queen of England, come into the court.

Crier. Katharine, Queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behavior given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me?
Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclined.

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When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged?
Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: if, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honor aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice.
Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckoned one
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many
A year before: it is not to be questioned
That they had gathered a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deemed our marriage lawful: wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advised; whose counsel
I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfilled!

Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice) these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,

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Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: it shall be, therefore, bootless
That longer you desire the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.
Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,
It 's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produced and heard.
Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,
To you I speak.
Wol. Your pleasure, madam?
Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen (or long have dreamed so), certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I 'll turn to sparks of fire.
Wol. Be patient yet.
Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge:
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me;
Which God's dew quench! Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.
Wol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and displayed the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice

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For you or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome.
You charge me
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak [mouthed;
To oppose your cunning. You 're meek and humble-
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is crammed with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favors,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers, and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office.
I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honor than
Your high profession spiritual: that again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judged by him.

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*

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Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by 't: 't is not well.
She 's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine, Queen of England, come into the court.

Grif. Madam, you are called back. [way:

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your
When you are called, return. Now, the Lord help!
They vex me past my patience! Pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts. [*Exeunt Queen and attendants.*]

Shakespeare.

Preparatory Study.

I. **William Shakespeare** (1564–1616), the greatest dramatist that the world has ever produced, was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, married there, went to London, and played on the stage of the Globe Theatre, returned to Stratford, died, and was buried in the parish church of his native town. Beyond this very little is known of his personal history. He excels in every variety of dramatic literature—comedy, tragedy, and the historical drama. The genius of this "most illustrious of the sons of men" was no less remarkable for its versatility than for its grandeur.

II. Of what figure of speech are **what's, be't, by't, you're, as't, 't is,** and **I'll,** examples? Of what figures are **th', foul'st, i', o'er, highness',** and **'fore,** examples? What is the use of **have strove,** instead of **have striven,** called?

III. The **con sis'to ry** is the college, or body, of cardinals at Rome. **Wol'sey** (wo͝ol'zĭ) and **Cam pē'ius** (kăm pē'yŭs) were cardinals in the time of Henry VIII. Wolsey was the king's minister of state; Campeius had been sent from Rome to discuss the question of Henry's divorce from Katharine of Aragon, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella. **Ex'e unt** means *go out*; or, if the nominative is not expressed, it is translated, *they go out.*

LXII.—Signing away a Crown.

PART I.

1. Mary Stuart, now a prisoner in Lochleven Castle, had reigned a Queen—a Scottish Queen—to whom knowledge of character was as essential as vital air. She was, of all women on earth, most alert at perceiving and using the advantages which her charms gave her over almost all who came within the sphere of their influence.

2. She cast on Roland Graeme a glance that might have melted a heart of stone. "My poor boy," she said, with a feeling partly real, partly politic, "thou art a stranger to us—sent to this doleful captivity from the society of some tender mother or sister. I grieve for thee; but thou art the only male in my household—wilt thou obey me?"

3. "To the death, madam," answered Roland.

"Then keep the door of mine apartment," said the Queen; "keep it till they offer actual violence, or till we shall be fitly arrayed to receive visitors."

"I will defend it till they pass over my body," said Roland Graeme.

4. "Not so, my good youth," answered Mary; "not so, I command thee. If I have one faithful subject beside me, much need I have to care for his safety. Resist them till they are put to the shame of using actual violence, and then give way, I charge thee. Remember my commands." And, with a smile expressive at once of favor and authority, she turned from him, and, followed by her attendants, entered the bedroom.

5. Roland Graeme stopped in the outermost of the Queen's apartments, there to await such orders as might

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be communicated to him. From the grated window he saw Lindesay, Melville, and their followers, disembark. They were met at the castle-gate by a third noble, to whom Lindesay exclaimed, in his loud harsh voice, "My Lord of Ruthven, you have the start of us!"

6. Roland stepped to the little vestibule, made fast the door, and sat down to attend the result. He had not long to wait. A rude and strong hand first essayed to lift the latch, then shook the door with violence, and a voice exclaimed, "Undo the door there, you within!"

7. "Why, and at whose command," said the page, "am I to undo the door of the apartments of the Queen of Scotland?"

"Undo the door, on your peril—the Lord Lindesay comes to speak with the Lady Mary of Scotland."

8. "The Lord Lindesay, as a Scottish noble," answered the page, "must await his Sovereign's leisure."

"I will await no longer," said Lindesay; "it is high time the business were done, and we on our return to the council. I came hither provided with as good gunpowder as blew up the Kirk of Field."

9. "Be patient," said Melville; and, approaching the door, he said, "Let the Queen know that I, her faithful servant, Robert Melville, do entreat her, for her own sake, to undo the door, and admit Lord Lindesay, who brings a mission from the Council of State."

"I will do your errand to the Queen," said the page, "and report to you her answer."

10. He went to the door of the bedchamber, and tapped gently against it. It was opened by the elder lady, to whom he communicated his errand, and she returned with directions from the Queen to admit Sir Robert Mel-

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ville and Lord Lindesay. Roland went back to the vestibule, and opened the door; the Lord Lindesay strode into the room, with the air of a soldier who has fought his way into a conquered fortress; while Melville, deeply dejected, followed him more slowly.

11. The door of the inner apartment opened, and Queen Mary presented herself, advancing with an air of peculiar grace and majesty, and seeming totally unruffled, either by the visit, or by the rude manner in which it had been enforced. Her dress was a robe of black velvet. She wore a small cap of lace, and a transparent white veil hung over her shoulders in large loose folds. She was followed by her two ladies, who remained standing behind her during the conference.

12. Soon after the entrance of the Queen, Lord Ruthven appeared, holding in his hand a packet. As the Queen returned his salutation, she became deadly pale, but instantly recovered herself by dint of strong resolution.

"I wait the purpose of your mission, my lords," said the Queen, after she had been seated for about a minute.

"I trust that your message from those you call the Secret Council is a petition of pardon, and a desire that I will resume my rightful throne?"

13. "Madam," replied Ruthven, "it is painful for us to speak harsh truths to a Princess who has ruled us so long. But we come to offer, not to implore, pardon. In a word, madam, we have to propose to you, on the part of the Secret Council, that you sign these deeds, which will contribute greatly to the pacification of the State and the welfare of your own future life."

14. "Am I expected to take these fair words on trust, my lord? or may I hear the contents of these reconciling papers, ere I am asked to sign them?"

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"Unquestionably, madam; it is our purpose and wish that you should read what you are required to sign."

"'Required'?" replied the Queen, with some emphasis. "But the phrase suits well the matter; read, my lord."

15. The Lord Ruthven proceeded to read a formal instrument, in Mary Stuart's name, setting forth that she had been called, at an early age, to the administration of the crown and realm of Scotland, and had toiled diligently therein, until she was, in body and spirit, so wearied out and disgusted, that she was unable any longer to endure the travail and pain of State affairs.

16. "Wherefore," the instrument proceeded, "we, of the affection we bear to our son, have renounced and demitted, by these our letters of free good-will, the Crown, government, and realm of Scotland, that he may succeed to us as native Prince thereof, as much as if we had been removed by disease, and not by our own proper act."

17. "And is this *all* my loving subjects require of me, my lord?" said Mary, in a tone of bitter irony. "Do they really stint themselves to the easy boon that I should yield up the crown that is mine by birthright, to an infant scarcely more than a year old — fling down my scepter, and take up a distaff? O no! it is too little for them to ask. That other roll of parchment contains something which may more highly tax my readiness to comply with the petitions of my lieges."

18. "This parchment," answered Ruthven, in the same tone of inflexible gravity, and unfolding the instrument as he spoke, "is one by which your Grace constitutes your nearest in blood, and the most honorable and trustworthy of your subjects, James, Earl of Murray, Regent during the minority of the young King. He already holds the appointment from the Secret Council."

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19. The Queen gave a shriek, and clapping her hands together, exclaimed, "Comes the arrow out of his quiver? out of my brother's bow? Alas! I looked for his return from France as my sole chance of deliverance. And yet, when I heard that he had assumed the government, I guessed that he would shame to wield it in my name."

"I must pray your answer, madam," said Lord Ruthven, "to the demand of the Council."

20. "The demand of the Council!" said the Queen; "say rather the demand of robbers, impatient to divide the spoil they have seized. To such a demand, sent by the mouth of a traitor, whose scalp should long since have been on the city gates, Mary of Scotland has no answer."

21. "I trust, madam," said Lord Ruthven, "my being unacceptable to your presence will not add to your obduracy of resolution. It may become you to remember that the death of Rizzio cost the house of Ruthven its head and leader. My father, more worthy than a whole province of such vile sycophants, died in exile, and broken-hearted."

LXIII.—Signing away a Crown.

PART II.

22. The Queen clasped her hands on her face, and resting her arms on the table, stooped down her head and wept so bitterly, that the tears were seen to find their way in streams between her white and slender fingers.

"My lord," said Melville, "this is too much rigor. Under your lordship's favor, we came hither, not to revive old griefs, but to find the mode of avoiding new ones."

23. "Be silent, Sir Robert Melville," said the Queen, arising, her face still glowing with agitation as she spoke.

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"My kerchief, Fleming. I shame that traitors should have the power to move me thus. Tell me, proud lords," she added, wiping away the tears as she spoke, "by what earthly warrant can liege subjects pretend to throw off the allegiance they have vowed, and to take away the crown from the head on which Divine warrant had placed it?"

24. "Madam," said Ruthven, "I will deal plainly with you. Your reign hath been such a tragedy of disasters, civil dissensions, and foreign wars, that the like is not to be found in our chronicles. The French and the English have made Scotland the battle-field on which to fight out their own ancient quarrel. We may endure it no longer; and, therefore, we pray you to give way to other rule and governance of the land, that a remnant may yet be saved to this distracted realm."

25. "My lord," said Mary, "it seems to me that you fling on my unhappy head those evils which, with far more justice, I may impute to your own turbulent, untamable dispositions. You throw the blame on me—on me, whose life has been embittered—whose happiness has been wrecked by your dissensions."

"Our time is wasting, madam," said Lord Ruthven; "I must pray your decision on this weighty matter."

26. "What, my lord!" said the Queen, "upon the instant, and without a moment's time to deliberate? Can the Council, as they term themselves, expect this of me?"

"Your final answer," said Lord Lindesay; "for with a refusal you must couple the certainty that you have renounced the last opportunity of making peace with God, and ensuring your longer abode in the world."

27. "My lords," said Mary, with inexpressible grace and dignity, "evils that we cannot resist we must submit to.

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I will subscribe these parchments with such liberty of choice as my condition permits me. Were I on yonder shore, with a fleet jennet and ten good and loyal knights around me, I would sooner subscribe my sentence of eternal condemnation. But here, in the castle of Lochleven, with deep water around me,—and you, my lords, beside me,—I have no freedom of choice. Give me the pen, Melville, and bear witness to what I do, and why I do it."

28. "It is our hope that your Grace will not suppose yourself compelled," said the Lord Ruthven, "to execute what must be your own voluntary deed."

The Queen had already placed the parchment before her, with the pen between her fingers, ready for the act of signature. But now she looked up, stopped short, and threw down the pen.

29. "If," she said, "I am expected to declare I give away my crown of free will, or otherwise than because I am compelled, by the threat of worse evils to myself and my subjects, I will not put my name to such an untruth —not to gain full possession of England, France, and Scotland!—all once my own, in possession, or by right."

"Beware, madam," said Lindesay, snatching hold of the Queen's arm with his gauntleted hand, "beware how you contend with those who have the mastery of your fate!"

30. He held his grasp on her arm, bending his eyes on her with a stern and intimidating look, till both Ruthven and Melville cried, "Shame!" The rude Baron then quitted his hold, disguising the confusion that he really felt, under a sullen and contemptuous smile.

The Queen immediately began, with an expression of pain, to bare the arm that he had grasped, by drawing up her sleeve, and it appeared that his gripe had left the purple marks of his iron fingers upon her flesh.

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31. "My lord," she said, "as a knight and gentleman, you might have spared my frail arm so severe a proof that you have the greater strength on your side. But I thank you for it—it is the most decisive token of the terms on which this day's business is to rest. I draw you to witness, both lords and ladies," she said, showing the marks of the grasp on her arm, "that I subscribe these instruments in obedience to the sign-manual of my Lord of Lindesay, which you may see imprinted on mine arm."

32. Lindesay would have spoken, but was restrained by Ruthven, who said to him, "Peace, my lord. Let the Lady Mary of Scotland ascribe her signature to what she will, it is our business to procure it, and carry it to the Council. Should there be debate hereafter on the manner of its giving, there will be time enough for it."

Lindesay was silent accordingly, only muttering within his beard, "I meant not to hurt her; but I think women's flesh be as tender as new-fallen snow."

33. The Queen meanwhile subscribed the rolls of parchment as if they had been matters of slight consequence, or of mere formality. When she had performed this painful task, she arose, and, having curtsied to the lords, was about to withdraw. Ruthven and Sir Robert Melville made a formal reverence; but Lindesay stood motionless.

34. At length, as if moved by a sudden impulse, he walked round the table, which had hitherto been betwixt them and the Queen, kneeled on one knee, took her hand, kissed it, let it fall, and arose. "Lady," he said, "thou art a noble creature, even though thou hast abused God's choicest gifts. I pay that devotion to thy manliness of spirit which I would not have paid to the power thou hast long undeservedly wielded—I kneel to Mary Stuart, not to the Queen."

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35. "The Queen and Mary Stuart alike pity thee, Lindesay," said Mary; "alike they pity and forgive thee. An honored soldier hast thou been by a king's side—leagued with rebels, what art thou but a good blade in the hands of a ruffian? Farewell, my Lord Ruthven, the smoother, but the deeper, traitor. Farewell, Melville. Mayst thou find masters that understand state policy better, and have the means to reward it more richly than Mary Stuart! Farewell, we would be alone for the remainder of the day. We have need to collect our thoughts."

They descended the stairs, were heard to summon their boats, and the Queen was alone with her attendants.

Sir Walter Scott.

Preparatory Study.

I. Loch lev'en, Lynde'say (lĭn'zĭ), **trans pâr'ent, ad vânce'ment, con'sti tūtes, mĭ nor'i ty, gāunt'let ed, con tempt'ū ous, de ci'sive.**

Pol'i tic, *wise; cunning.* **Trav'ail,** *severe toil.* **De mit'ted,** *yielded.* **Boon,** *favor.* **Ob'dū ra cy,** *obstinacy.* **Sye'o phants,** *mean flatterers.* **Liege,** *bound to be loyal.* **Al le'giance,** *duty to king or state.* **War'rant,** *authority.* **Jen'net,** *a small Spanish horse.* **As cribe',** *to refer to a cause or source.*

II. (**6**) In 1567, the house of **Kirk o' Field,** near Edinburgh, the residence of Mary's husband, Lord Darnley, was blown up by gunpowder, and the unfortunate Darnley was found dead in the garden adjoining. Mary's enemies accused her of having consented to the murder of her husband, but time proved her innocence, and the guilt of the Earl of Bothwell.

(**17**) The **dis'taff** is the staff for holding the bunch of flax, tow, or wool, from which the thread is drawn in spinning by hand; and the expression, **fling down the scepter and take up the distaff,** means *cease to be a queen, and become an humble woman.* (**21**) **Riz'zi o** (rit'se o), an Italian musician, was murdered in the queen's presence, in 1566, because the Scotch nobles hated him.

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LXIV.—The Burial March of Dundee.

1.

Sound the fife, and cry the slogan,
Let the pibroch shake the air
With its wild triumphal music,
Worthy of the freight we bear.
Let the ancient hills of Scotland
Hear once more the battle-song
Swell within their glens and valleys
As the clansmen march along!
Never from the field of combat,
Never from the deadly fray,
Was a nobler trophy carried
Than we bring with us to-day;
Never since the valiant Douglas
On his dauntless bosom bore
Good King Robert's heart—the priceless—
To our dear Redeemer's shore!
Strike, I say, the notes of triumph,
As we march o'er moor and lea!
Is there any here will venture
To bewail our dead Dundee?

2.

On the heights of Killiecrankie
Yester-morn our army lay:
Slowly rose the mist in columns
From the river's broken way;
Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,
And the Pass was wrapped in gloom,
When the clansmen rose together
From their lair amidst the broom.
And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,
And we cried the gathering-cry,

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And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,
And we swore to do or die!
Then our leader rode before us
On his war-horse black as night—
Well the Cameronian rebels
Knew that charger in the fight!
And a cry of exultation
From the bearded warriors rose;
For we loved the house of Claver'se,
And we thought of good Montrose.

3.

But he raised his hand for silence—
"Soldiers! I have sworn a vow:
Ere the evening star shall glisten
On Schehallion's lofty brow,
Either we shall rest in triumph,
Or another of the Graemes
Shall have died in battle-harness
For his country and King James!
Think upon the Royal Martyr—
Think of what his race endure—
Think on him whom butchers murdered
On the field of Magus Muir!
Strike! and when the fight is over,
If you look in vain for me,
Where the dead are lying thickest
Search for him that was Dundee!"
Like a tempest down the ridges
Swept the hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Macdonald,
Flashed the broadsword of Lochiel.

4.

Horse and man went down before us—
Living foe there tarried none
On the field of Killiecrankie

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When that stubborn fight was done!
And the evening star was shining
On Schehallion's distant head,
When we wiped our bloody broadswords,
And returned to count the dead.
Then we found him, gashed and gory,
Stretched upon the cumbered plain,
As he told us where to seek him
In the thickest of the slain.
And a smile was on his visage,
For within his dying ear
Pealed the joyful note of triumph
And the clansmen's clamorous cheer:
So, amidst the battle's thunder,
Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
In the glory of his manhood
Passed the spirit of the Graeme!

5.

Open wide the vault of Athol,
Where the bones of heroes rest—
Open wide the hallowed portals
To receive another guest!
Last of Scots and last of freemen—
Last of all that dauntless race
Who would rather die unsullied
Than outlive the land's disgrace!
O thou lion-hearted warrior!
Reck not of the after time:
Honor may be deemed dishonor,
Loyalty be called a crime.
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
Of the noble and the true,
Hands that never failed their country,
Hearts that never baseness knew.

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Sleep! and till the latest trumpet
Wakes the dead from earth and sea,
Scotland shall not boast a braver
Chieftain than our own Dundee!

Aytoun.

Preparatory Study.

I. **William Edmondstoune Ay′toun** (1813–1865), editor of Blackwood's Magazine, and Professor of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres in the University of Edinburgh, was born in Edinburgh. The most famous of his brilliant contributions to English literature are "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers" and "Bothwell."

II. **Slō′gan,** *the war-cry of a Highland clan.* **Pi′broch,** *a wild, irregular music peculiar to the Highlands.* **Sche hall′ion** (skē hăl′yun).

III. (1) **Good King Robert's heart:** Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, on his death-bed (1329), committed his heart to "good Lord James" of **Douglas,** to be carried to the Holy Land. (2) Explain the phrase: "their lair amidst the broom."

(2) John Graham (or **Graeme**) of **Claverhouse** (Clăv′er us), Viscount of **Dundee,** a famous Scotch General, died in the moment of victory in the battle of Killiecrankie, 1689, fighting for **King James,** the deposed English sovereign. (2) James Graham, Marquis of **Montrose,** was executed without trial, in Edinburgh, in 1650, for his adherence to Charles II., son of the **Royal Martyr,** Charles I.

(2) The **Pass of Killiecrankie** is in the Scottish Highlands. (3) Evan Cameron of **Lochiel** (lok eel′), and the great clan of the **Macdonalds,** joined Dundee against William III. Archbishop Sharp was assassinated on **Mā′gus Muir,** near St. Andrew's, Scotland, in 1679. (5) Dundee was buried in the church of Blair of **Athol,** near which the battle had been fought.

IV. (1) Why are **nobler, triumph,** and **bewail** emphatic? Why does the question close with the rising inflection? (4) What word in the second line is emphatic? (5) In the fourth line?

Let the pupil be careful in making the necessary pauses, otherwise this fine spirited poem will be mere sing-song.

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LXV.—True Happiness.

1. I know a little man who is always neatly dressed in a black coat, with very white ruffles, and a shirt-frill plaited in the most perfect way. Never have I heard him complain; never have I heard him desire anything. There is only one thing in the world which seems to me to demand respect more than misfortune—it is happiness, on account of its rarity, and, above all, its perishableness.

2. I think I have never thoughtlessly meddled with the happiness of another, however trifling it may be, however strange it may appear to me. Sometimes it happens I do not understand it, and I think that, if it should, by any chance, fall to my lot, it would not suit me; but that has never been a reason why I should treat it lightly or with disdain. It is so often a brilliant bubble, that in the presence of happiness, of whatever description, I hold my breath respectfully.

3. I liked very much to meet my little old man, because he always seemed perfectly happy; but I had never thought of asking him about it, until one day I found on his face the first cloud that I had ever seen there. I was curious to know what thorn he had found amongst the roses of his life. He seemed only waiting for an opportunity to speak of what had so sadly engaged his thoughts, and said to me:—"I have just been visiting an old friend, and I have seen some things which grieve me."

4. "Is he ill?" I inquired.

"Not at all," he replied.

"Has he lost a lawsuit, or a large sum of money?"

"Far from it; he has inherited a fortune, and this fortune has thrown him into the deepest misery. It is the sight of this misery which has gnawed into my heart."

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5. Having once entered on the subject, he told me the whole story; and here it is:—

"I have known him for a long time," he said; "I had often noticed him in the Tuileries. From having looked at each other, we proceeded to bow. One day, I asked him what time it was; the next day, in return for the courtesy with which he had answered me, I offered him a pinch of snuff. Soon after that, we had a little chat, and finally we told each other everything.

6. "We have talked together for ten years. Our mode of life was similar, and we could vegetate admirably in the same soil and atmosphere. He was a widower, and I was a bachelor. I have upward of eleven hundred francs income, he had then twelve hundred; but as he lived near the Tuileries, where apartments are dear, this absorbed the difference, and made our fortunes equal.

7. "You have never met with two men so rich and happy as we were. When it was fine, he received me at the Tuileries. The Tuileries was his garden. Never was property more complete or more free from care. What is having a garden, if the Tuileries did not belong to my friend? Every morning he found his paths well rolled, and even watered, if the heat had occasioned too much dust. He walked up and down under the thick shade of chestnut-trees, or rested on a white marble seat.

8. "Numerous gardeners kept in good order immense beds of flowers, and constantly replaced those that were faded by others in season. My friend breathed the perfume of the lilacs and the mysterious odor of the lime-trees. He had made acquaintance with the gardeners; and he was not without influence in the arrangement of the flower-beds. For myself, I had the Luxembourg. I often gave him seeds of the flowers which he admired in my garden, in exchange for those which I liked in his.

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9. "At the Luxembourg, even the swans knew me. I repeat it, our gardens were altogether ours. The only difference that can be discovered between us and the people who pretend to have gardens, and to be more truly proprietors of them, is, that we each had one of the richest and most beautiful gardens of Europe, and we had nothing to pay for improvements or repairs.

10. "'My friend,' said he, on leaving me in the evening, after a walk in my garden, 'your crocuses are beautiful and varied; but I invite you to come and see my double-peach blossoms, and, within a fortnight, my lilacs. You will find me at the foot of my statue of the "Carrying away of Orithyia."' In return, I invited him to come and walk on my terrace at the Luxembourg, where there are fine service-trees, and old hawthorn bushes, whose pink blossoms are my pride and my delight.

11. "Sometimes, however, we had disputes. He was, I must say, rather too proud of the beautiful ladies who came to ride in his garden; he even took it into his head to boast of seeing the king on the balcony of the castle. But these discussions seldom became bitter. One day my friend failed to meet me. I could only attribute his absence to an accident, and I went to his house. I found him quite well, but strangely affected. He had that morning received a letter informing him that his cousin had just died, and had left him a yearly income of more than ten thousand francs.

12. "He wept as he embraced me, and assured me that his fortune could never make him indifferent to his friends; that I should always find him the same. Nevertheless, it was necessary that he should set out immediately to take possession. That was four months ago, and I had no news of him until day before yesterday, when I received a letter from him. Here it is:—

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13. "'*My dear old Friend.*

"'*Many cares have occupied me since our last interview. I have decided to stay here in my house. I must have some repairs and alterations made.*

"'*If it would be foolish on my part to be unmindful of you because I have become rich, it would be but little better if you neglected me in future for the same reason; it would spoil my happiness, and you would not wish it.*

"'*I expect you then, to-morrow, to breakfast with me.*

"'*Your Friend.*'

14. "Man is a miserable creature. I felt a little envious, and I tried to find some disagreeable phrase in my old friend's letter, some sign of vanity, at which I might be angry. I found nothing, and set out this morning. My friend lives in a dirty, little, ill-built town. His house is small and white, with green blinds. The narrow gate was much less imposing than the iron bars of his garden at the Tuileries. I had from the first a presentiment that my friend was ruined, while he fancied he was making his fortune.

15. "No one could have received me better; I had no just reason to complain of my welcome; but everything that I saw soon changed the envy which I had at first felt, into a feeling of real pity. I shall never forget the pride with which he took me round a garden that could easily have been contained in one of the flower-beds at the Tuileries. There were some sticks here and there, some broomsticks which he called trees, and which stood in need of shade themselves, instead of giving any. In the middle of the garden, a great cask buried in the ground, and half full of stagnant water, was called the fountain.

16. "You can never imagine what joy he felt at having changed the great marble fountains at the Tuileries for

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this cask, without considering that the said cask gives him all manner of trouble when the sun dries it and loosens the hoops, while formerly his marble fountains were cleaned and kept in order without his disturbing himself in the least about it.

17. "What secret joy is there then in the sense of possession! With my friend, to own this garden with its broomsticks, was to have the great chestnuts of the Tuileries no longer. To possess the square surrounded with walls white enough to blind one, was to be exiled from all the rest of the earth, from all the beautiful country, from all the lovely landscapes.

18. "In the house, he showed me two or three bad pictures, with which he had ornamented his drawing-room. Because he has inherited a fortune, he is condemned to see nothing but these frightful daubs. When he was poor, he looked at the most beautiful paintings of all countries and all masters, accumulated in our museums.

19. "I came back sad, and I wished to see again his old garden which he is so pleased to have left. A great terror has seized me in consequence; it is that I may in my turn, by chance, become rich—that I may become a proprietor—may lose *my* beautiful garden of the Luxembourg—may be forced to live in a square surrounded by walls—and, what is still worse, that I may be happy and proud of it.

20. "I have thought over all my relations, and especially those who are rich, and, among the latter, those whose heir I am. There is only one who makes me anxious; he went to America twenty years ago, and since then nothing has been heard of him. If the bell rings at home, I shall tremble lest I should hear that he has died a millionaire and that I am his heir."

Jean Baptiste Karr.

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Preparatory Study.

I. **Jean Baptiste Karr** (1808–——) was born in Paris. After the Revolution of 1848, he took part in public affairs, and wrote some bitter pamphlets against Louis Napoleon; but he soon became disgusted with political life, and retired to Nice. He is the author of a number of popular novels.

II. **Răr'i ty, Tui le ries'** (twē le rē'), **Lux em bourg** (lūx ăn boor').

III. (10) **Ŏr'i thȳ'i a** was a nymph beloved by Boreas, the north wind, who carried her off as she was wandering by the river-side. **Service-trees** are several species of trees allied to the apple, and found in a wild state. The European mountain-ash is of this class. They all have richly colored fruit, some of which is fit to be eaten. A **franc** is worth about 19 cents.

IV. (1) What infinitives are in the second sentence? Why is their sign omitted? (5) What noun is object of **offered**? What preposition is understood after **offered**? (11) What is the object of **had left**? Of what is **him** the object?

V. Analyze **perfectly, description, received** (*capere*); **difference, absence, necessary, neglected** (*neg;* not; *legere*).

LXVI.—Queen Elizabeth.

1. The Earl of Essex was a young nobleman who, by his merit and accomplishments, had gained very high favor with the Queen; but he afterward fell into disgrace, in consequence of misconduct during an expedition against the revolted Irish (1599). Disappointed in obtaining a pardon from the Queen, he entered into a plot to raise an insurrection against her, but failed in this, and, with his accomplices, was arrested and tried for treason, convicted, and finally beheaded (1601).

2. Some incidents happened which revived the Queen's tenderness for Essex, and filled her with sorrow for the consent which she had unwarily given to his execution.

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The Earl, after his return from the unfortunate expedition against Cadiz, observing the increase of the Queen's attachment toward him, took occasion to regret that the necessities of her services required him often to be absent from her person, thus exposing him to all those ill offices that his enemies could employ against him.

3. She was moved with this tender jealousy, and making him the present of a ring, desired him to keep that pledge of her affection, and assured him that into whatever disgrace he should fall, whatever prejudices she might be induced to entertain against him, yet, if he sent her that ring, she should immediately upon sight of it recall her former tenderness, would afford him a patient hearing, and would lend a favorable ear to his apology.

4. Essex, notwithstanding all his misfortunes, reserved this precious gift to the last extremity; but after his trial and condemnation he resolved to try the experiment, and he committed the ring to the Countess of Nottingham, requesting her to deliver it to the Queen.

5. The Countess was prevailed on by her husband, the mortal enemy of Essex, not to execute the commission; and Elizabeth, who still expected that her favorite would make this last appeal to her tenderness, and who ascribed the neglect of it to his invincible obstinacy, was, after much delay and many internal combats, pushed by resentment and policy to sign the warrant for his execution.

6. The Countess of Nottingham, falling into sickness, and affected with the near approach of death, was seized with remorse for her conduct, and, having sent for the Queen, craved her pardon, and revealed to her the fatal secret. The Queen, astonished with this incident, burst into a furious passion; she shook the dying Countess in her bed, and, crying that God might pardon her, but she

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never could, broke from her, and thenceforth resigned herself to the deepest and most incurable melancholy.

7. She rejected all consolation; she even refused food and sustenance; and throwing herself on the floor, she remained sullen and immovable, feeding her thoughts on her afflictions, and declaring life an insufferable burden to her. Few words she uttered, and they were all expressive of some inward grief; but sighs and groans were the chief vent which she gave to her despondency.

8. Ten days and nights she lay upon the carpet, leaning on cushions which her maids brought her; and her physicians could not persuade her to allow herself to be put to bed, much less to make trial of any remedies. Her anxious mind at last had so long preyed on her frail body that her end was visibly approaching, and the council, being assembled, sent the keeper, admiral, and secretary to know her will with regard to her successor. She answered, with a faint voice, that as she had held a regal scepter, she desired no other than a royal successor.

9. Cecil requesting her to explain herself, she subjoined that she would have a king to succeed her; and who should that be but her nearest kinsman, the King of Scots? Being then advised by the Archbishop of Canterbury to fix her thoughts upon God, she replied that she did so, nor did her mind in the least wander from Him.

10. Her voice soon after left her, her senses failed, she fell into a lethargic slumber, which continued for some hours, and she expired gently, without further struggle, March 24, 1603, in the seventieth year of her age, and the forty-fifth of her reign.

11. Thus a dark cloud overcast the evening of that day which had shone out with a mighty luster in the eyes of

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all Europe. There are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than Queen Elizabeth; and yet there is scarcely any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity.

12. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, overcame all prejudices, and, obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, produced at last, in spite of political factions, and, what is more, of religious animosities, a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct.

13. Her vigor, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, and address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person that ever filled a throne; a conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character.

14. By the force of her mind she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running to excess; her heroism was exempt from temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active temper from turbulency and vain ambition; but she guarded not herself with equal care or equal success from lesser infirmities—the rivalship of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

15. Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over her people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affections by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more

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difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity.

16. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration —the true secret of managing religious factions—she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighboring nations; and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, she was able, by her vigor, to make deep impressions on their states; her own greatness, meanwhile, remaining untouched and unimpaired. *Hume.*

Preparatory Study.

I. David Hume (1711–1776), the celebrated Scottish historian and philosopher, was born in Edinburgh. His "Essays," "Discourses," moral and political, and his "History of England," are the works upon which his literary fame rests.

II. In vec'tives, *reproaches, censures.* **Pan'e ġŷr'ics,** *praises.* **Te mer'i ty,** *rashness.* **Hĕr'o ism, scru'pū lous, le thar'gic.**

III. (9) William Cecil (sĕs'il), Lord Burleigh (1520–1598), one of the greatest English statesmen of his time, was Lord Treasurer in the reign of Elizabeth.

IV. Analyze prevented, misconduct, arrested, convicted, finally, offices, apology, committed, invincible, obstinacy.

LXVII.—Longing for Home.

1.

A song of a boat:—
There was once a boat on a billow:
Lightly she rocked to her port remote,
And the foam was white in her wake, like snow,
And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would blow,
And bent like a wand of willow.

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2.

I shaded mine eyes one day, when a boat
Went courtseying over the billow;
I marked her course till, a dancing mote,
She faded out on the moonlit foam,
And I stayed behind in the dear loved home;
And my thoughts all day were about the boat,
And my dreams upon the pillow.

3.

I pray you hear my song of a boat,
For it is but short:—
My boat, you shall find none fairer afloat,
In river or port.
Long I looked out for the lad she bore,
On the open, desolate sea,
And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,
For he came not back to me.

4.

A song of a nest:—
There was once a nest in a hollow,
Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,
Soft and warm, and full to the brim;
Vetches leaned over it, purple and dim,
With butter-cup buds to follow.

5.

I pray you hear my song of a nest,
For it is not long:
You shall never light, in a summer quest
The bushes among,—
Shall never light on a prouder sitter,
A fairer nestful, nor ever know
A softer sound than their tender twitter,
That, wind-like, did come and go.

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6.

I had a nestful once of my own,
Ah! happy, happy I!
Right dearly I loved them: but when they were grown
They spread out their wings to fly;
O! one after another they flew away,
Far up to the heavenly blue,
To the better country, the upper day,
And—I wish I was going, too.

7.

I pray you, what is the nest to me,—
My empty nest?
And what is the shore where I stood to see
My boat sail down to the West?
Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
Though my good man has sailed?
Can I call that home where my heart was set
Now all its hope has failed?
Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
And the land where my nestlings be,—
There is the home where my hopes are sent,
The only home for me.

Jean Ingelow.

Preparatory Study.

I. **Jean Ingelow** (in'je lo) (1830-——) was born in Boston, England. She has written many poems remarkable for their grace and pathos, and also novels and stories for children.

II. (1) What preposition is understood before **wand**? (2) With what pronoun is **mote** in apposition? How can you tell? What verb is understood after **dreams**?

III. (7) Why is a pause necessary between **that** and **home**? What inflection closes each question?

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LXVIII.—The Wanderer.

1.

Upon a mountain's height, far from the sea,
I found a shell,
And to my curious ear this lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing—
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.

2.

How came this shell upon the mountain height?
Ah, who can say
Whether there dropped by some too careless hand—
Whether there cast when oceans swept the land,
Ere the Eternal had ordained the day?

3.

Strange, was it not; far from its native sea,
One song it sang—
Sang of the mighty mysteries of the tide—
Sang of the awful, vast, profound, and wide—
Softly with echoes of the ocean rang.

4.

And as the shell upon the mountain's height
Sings of the sea,
So do I ever, leagues and leagues away—
So do I ever, wandering where I may,
Sing, O my home, sing, O my home, of thee.

Preparatory Study.

I. Write a prose **paraphrase** of this poem, that is, express fully the sentiments of the author, but change the construction and the phraseology, so as to make the wording your own. Avoid repetitions that are out of place in poetical or in figurative language.

II. In what measure are the first, third, fourth, and fifth lines of each stanza written? The second?

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LXIX.—O'Connell as an Orator.

1. I think I do not exaggerate when I say that never since God made Demosthenes, has He made a man better fitted for a great work than O'Connell. You may say I am partial; but John Randolph of Roanoke, who hated an Irishman almost as much as he did a Yankee, when he got to London and heard O'Connell, threw up his hands and exclaimed, "This is the man, those are the lips, the most eloquent that speak English in my day,"—and I think he was right.

2. Webster could address a bench of judges; Everett could charm a college; Choate could delude a jury; Clay could magnetize a senate, and Tom Corwin could hold the mob in his right hand; but no one of these men could do more than this one thing. The wonder about O'Connell was that he could out-talk Corwin, he could charm a college better than Everett, and leave Henry Clay himself far behind in magnetizing a senate.

3. It has been my privilege to hear all the great orators of America who have become singularly famed about the world's circumference. I know what was the majesty of Webster; I know what it was to melt under the magnetism of Henry Clay; I have seen eloquence in the iron logic of Calhoun; but all three of these men never surpassed, and no one of them ever equaled, the great Irishman.

4. Besides his irreproachable character, he had what is half the power of a popular orator—he had a majestic presence. In youth he had the brow of a Jupiter, and the stature of an Apollo. A little O'Connell would have been no O'Connell at all. Sydney Smith said of Lord John Russell's five feet—when he went down to Yorkshire after the Reform Bill was passed—that the stalwart

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hunters of Yorkshire exclaimed, "What! that little shrimp, he carry the Reform Bill!" "No, no," said Smith, "he was a large man, but the labors of the bill shrunk him."

5. You remember the story that James Russell Lowell tells of Webster when we in Massachusetts were about to break up the Whig party. Webster came home to Fanueil Hall to protest, and four thousand Whigs came out to meet him. He lifted up his majestic presence and said, "Gentlemen, I am a Whig; a Massachusetts Whig; a Revolutionary Whig; a Constitutional Whig; a Fanueil Hall Whig; and if you break up the Whig party, where am I to go?"

"And," says Lowell, "we all held our breath, trying to think where he could go. But, if he had been five feet three, we should have said,—who do you suppose cares where you go?"

6. Well, O'Connell had all that, and then he had what Webster never had, and what Clay had, the magnetism and grace that melt a million souls into his. When I saw him he was sixty-five, lithe as a boy. His every attitude was beauty; his every gesture, grace. Why, Macready or Booth never equaled him.

7. It would have been a pleasure even to look at him, if he had not spoken at all, and all you thought of was a greyhound. And then he had, what so few American speakers have, a voice that sounded the gamut. With the slightest possible flavor of an Irish brogue, he would tell a story that would make Exeter Hall laugh, and the next moment there were tears in his voice, like an old song, and five thousand men would be in tears. And all the while no effort—he seemed only breathing—

> "*As effortless as woodland nooks*
> *Send violets up and paint them blue.*"
>
> *Wendell Phillips.*

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Preparatory Study.

I. **Wendell Phillips** (1811–1884), the renowned reformer and orator, was born in Boston, Mass. Those who heard his famous lectures and orations concede that he surpassed all American public speakers of his time. His language was incomparably pointed and polished, and his style easy and conversational.

II. (1) **De mos'the nes** was a famous Grecian orator of the fourth century, B. C. (1, 2, 3) **John Randolph** (1773–1833) of Roanoke, Virginia, **Daniel Webster** (1782–1852), **Edward Everett** (1794–1865), and **Rufus Choate** (1799–1859) of Massachusetts, **Henry Clay** (1777–1852) of Kentucky, **Thomas Corwin** (1794–1865) of Ohio, and **John C. Calhoun** (1782–1850) of South Carolina, were distinguished statesmen and orators.

(4) **Sydney Smith** (1771–1845) was a celebrated English clergyman, essayist, and wit. **Lord John Russell** (1792–1878), the eminent English statesman and Prime Minister, had labored long and earnestly for a "**Reform Bill**," to make certain necessary changes in Parliament. (6) **William Charles Macready** (1793–1873), and **Junius Brutus Booth** (1796–1852), were famous English tragedians.

(4) **Jupiter**, in the Roman mythology, was the king of gods and men, and **Apollo** was the god of the sun, of music, etc.

LXX.—Justice to Ireland.

1. Here am I calling for justice to Ireland. In the pride of your strength here, you may mock the Irish and the desire they cherish to the heart's core, for a separate legislature; but in so doing you make little allowance for that nationality, amongst others, by which you yourselves are so greatly distinguished. You pride yourselves in the name of Englishmen, and as you ought; and if anything happened to tarnish or obscure the glory of that character, you would rather die than let your sons endure it for a single moment.

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2. And nationality with us is equally warm. That alone would make us look for a separate legislature, and indulge in the inspiration of hope for the restoration of the glory which has been lost to us for ages. Yes, this is the feeling which lives and breathes in Ireland; and I have animated that feeling as far as I could,—and why? Because I saw there was no hope of obtaining justice from England; because, twenty-nine years after the Union, Ireland was no longer a province, but a pitiful colony of this country.

3. You have not done us justice. We look back to the pages of history, and we find that you never did so. I defy you to put your hand, at any one period, upon any one act of yours which was an act of justice to Ireland. When I speak of you, I speak of the English government in Ireland. You encouraged faction from the beginning, when the differences on account of religion were yet confined to a few Englishmen within the pale, and a few Irishmen out of it.

4. And when these differences became more formidable, you reared the sacred standard of God; with uplifted eyes, in scripture phraseology you exclaimed, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." You passed the "Shibboleth;" you marked a distinction between the two countries; you deluged the land with blood; you devastated the country and made it a waste, a howling wilderness—no, not a howling wilderness, for you left none in it to howl.

5. After this, when it became repeopled with Irish, you still continued your persecutions. You entered into a convention,—a more honorable one was never made, nor was one ever more dishonorably violated. We have since then extorted your concessions drop by drop, or, as I have heard it said, hair by hair, until we stood disenthralled by our own exertions.

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6. We, the people of Ireland, stood at length on a footing of equality with yourselves; and what have you done for us since? Your treaties with Ireland have been broken; your faith has not been kept. We have never violated our faith. We want justice, and then we will think of Repeal no more. I come with this announcement to you.

I do not announce it with the affectation of humility, for I am not the representative only of a city or a county; I have the confidence of millions, and in the strength of that confidence I tell you "do justice to Ireland, and you have nothing further to apprehend from the agitation of Repeal."

7. You have nothing to apprehend from Ireland, but everything to hope from her combination and connection with you; the separation is then at an end. Here we are, ready to make an alliance with you if you please. Refuse at your peril, and we become repealers.

Daniel O'Connell.

Preparatory Study.

I. Daniel O'Connell (1775–1847), the eminent Irish orator and political agitator, was born in the County of Kerry. He studied successively in three famous Universities on the Continent, and spent three years in London preparing for the bar, to which he was admitted in 1798. His earnest desire to secure reforms favorable to his native country made him the persistent opponent of existing English rule over Ireland.

II. (**2**) The **Union** of England and Ireland under one Parliament—instead of separate bodies, as before—was finally arranged in 1800. Daniel O'Connell was in favor of the "Repeal of the Union." (**4**) The **shib'bo leth** of a party is its test or watchword. When the men of Gilead fought with the men of Ephraim, the latter, if stopped and questioned by their enemies, found it impossible to deny that they were Ephraimites, for the word *shibboleth*, given to them as a test, invariably betrayed them; they pronounced it *sibboleth*, and thus made themselves known, whereupon the Gileadites slew them. Judges xii.

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LXXI.—Iris.

1.

How light on my seven-fold arch,
I swing in the silence of air!
While the vapors beneath me march
And leave the sweet earth bare.
For a moment, I hover and gleam
On the skirts of the sinking storm;
And I die in the bliss of the beam
That gave me being and form.

2.

I fade, as in human hearts
The rapture that mocks the will:
I pass, as a dream departs
That cannot itself fulfil!
Beyond the bridge I have spanned
The fields of the Poet unfold,
And the riches of Fairyland
At my base of misty gold.

3.

For I, from the blank of the air
And the white of the barren beam,
Have wrought the colors that glare
In the forms of a painter's dream.
I gather the souls of the flowers,
And the sparks of the gems, to me;
Till pale are the blossoming bowers,
And dim the chameleon sea!

4.

By the soul's bright sun, the eye.
I am thrown on the artist's brain;

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He follows me, and I fly;
  He pauses, I stand again.
O'er the reach of the painted world
  My chorded colors I hold,
On a canvas of cloud impearled,
  Drawn with a brush of gold!

5.

If I lure, as a mocking sprite,
  I give, as a goddess bestows,
The red, with its soul of might,
  And the blue, with its cool repose;
The yellow that beckons and beams,
  And the gentler children they bear;
For the portal of Art's bright dreams
  Is builded of Light and Air!

Bayard Taylor.

Preparatory Study.

I. **Bayard Taylor** (1825–1878) was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania. He died in Berlin, while United States Minister to Germany. His translations from the German, original poems, etc., attest literary capability of a high order.

II. (3) The **cha mē'le on** is a lizard-like reptile, whose color varies according to surrounding circumstances; hence "the chameleon sea" means the sea of changing colors. **I'ris**, the messenger of the gods, was regarded as the personification of the rainbow; or, as some of the ancients believed, the rainbow was the path upon which Iris traveled between heaven and earth.

III. (1) If this piece were prose, **light** should be *lightly*. Why? What preposition is understood after **gave**? (2) What relative pronoun is understood after **bridge**? (3) Of what verb understood is **sea** the nominative? (4) What is "the soul's bright sun"? The noun in the answer is in **apposition** with **sun**, that is, in the same case, and signifying the same thing. In what case is **eye**? Why? (5) What are the objects of **give**?

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LXXII.—William Pitt.

1. At his first appearance in Parliament, he showed himself superior to all his contemporaries in command of language. He could pour forth a long succession of round and stately periods, without premeditation, without ever pausing for a word, without ever repeating a word, in a voice of silver clearness, and with a pronunciation so articulate that not a letter was slurred over.

2. He had less amplitude of mind and less richness of imagination than Burke, less ingenuity than Windham, less wit than Sheridan, less perfect mastery of dialectical fence, and less of that high sort of eloquence which consists of reason and passion fused together, than Fox. Yet the judgment of those who were in the habit of listening to that remarkable race of men placed Pitt, as a speaker, above Burke, above Windham, above Sheridan, above Fox.

3. His declamation was polished, copious, and splendid. In power of sarcasm he was probably not surpassed by any speaker, ancient or modern; and of this formidable weapon he made merciless use. In two parts of the oratorical art which are of the highest value to a minister of state, he was singularly expert: no man knew better how to be humorous or how to be obscure.

4. When he wished to be understood, he never failed to make himself understood. He could, with ease, present to his audience, not perhaps an exact or profound, but a clear, popular, and plausible view of the most extensive and complicated subject. Nothing was out of place; nothing was forgotten; minute details, dates, sums of money were all faithfully preserved in his memory.

5. Even intricate questions of finance, when explained by him, seemed clear to the plainest man among his

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hearers. On the other hand, when he did not wish to be explicit,—and no man who is at the head of affairs always wishes to be explicit—he had a marvelous power of saying nothing in language which left upon his audience the impression that he had said a great deal.

6. The effect of oratory will always to a great extent depend on the character of the orator. There, perhaps, never were two speakers whose eloquence had more of what may be called the race, more of the flavor imparted by moral qualities, than Fox and Pitt. The speeches of Fox owe a great part of their charm to that warmth and softness of heart, that sympathy with human suffering, that admiration for everything great and beautiful, and that hatred of cruelty and injustice, which interest and delight us even in the most defective reports.

7. No person, on the other hand, could hear Pitt without perceiving him to be a man of high, intrepid, and commanding spirit, proudly conscious of his own rectitude and of his intellectual superiority, incapable of the low vices of fear and envy, but too prone to feel and to show disdain. Pride, indeed, pervaded the whole man, was written in the harsh, rigid lines of his face, was marked by the way in which he walked, in which he sat, in which he stood, and, above all, in which he bowed.

8. But his pride, though it made him bitterly disliked by individuals, inspired the great body of his followers in Parliament and throughout the country with respect and confidence. They took him at his own valuation. They saw that his self-esteem was not that of an upstart, elate with good luck and applause, who, if fortune turned, would sink from arrogance into abject humility.

9. It was that of the magnanimous man so finely described by Aristotle in the Ethics, of the man who thinks

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himself worthy of great things, being in truth worthy. It sprang from a consciousness of great powers and great virtues, and was never so conspicuously displayed as in the midst of difficulties and dangers which would have unnerved and bowed down any ordinary mind.

10. The correctness of his private life added much to the dignity of his public character. In the relations of son, brother, uncle, master, friend, his conduct was exemplary. In the small circle of his intimate associates, he was amiable, affectionate, even playful. They loved him sincerely; they regretted him long; and they would hardly admit that he who was so kind and gentle with them, could be stern and haughty with others.

Macaulay.

Preparatory Study.

I. **Thomas Babington Macaulay** (1800–1859), one of the most learned and capable essayists and critics of the nineteenth century, was born in Leicestershire, England, and educated at Cambridge. His political career gave him marked and honorable distinction among the statesmen of his day. In 1857 he was promoted to the peerage with the title of Baron Macaulay of Rotheby. As historian, poet, essayist, critic, reviewer, legislator, jurist, orator, and statesman, Lord Macaulay occupied a prominent place in the world of great men.

II. **Edmund Burke** (1730–1797), **William Windham** (1750–1810), **Richard Brinsley Sheridan** (1751–1816), and **Charles James Fox** (1749–1806), were eminent British statesmen, scholars, and orators. **Aristotle** (ăr'is tot l), the famous Grecian philosopher, tutor of Alexander the Great, lived from 384 to 322 B. C. In ethics (or moral philosophy), physics (or natural philosophy), logic, etc., he was equally brilliant.

(2) **Dialectical fence** signifies *a mode of reasoning used in argument, attack, or reply.* (6) **Race** signifies *taste, pungency.*

III. Analyze **correctness** (*regere*); **magnanimous, explicit, intellectual, conspicuously.**

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LXXIII.—The Savages of North America.

1. Savages we call them, because their manners differ from ours, which we think the perfection of civility. They think the same of theirs. Perhaps, if we could examine the manners of different nations, we should find no people so rude as to be without rules of politeness, nor any so polite as not to have some remains of rudeness.

2. The Indian men, when young, are hunters and warriors; when old, counselors; for all their government is by counsel of the sages; there is no force to compel obedience or to inflict punishment. Hence, they generally study oratory, the best speaker having the most influence.

The Indian women till the ground, dress the food, bring up the children, and preserve and hand down to posterity the memory of public transactions. These employments of men and women are accounted natural and honorable; having few artificial wants, they have abundance of leisure for improvement in conversation.

3. Our laborious manner of life, compared with theirs, they esteem slavish and base; and the learning for which we value ourselves, they regard as frivolous and useless. An instance of this occurred at the treaty of Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, A. D. 1744, between the government of Virginia and the Six Nations.

4. After the principal business was settled, the commissioners from Virginia acquainted the Indians, by a speech, that there was at Williamstown a college, with a fund for educating youth; and that, if the Six Nations would send half a dozen of their young lads to that college, the government would take care that they should be well provided for, and instructed in all the learning of the white people.

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5. It is one of the Indian rules of politeness not to answer a public proposition on the same day that it is made; they think it would be treating it as a light matter, and that they show it respect by taking time to consider it as of a matter important.

They therefore deferred their answer until the day following; when their speaker began by expressing their deep sense of the kindness of the Virginian government in making them that offer.

6. "For we know," says he, "that you highly esteem the kind of learning taught in those colleges, and that the maintenance of our young men would be very expensive to you. We are convinced, therefore, that you mean to do us good by your proposal, and we thank you heartily.

"But you, who are wise, must know, that different nations have different conceptions of things; and you will therefore not take it amiss if our ideas of this kind of education happen not to be the same with yours.

7. "We have had some experience of it: several of our young people were formerly brought up at the colleges of the northern provinces; they were instructed in all your sciences; but when they came back to us they were bad runners, ignorant of every means of living in the woods, unable to bear either cold or hunger, knew neither how to build a cabin, take a deer, nor kill an enemy; spoke our language imperfectly; were therefore neither fit for hunters, warriors, nor counselors; they were good for nothing.

8. "We are, however, obliged by your kind offer, though, as our ideas differ from yours, we decline accepting it; and to show our grateful sense of it, if the gentlemen of Virginia will send us a dozen of their sons, we will take great care of their education, instruct them in all we know, and make men of them."

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9. Having frequent occasion to hold public counsels, they have acquired great order in conducting them. The old men sit in the foremost ranks, the warriors in the next, and the women and the children in the hindermost.

The business of the women is to notice what passes, imprint it in their memories (for they have no writing), and communicate it to their children. They are the records of the council; and they preserve traditions of the stipulations in treaties one hundred years back, which, when we compare with our writings, we always find exact.

10. He that would speak, rises; the rest observe a profound silence. When he has finished, and has taken his seat again, they allow him five or six minutes to recollect, so that if he has omitted anything he intended to say, or has anything to add, he may rise again and deliver it. To interrupt another, even in common conversation, is reckoned highly indecent.

11. How different this is from the conduct of a British House of Commons, where scarce a day passes without some confusion that makes the Speaker hoarse in calling to order; and how different from the mode of conversation in the polite companies of Europe, where, if you do not deliver your sentence with rapidity, you are cut off in the middle of it by the impatience of those with whom you converse, and never suffered to finish it!

12. The politeness of these savages in conversation is, indeed, carried to excess, since it does not permit them to contradict or deny the truth of what is asserted in their presence. By this means they avoid disputes, it is true; but then it becomes difficult to know their minds, or what impression you make upon them.

13. The missionaries who have attempted to convert them to Christianity, all complain of this as one of the

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greatest difficulties of their mission. The Indians hear with patience the truths of the Gospel explained to them, and give their usual tokens of assent or approbation; you would think they were convinced. No such matter—it is mere civility.

14. When any of them come into our towns, our people are apt to crowd round them, gaze upon them, and incommode them when they desire to be private; this they esteem great rudeness, and the effect of the want of instruction in the rules of civility and good manners. Taciturn as they naturally are, this conduct provokes some comment upon their part.

15. "We have," say they, "as much curiosity as you; and when you come into our towns, we wish for opportunities of looking at you; but for this purpose we hide ourselves behind bushes where you are to pass, and never intrude ourselves into your company.

16. "If a white man, in traveling through our country, enters one of our cabins, we all treat him kindly: we dry him if he is wet, we warm him if he is cold, we give him meat and drink that he may allay his thirst and hunger, and spread soft furs for him to rest and sleep on. We demand nothing in return. But if one of us goes into a white man's house, and asks for victuals and drink, he says, 'Where is your money?' and, if I have none, he says, 'Get out, you Indian dog!'

17. "You see the white men have not yet learned those good little things that we need no meetings to be instructed in, because our mothers taught them to us when we were children; and, therefore, it is impossible their meetings should be, as they say, for any such purpose, or have any such effect; they are only to contrive the cheating of Indians in the price of beaver."

Benjamin Franklin.

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Preparatory Study.

I. **Benjamin Franklin** (1706–1790), the illustrious patriot, statesman, and philosopher, was born in Boston, Mass. He settled in Philadelphia in 1726, and is thenceforth identified with the colony of Pennsylvania in the Revolutionary struggle. His discoveries in natural philosophy, his tact and shrewdness in statesmanship, and his unflinching patriotism, are part of the history of our country.

II. (4) Who were the **Six Nations**? Would this description of the savages apply to the Indians of the present day?

III. (1) What kind of sentence is the first? Read the relative clause. (3) What part of speech is **compared**? To what noun does it belong? In what case is **theirs**? What noun is understood after it? What noun do **slavish** and **base** qualify?

IV. (2) Why do **young** and **old** take the rising inflection? (8) Why is **their** emphatic? (17) Why is **meetings** emphatic?

LXXIV.—The Grasshopper and the Cricket.

1.

The poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:
That is the grasshopper's; he takes the lead
In summer luxury; he has never done
With his delights, for, when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshopper 's among some grassy hills.

Keats.

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2.

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
  Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
  Sole voice that 's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
  With those who think the candles came too soon,
  Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;
O sweet and tiny cousins! that belong,
  One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
  At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song—
In-doors and out, summer and winter — Mirth.

Leigh Hunt.

Preparatory Study.

I. **John Keats** (1796–1821), the celebrated English poet, was born in London. His poetry is full of beautiful fancies and original grace, and gave promise of greater work in years of maturity; but the early death of the poet prevented the world from seeing the genius of Keats in the fulness of its development.

Leigh Hunt (1784–1859), the popular English poet, essayist, and critic, was born at Southgate, near London. He was intimate with Byron, Moore, Shelley, and Keats. His freedom in expressing his political opinions gave offence to the government, and he was imprisoned for two years and condemned to pay a fine of £500. For genial humor, easy style, and glowing fancy, Hunt is ranked high among poets and critics.

II. What is meant by the **green little vaulter**? The **warm little housekeeper**? The **tiny cousins**?

III. Describe the metre and the arrangement of lines in a sonnet. Scan the first line in each. Has each line in these sonnets the proper number of feet? Who introduced the sonnet into English poetry? When did he live?

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LXXV.—The American Colonies to Great Britain.

1. In a former address we asserted our rights, and stated the injuries that we had then received. We hoped that the mention of our wrongs would have roused that honest indignation which has slept too long for your honor, or the welfare of the empire. But we have not been permitted to entertain this pleasing expectation. Every day brought an accumulation of injuries, and the invention of the ministry has been constantly exercised in adding to the calamities of your American brethren.

2. To what are we to attribute this treatment? If to any secret principle of the constitution, let it be mentioned; let us learn that the government we have long revered is not without its defects; and that while it gives freedom to a part, it necessarily enslaves the remainder of the empire. If such a principle exists, why for ages has it ceased to operate? Why is it now called into action? Can no reason be assigned for this conduct? or must it be resolved into the wanton exercise of arbitrary power?

3. And shall the descendants of Britons tamely submit to this? No, sirs! We never will; while we revere the memory of our gallant and virtuous ancestors, we never can surrender those glorious privileges for which they fought, bled, and conquered. Admit that your fleets could destroy our towns, and ravage our sea-coasts; these are inconsiderable objects, things of no moment to men whose bosoms glow with the ardor of liberty. We can retire beyond the reach of your navy, and, without any sensible diminution of the necessaries of life, enjoy a luxury, which, from that period, you will want—the luxury of being free.

4. We know the force of your arms, and were it called forth in the cause of justice, and your country, we might

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dread the exertion; but will Britons fight under the banners of tyranny? Will they counteract the labors, and disgrace the victories of their ancestors? Will they forge chains for their posterity? If they descend to this task, will their swords retain their edge, or their arms their accustomed vigor? Britons can never become instruments of oppression, till they lose the spirit of freedom.

5. Our enemies charge us with sedition. In what does it consist? In our refusal to submit to unwarrantable acts of injustice and cruelty? If so, show us a period in your history in which you have not been equally seditious. We are accused of aiming at independence; but how is this accusation supported? By the allegations of your ministers—not by our actions. Abused, insulted, and contemned, what steps have we pursued to obtain redress? We have carried our dutiful petitions to the throne. We have applied to your justice for relief. We have retrenched our luxury and withheld our trade.

6. Yet, conclude not from this that we propose to vest your parliament with a power which may terminate in our destruction. The great bulwarks of our constitution we have desired to maintain by every temperate, by every peaceable means; but your ministers (equal foes to British and American freedom) have added to their former oppressions an attempt to reduce us, by the sword, to a base and abject submission. On the sword, therefore, we are compelled to rely for protection.

7. Should victory declare in your favor, yet men trained to arms from their infancy, and animated by the love of liberty, will afford neither a cheap nor easy conquest. Of this, at least, we are assured, that our struggle will be glorious, our success certain; since, even in death we shall find that freedom which in life you forbid us to enjoy.

Richard Henry Lee.

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Preparatory Study.

I. Richard Henry Lee (1732–1794), the illustrious patriot, orator, and statesman, and one of the signers of the Declaration, was born in Westmoreland Co., Virginia. On the 7th of June, 1776, he offered in Congress, of which he was a member, the immortal resolution, "That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown; and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved." This resolution forms an important part of the Declaration of Independence. Lee, by reason of his fearless arguments, and deliberate, forcible eloquence, has been styled the "Cicero of the Revolution."

II. Wạn'ton, dū'ti ful, lux'u ry, bụl'warks, re dūce', ab'ject.

III. (2) What kind of sentence is the first? Give the logical predicate? The grammatical predicate? What infinitive phrase modifies it? What infinitive follows **let**? In what mood is **let**?

IV. Analyze **sedition, constitution, animated, invention, supported** (*portare*).

LXXVI.—The Midnight Sun.

1. After a walk of several miles I stood upon the extreme point of the North Cape, in latitude 71° 10′, nine hundred and eighty feet above the sea-level. This bold promontory is a huge mass of mica-schist, rising, dark and majestical, from the sea.

2. Before me, as far as the eye could reach, was the deep-blue Arctic Sea, disappearing in the northern horizon; it was as quiet as the wind, which hardly breathed upon it, as if fearful of arousing its wrath, and disturbing one of the rare, bright, and lovely days of that cold north, which once enjoyed a climate as temperate as that of England at the present day.

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13. Lower and lower the sun sunk. As midnight approached, it seemed for a while to follow slowly the line of the horizon; and at that hour it shone beautifully over that lonely sea and dreary land. As it disappeared behind the clouds, I exclaimed, from the very brink of the precipice, "Farewell to thee, Midnight Sun!"

14. I had seen the midnight sun from mountain-tops and weird plateaus, shining over a desolate and snow-clad country; I had beheld many a landscape,—picturesque rivers, luxuriant fields, lonely lakes, verdant meadows, grand old forests, dyed by its drowsy light; I had followed it from the Gulf of Bothnia to the Polar Sea, as a boy would chase a will-o'-the-wisp, and I could go no farther.

15. I retraced my steps to the place near which we had left our boat. The men were watching for us; it was raining, and, when we got back to our destination, I was wet, cold, and exhausted, but to this day I have before me those dark, rugged cliffs, that dreary, silent landscape, that restless Arctic Sea, and that serene midnight sun shining over all. *Du Chaillu (adapted).*

Preparatory Study.

I. **Paul Du Chaill lu′** (shä yu′) (1835-——), the celebrated French traveler and explorer, is a citizen of the United States. His narratives of his travels in Africa, etc., are very popular.

II. **Mi′ca-sçhist,** *a kind of rock.* **Strā′ta,** *layers.* **Wēird,** *ghostly.* **Plateau** (plă tō′), *an elevated plain.* **Will-o'-the-wisp,** *a light that appears in the night over marshy places.* **Min′er ăl′o gist, Ter′mi nus.**

III. (**1, 14**) Locate North Cape, The Gulf of Bothnia.

IV. Give a synonym of each of the following words: (**1**) **majestical,** (**2**) **arousing, temperate,** (**4**) **riven, habitation, immense, bewildered,** (**5**) **terminus,** (**7**) **terrific, gigantic.**

(**10**) What nouns are object of the verb **saw**? To what pronoun does **intending** belong? Read the participial phrase.

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LXXVII.—The Antiquity of Freedom.

1.

Here are old trees—tall oaks and gnarled pines—
That stream with gray-green mosses; here the ground
Was never trenched by spade, and flowers spring up
Unsown, and die ungathered. It is sweet
To linger here, among the flitting birds
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter, as they pass,
A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades—
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old—
My thoughts go up the long, dim path of years,
Back to the earliest days of liberty.

2.

O Freedom, thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses, gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailéd hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling.
Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from Heaven.
Merciless power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,

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As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

3.

Thy birthright was not given by human hands;
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock, and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou, by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His only foes; and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrows on the mountain-side,
Soft with the deluge.
Tyranny himself,
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,
Is later born than thou; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

4.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebler age;
Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee.
He shall send
Quaint maskers, forms of fair and gallant mien,
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread,
That grow to fetters, or bind down thy arms
With chains concealed in chaplets.

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5.

O, not yet
Mayst thou unbrace thy corselet, or lay by
Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom, close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat till the day
Of the new earth and heaven. But wouldst thou rest
Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,
These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

Bryant.

Preparatory Study.

I. **William Cullen Bryant** (1794–1878) was born at Cummington, Massachusetts. He was admitted to the bar in 1815, but all his tastes tended toward literary pursuits. In 1816, he published "Thanatopsis," written when he was in his nineteenth year. It was so highly commended by the critics of the day that the young author was encouraged to follow the life for which nature had fitted him; and, in 1825, he removed to New York and entered upon his active career as journalist and poet. The exquisite simplicity, pure sentiment, and fine, scholarly finish of all his poems, give Bryant the first rank among American poets.

II. The address to **Freedom** is suddenly introduced in the description of woodland scenery. This sudden turning from the subject, to address some person or thing not immediately connected with it, is **a pos'tro phe**, a figure of rhetoric.

Apostrophe is a turning off from the subject to address some other person or thing.

III. **Gyves** (jīvz), *fetters or shackles for the legs.* **Corse'let,** *a light breast-plate, or armor for the breast.*

IV. What is verse without rhyme called? In what measure is this poem written? (2) What is the mark over **e** in **mailéd** called? What does it indicate? Why is it here necessary?

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LXXVIII.—Short Quotations.

1. The unspoken word is thy slave: the spoken word is thy master. *From the Chinese.*

2. The spoken word cannot be recalled; the arrow that has sped from the bow cannot be drawn back. *Metastasio.*

3. A man's merit is to be judged, not by his great qualities, but by the use that he makes of them. *La Rochefoucauld.*

4. The Infinite has sowed his name in the heavens in burning stars; but on the earth he has sowed his name in tender flowers. *Richter.*

5. The slave has but one master; the ambitious man has as many as there are persons useful to him in advancing his fortune. *La Bruyère.*

6. Know, whatever thou doest, thou doest through life's never-dying memory; good deeds ring clear through heaven like a bell—yea, shine like a mirror, in which thou mayst behold thyself with joy. *Schiller.*

7. Though the enemy seem far away, though the wave be still and clear, the good warrior is ever on the watch, the faithful pilot sleeps not; even in peace and in calm he prepares his arms, trims his sail, ready to sustain the shock of battle, the fury of the storm. *Metastasio.*

8. Ballads are the gypsy-children of song, born under green hedge-rows, in the leafy lanes and by-paths of literature, in the genial summer-time. *Longfellow.*

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9. The battle is not to the strong,
The race not always to the fleet,
And he who seeks to pluck the stars,
Will lose the jewels at his feet.

Phœbe Cary.

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10. Beside the sandal-tree a woodman stood,
And swung the axe, and as the strokes were laid
Upon the fragrant trunk, the generous wood
With its own sweets perfumed the cruel blade.
Go thou and do the like; a soul endued
With light from heaven, a nature pure and great,
Will place its highest bliss in doing good,
And good for evil give, and love for hate.

From the Spanish.

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11. They never fail who die
In a great cause; the block may soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city-gates and castle walls;
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom. *Byron.*

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12. So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Bryant.

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LXXIX.—Motionless Leaves.

1. The strong pines wave above them, and the weak grasses tremble beside them, but the blue stars of the gentian rest upon the earth with a peace as of heaven; and far along the ridges of iron rock, moveless as they, the rubied crests of Alpine rose flush in the low rays of morning. Nor are these yet the stillest leaves. Others there are, subdued to a deeper quietness, the mute slaves of the earth, to whom we owe, perhaps, thanks and tenderness, the most profound of all that we have to render for the leaf ministries.

2. It is strange to think of the gradually diminished power and withdrawn freedom among the orders of leaves —from the sweep of the chestnut, and the gadding of the vine, down to the close shrinking trefoil, and contented daisy, pressed to earth; and, at last, to the leaves that are not merely close to earth, but are themselves part of it, fastened down to it by their sides, here and there only a wrinkled edge rising from the granite crystals.

3. We have found beauty in the tree yielding fruit, and in the herb yielding seed. How of the herb yielding for us no seed, the fruitless, flowerless lichen of the rock? Lichen and mosses—though these last in their luxuriance are as rich as herbage, yet both are, for the most part, humblest of the green things that live—how of these?

4. Meek creatures! the first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed softness its dintless rocks; creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honor the scarred disgrace of ruin, laying quiet fingers on the trembling stones, to teach them rest. No words, that I know of, will say what these mosses are. None are delicate enough, none perfect enough, none rich enough.

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5. How is one to tell of the rounded bosses of furred and beaming green — the starred divisions of rubied bloom, fine-filmed, as if the Rock Spirits could spin porphyry as we do glass,—the traceries of intricate silver, and fringes of amber, lustrous, arborescent, burnished through every fiber into fitful brightness, yet all subdued and pensive, and framed for simplest, sweetest offices of grace?

6. They will not be gathered, like the flowers, for chaplet or love-token; but of these the wild bird will make its nest, and the wearied child his pillow. And, as they are the earth's first mercy, so are they its last gift to us. When all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and gray lichens take up their watch by the head-stone.

The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses have done their parts for a time, but these do service forever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave!

7. Yet as, in one sense the humblest, in another they are the most honored of the earth's children. Unfading as motionless, the worm frets them not, and the autumn wastes not. Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is intrusted the weaving of the dark, eternal tapestries of the hills; to them, slow-penciled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery.

8. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance; and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn-blossoms like drifted snow, and summer dims on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip-gold,—far above, among the mountains, the silver lichen-spots rest, star-like, on the stone; and the gathering orange stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunsets of a thousand years.

John Ruskin.

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Preparatory Study.

I. **John Ruskin** (1819– ——), the famous art-critic and essayist, was born in London, and educated at Oxford. His varied productions are all marked by singular eloquence and religious fervor. Ruskin's prose is so like poetry in harmony, grace, and gorgeous imagery, that the absence of metrical arrangement does not mar the melodious flow of the "prose-poet's" words. An earnest critic declares him "the most effective of English writers."

II. **Gen'tian** (jen'shan), **li'chens**, or **lich'ens**, **lux u'ri ance**, **blanch**, **tap'es tries**, **en dūr'ance**. **Boss'es**, *knobs*. **Por'phy ry**, *a stone of red, purple, and green varieties, through which crystals are scattered.* **Ar'bo res'cent**, *like a tree.* **I'ris-dyed**, *colored like the rainbow.*

III. (3) What verb is understood after **they**? (3) After **herbage**? (4) Read the three participial phrases, and tell what noun each phrase modifies. (6) What verb is understood after **child**? What noun is object of this verb? (7) What verb is understood after **iris-dyed**? What is its nominative?

LXXX.—Address to a Mummy.

1.

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

2.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy,
Thou hast a tongue—come, let us hear its tune;
Thou 'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

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3.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either Pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

4.

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the mysteries of thy trade,
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain;—Egyptian priests ne'er owned their juggles.

5.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropped a half-penny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass;
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

6.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:—
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

7.

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended;

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New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

8.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

9.

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold;—
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled:—
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

10.

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning!

11.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost forever?
O let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue; that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
Th' immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

Horace Smith.

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Preparatory Study.

I. **Horace Smith** (1780–1849), one of the most amusing writers of his day, was born in London. In 1812, he and his brother James composed a series of humorous addresses in imitation of the style of popular poets of the time. These parodies were published under the title of "Rejected Addresses," and their success astonished even the authors. Horace Smith wrote various poems, novels, historical romances, etc.

II. (**2, 4**) Select examples of ellipsis, hyperbaton, synæresis, and simile. (**3**) The expression, "shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder," is an example of **hy pẽr′-bo lē**, a figure of rhetoric.

Hyperbole represents objects as being greater or less, better or worse, than they really are.

III. **Mis no′mer,** *a wrong name.* **Pri me′val,** *of the first ages.* **Ev′a nes′cence,** *state of vanishing.* **Pŏst′hu mous,** *born or continued after death.* **Teg′u ment,** *covering.* **Half′pen ny** (hā′pen ny, hăp′penny, or hāf′pen ny).

IV. (**1**) **Thebes** was an ancient city of Upper Egypt, recorded as having **one hundred gates.** The **Mem no nī′um** (here pronounced mem no′ni um) was a magnificent edifice near Thebes. (**3**) **Che′ops** and **Ce phrē′nēş** were ancient Egyptian monarchs. **Pompey's pillar** is one of the principal remains of ancient Alexandria. **Sphinx** (see page 181).

(**4**) The colossal black statue of **Mem′non,** son of Aurora, the goddess of the morning, gave forth, it was said, a harp-like sound at sunrise. (**5**) **Pha′raoh** (fā′rō or fā′ra ō) was the name of many kings of Egypt. **Dī′dō,** a princess of Tyre (in Syria), founded Carthage, near Tunis, about 900 B. C. **King Solomon** built the Temple at Jerusalem, about 1000 B. C., at which time **Homer** may have lived.

(**6**) **Rom′u lus** and **Rē′mus** founded Rome about 753 B. C. **Cam′bȳ′sēş,** king of the Medes and Persians, conquered Egypt, 525 B. C. (**8**) **O sī′ris** was an Egyptian god, worshiped under the form of an ox. **Ī′sis,** goddess of the moon, and queen of heaven, was the wife of Osiris, and mother of **Ho′rus,** or **Orus,** who, after his father's death, became king of the gods. **Ā′pis** was a divinity, worshiped under the form of a bull.

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LXXXI.—The First Customer.

1. Though the shop-window was still closely curtained from the public gaze, a remarkable change had taken place in its interior. The rich and heavy festoons of cobweb, which had cost a long ancestral succession of spiders their life's labor to spin and weave, had been carefully brushed away from the ceiling. The counter, shelves, and floor had all been scoured, and the latter was overstrewn with fresh blue sand.

2. The brown scales, too, had evidently undergone rigid discipline in an unavailing effort to rub off the rust, which, alas! had eaten through and through their substance. Neither was the little old shop any longer empty of merchantable goods. A curious eye, privileged to take an account of stock, and investigate behind the counter, would have discovered a barrel,—yea, two or three barrels, and half ditto—one containing flour, another apples, and a third, perhaps, Indian meal.

3. There was likewise a square box of pine-wood, full of soap in bars; also, another of the same size, in which were tallow-candles, ten to the pound. A small stock of brown sugar, some white beans and split peas, and a few other commodities of low price, such as are constantly in demand, made up the bulkier portion of the merchandise.

4. There was a glass pickle-jar, filled with fragments of Gibraltar rock—not, indeed, splinters of the veritable stone foundations of the famous fortress, but bits of delectable candy, neatly done up in white paper. Jim Crow, moreover, was seen executing his world-renowned dance, in gingerbread. A party of leaden dragoons were galloping along one of the shelves, in equipments and uniform of modern cut; and there were some sugar figures, with no

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strong resemblance to the humanity of any epoch. Another phenomenon, still more strikingly modern, was a package of lucifer-matches, which, in old times, would have been thought actually to borrow their instantaneous flames from the nether fires of Tophet.

5. Hepzibah herself, in a gown of rusty black silk, stood behind the counter, scowling at the world as it went by. But, at this instant, the shop-bell, right over her head, tinkled as if it were bewitched. The old gentlewoman's heart seemed to be attached to the same steel spring, for it went through a series of sharp jerks, in unison with the sound. The door was thrust open, although no human form was perceptible on the other side of the half-window. Hepzibah stood with her hands clasped, looking very much as if she had summoned up an evil spirit, and were afraid, yet resolved, to hazard the encounter.

"Heaven help me!" she groaned, mentally. "Now is my hour of need!"

6. The door, which moved with difficulty on its creaking hinges, being forced quite open, a square and sturdy little urchin became apparent, with cheeks as red as an apple. He was clad rather shabbily (but, as it seemed, more owing to his mother's carelessness than his father's poverty), in a blue apron, very wide and short trousers, shoes somewhat out at the toes, and a chip-hat, with the frizzles of his curly hair sticking through its crevices.

7. A book and a small slate, under his arm, indicated that he was on his way to school. He stared at Hepzibah a moment, as an elder customer than himself would have been likely enough to do, not knowing what to make of the tragic attitude and queer scowl wherewith she regarded him. "Well, child," said she, taking heart at sight of a personage so little formidable,—"well, my child, what did you wish for?"

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8. "That Jim Crow, there in the window," answered the urchin, holding out a cent, and pointing to the gingerbread figure that had attracted his notice, as he loitered along to school; "the one that has not a broken foot."

So Hepzibah put forth her arm, and taking the effigy from the shop-window, delivered it to her first customer.

"No matter for the money," said she, giving him a little push toward the door; for her old gentility was contumaciously squeamish at sight of the copper coin, and, besides, it seemed such pitiful meanness to take the child's pocket-money in exchange for a bit of stale gingerbread. "No matter for the cent. You are welcome to Jim Crow."

9. The child, staring, with round eyes, at this instance of liberality, wholly unprecedented in his large experience of cent-shops, took the man of gingerbread, and quitted the premises. No sooner had he reached the sidewalk (little cannibal that he was!) than Jim Crow's head was in his mouth. As he had not been careful to shut the door, Hepzibah was at the pains of closing it after him, with a pettish ejaculation or two about the troublesomeness of young people, and particularly of small boys.

10. She had just placed another representative of the renowned Jim Crow at the window, when again the shop-bell tinkled clamorously, and again the door being thrust open, with its characteristic jerk and jar, disclosed the same sturdy little urchin who, precisely two minutes ago, had made his exit. The crumbs and discoloration of the cannibal feast, as yet hardly consummated, were exceedingly visible about his mouth.

11. "What is it now, child?" asked the maiden lady, impatiently; "did you come back to shut the door?"

"No," answered the urchin, pointing to the figure that had just been put up; "I want that other Jim Crow."

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"So Hepzibah put forth her arm, and taking the effi
from the shop-window, delivered it to her first custome

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"Well, here it is for you," said Hepzibah, reaching it down; but, recognizing that this pertinacious customer would not quit her on any other terms, so long as she had a gingerbread figure in her shop, she partly drew back her extended hand. "Where is the cent?"

12. The little boy had the cent ready, but, like a true-born Yankee, would have preferred the better bargain to the worse. Looking somewhat chagrined, he put the coin into Hepzibah's hand and departed, sending the second Jim Crow in quest of the former one.

13. The new shop-keeper dropped the first solid result of her commercial enterprise into the till. It was done. The sordid stain of that copper coin could never be washed away from her palm. The little school-boy, aided by the impish figure of the negro dancer, had wrought an irreparable ruin. The structure of ancient aristocracy had been demolished by him, even as if his childish gripe had torn down the seven-gabled mansion! *Hawthorne.*

Preparatory Study.

I. E quip'ments, ĕp'ŏch, phe nom'e non, ap pâr'ent, for'mi da ble, ef'fi gy, con'sum ma'ted, per ti na'cious, cha grined', ar'is toc'ra cy.

De lec'ta ble, *delightful, delicious.* **Con tu ma'cious ly,** *stubbornly.* **Squeam'ish,** *apt to be offended at trifles.* **Sor'did,** *base.* **Ir rep'a ra ble,** *not to be repaired.* **Hep'zi bah.**

II. (4) **Tō'phet** here signifies *the abode of evil spirits.* In the valley of *Tophet*, near Jerusalem, the fires of the pagan god, Mō'loch, were burned, and human sacrifices offered, so that the place became an abomination to the righteous children of Israel.

III. (1) What kind of sentence is the first? Why? (2) What kind of sentence is the last? Read the logical subject, and the logical predicate. What noun is the grammatical subject? What verb is the grammatical predicate? Define each of these terms.

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LXXXII.—Labor and Genius.

1. The prevailing idea with young people has been the incompatibility of labor and genius; and, therefore, from the fear of being thought dull, they have thought it necessary to remain ignorant. I have seen, at school and at college, a great many young men completely destroyed by having been so unfortunate as to produce an excellent copy of verses.

Their genius being now established, all that remained for them to do, was to act up to the dignity of the character; and as this dignity consisted in reading nothing new, in forgetting what they had already read, and in pretending to be acquainted with all subjects by a sort of off-hand exertion of talents, they soon collapsed into the most frivolous and insignificant of men.

2. It would be an extremely profitable thing to draw up a short and well-authenticated account of the habits of study of the most celebrated writers with whose style of literary industry we happen to be most acquainted. It would go very far to destroy the absurd and pernicious association of genius and idleness, by showing that the greatest poets, orators, statesmen, and historians—men of the most brilliant and imposing talents—have actually labored as hard as the makers of dictionaries and the arrangers of indexes; and that the most obvious reason why they have been superior to other men is, that they have taken more pains than other men.

3. Gibbon was in his study every morning, winter and summer, at six o'clock; Burke was the most laborious and indefatigable of human beings; Leibnitz was never out of his library; Pascal killed himself by study; Cicero narrowly escaped death from the same cause; Milton was at

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his books with as much regularity as a merchant or an attorney; he had mastered all the knowledge of his time; so had Homer. Raphael lived but thirty-seven years; and in that short space carried the art of painting so far beyond what it had before reached, that he appears to stand alone as a model to his successors.

4. There are instances to the contrary; but, generally speaking, the life of all truly great men has been a life of intense and incessant labor. They have commonly passed the first half of life in the gross darkness of indigent humility, overlooked, mistaken, contemned by weaker men, thinking while others slept, reading while others rioted, feeling something within them that told them they should not always be kept down among the dregs of the world; and then, when their time was come, and some little accident has given them their first occasion, they have burst out into the light and glory of public life, rich with the spoils of time, and mighty in all the labors and struggles of the mind.

5. Then do the multitude cry out, "A miracle of genius!" Yes, he is a miracle of genius, because he is a miracle of labor; because, instead of trusting to the resources of his own single mind, he has ransacked a thousand minds; because he makes use of the accumulated wisdom of ages, and takes, as his point of departure, the very last line and boundary to which science has advanced; because it has ever been the object of his life to assist every intellectual gift of nature, however munificent, and however splendid, with every resource that art could suggest, and every attention that diligence could bestow.

6. But, while I am descanting upon the conduct of the understanding, and the best mode of acquiring knowledge, some men may be disposed to ask, "Why conduct my understanding with such endless care? and what is the use

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of so much knowledge?" What is the use of so much knowledge? What is the use of so much life? What are we to do with the seventy years of existence allotted to us? and how are we to live them out to the last?

7. I solemnly declare that, but for the love of knowledge, I should consider the life of the meanest hedger and ditcher as preferable to that of the greatest and richest man in existence; for the fire of our minds is like the fire which the Persians burn on the mountains: it flames night and day, and is immortal, and not to be quenched! Upon something it must act and feed—upon the pure spirit of knowledge, or upon the foul dregs of polluting passions.

8. Therefore, when I say, in conducting your understanding, love knowledge with a vehement love, with a love coeval with life, what do I say but love innocence, love virtue, love purity of conduct, love that which, if you are rich and great, will vindicate the blind fortune which has made you so, and make men call it justice?

Yea, love that which, if you are poor, will render your poverty respectable, and make the proudest feel it unjust to laugh at the meanness of your fortunes; love that which will comfort you, adorn you, and never quit you,—which will open to you the kingdom of thought, and all the boundless regions of conception, as an asylum against the cruelty, the injustice, and the pain that may be your lot in the outer world,—that which will make your motives habitually great and honorable, and light up in an instant a thousand noble disdains at the very thought of meanness and of fraud.

9. Therefore, if any young man has embarked his life in pursuit of knowledge, let him go on without doubting or fearing the event; let him not be intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of knowledge, by the darkness from which she springs, by the difficulties which hover around

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her, by the wretched habitations in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes journey in her train; but let him ever follow her as the angel that guards him, and as the genius of his life. She will bring him out at last into the light of day, and exhibit him to the world comprehensive in acquirements, fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above his fellows in all the relations and in all the offices of life. *Sydney Smith.*

Preparatory Study.

I. **Sydney Smith** (1771–1845), a clergyman of the Church of England, was born at Woodford, near London. His eloquence in the pulpit and the lecture-room gave him unbounded popularity. He was among the foremost of the projectors of the "Edinburgh Review," and, for many years, one of the most active and brilliant contributors to that celebrated journal. His essays, reviews, and miscellaneous writings abound in wit and fancy, united with great logical force and sterling common sense.

II. **In com pat'i bil'ity,** *inconsistency.* **In'de fat'i ga ble,** *untiring.* **Des cănt'ing,** *discoursing.* **Munif'i cent,** *liberal.* **Ve'he ment,** *forcible.* **Con temned'** (kon temd'), *despised.* **Co e'val,** *of the same age.*

III. (3) **Edward Gibbon** (1737–1794), author of "The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," was one of the most learned of English historians. **Edmund Burke** (1730–1797), the famous Irish orator, statesman, essayist, and critic, was possessed of learning so extensive that almost every branch of knowledge was familiar to him. **Baron von Leibnitz** (fon līp'nitz) (1646–1716) was an eminent German philosopher and mathematician.

Blaise Pas cal' (blāz pas kăl') (1623–1662), the celebrated French philosopher and mathematician, was a writer of great eloquence, wit, and sublimity. **John Milton** (1608–1674), the illustrious poet, was the most learned Englishman of his time. **Raph'a el** (răf'a el) (1483–1520), the famous Italian painter, was, in the opinion of some critics, without equal in his art.

(7) "The fire which the Persians burn, etc.," is the sacred fire which the fire-worshipers of Persia keep constantly burning.

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LXXXIII.—Spring.

1.

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,—
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rains.
Is with us once again!

2.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons:
In the deep heart of every forest-tree
The blood is all aglee;
And there 's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

3.

Already, here and there, on frailest stems
Appear some azure gems,
Small as might deck, upon a gala-day,
The forehead of a fay.
In gardens you may note, amid the dearth,
The crocus breaking earth,
And, near the snow-drop's tender, white and green
The violet in its screen.

4.

But many gleams and shadows needs must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth:

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Still there 's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn:
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

5.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate
Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start
If, from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

Henry Timrod.

Preparatory Study.

I. **Henry Timrod** (1829–1867) was born in Charleston, S. C. His poems are characterized by genuine feeling and refined fancy, clothed in the graceful language of the true poet.

II. (**1, 2**) What examples of personification occur? (**2**) Select a simile. (**3**) What hyperbaton occurs? (**4**) Explain the synæresis and hyperbole in this stanza. Define each figure named.

III. **Jăş'mĭne,** *a climbing plant bearing peculiarly fragrant flowers.* **La-goon',** *a lake or shallow pond.* **A glee',** *wild, full of glee.* **Dearth,** *scarcity, want.* **Păġ'eant,** *spectacle, show.* **Drȳ'ad,** *a goddess or nymph of the woods.*

IV. (**2**) Name the nominative and the object of the verb **turns.** (**3**) Of what verb is **violet** the object? (**4**) What part of speech is **needs**? What is understood before **go**? (**5**) What is the object of **await**?

V. (**2**) Scan each line, and describe its measure. (**2, 4**) Why is it necessary to use **there 's** instead of **there is**?

VI. Write the second and the third verses in prose form, transposing and supplying ellipses, but making no further changes.

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LXXXIV.—The Sentry on the Tower.

1. Midnight sounded with a thin, jangling voice from the belfry of the old church tower at Goldenau, as Otto Hemmerich, of the Prussian army, having toiled up the narrow winding stairway, stepped out upon the roof, prepared to watch as sentinel, in the dark solitude.

Otto stood by the parapet as the last hum of the twelfth stroke died away in his ear. Looking downward, all was dark, all a blank. Not a light shone from the village; not a footstep sounded in its straggling street.

2. Otto commenced to pace up and down with a solitary regularity. One o'clock—half-past one—rang out the quarter bells. It was lonely there. Ting tang, ting tang, ting tang—a quarter of three. Swoop came a sudden gust of wind, wailing through the loop-holes and crannies of the spire, while the weather-cock overhead creaked complainingly. Then followed a dead calm. In a little more than an hour would come daylight and Otto's release.

3. Hark! what was that sound, rising upward from the village? Was not that the roll of a drum? A single horse clattered up the street. Then a bugle-call sounded. Lights twinkled in the village. What was going on?

Otto knelt down, and, leaning his chin on the parapet, listened intently. Men were gathering on the open space around the tower. There was a sudden roll of drums; a loud, clear voice gave the word of command, "March!" and the sound of the measured tramp of feet grew fainter as it receded from the village; doors and casements closed with a rattling noise; then all was silence.

4. "Strange!" thought Otto. "They must be sending a detachment on toward the frontier. And yet we were so few here, I wonder that they thought it well to divide

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so small a body." As he turned to resume his march, the first streaks of dawn broke through the darkness in the east, and the birds began to stir in their nests amidst the stone-work of the steeple.

5. Ting tang, ting tang, ting tang, ting tang. Four o'clock in the morning! Cocks were crowing lustily down below. The swallows were all alive, darting hither and thither. The fast brightening sky changed from silver-gray to rose-color; to purple and crimson, and then to dazzling gold!

There was the sun at last, burnishing the old copper weather-cock and making the river flash and flow like molten silver. But why did they not come to relieve the guard? There was Otto, however, and there he must remain. When his duty was clear, he never flinched from it.

6. It was broad, full day. The good people of Goldenau were commencing their daily employments. But neither in the near streets, nor on the distant road, could Otto discern a soldier's uniform. What could have become of all his comrades?

On the other hand, there was an unusual gathering of the citizens on the public square. Otto's keen eyes could see that he himself was the subject of their conversation; for every now and then the burgomaster of the place—an old, stout, stolid-looking man—pointed upward to the tower where the Prussian sentry's form was sharply relieved against the sky.

7. Soon the burgomaster advanced singly from the little crowd of men,—upon the skirts of which a number of women and children were by this time hovering—and, putting his hollowed hands to his mouth, bellowed out a long speech to Otto, who shook his head and touched his ears, to signify that he could not hear.

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8. Then the burgomaster, after giving an angry shrug at the deplorable waste of his eloquence, beckoned, and waved his arms with an imperious gesture of command, intimating that the sentry was to come down at once, and appear in his august presence. To this Otto made no kind of reply, but shouldered his rifle, and coolly resumed his march back and forth on the leaden roof.

9. Two things were clear to him: first, that the detachment of Prussians to which he belonged had left Goldenau; and second, that the inhabitants of the place did not expect them to return. After awhile, the burgomaster, apparently urged into the van by those behind him, advanced with stately footsteps to the door which gave access to the winding stairs of the tower. Then he entered, followed by four or five men.

10. In a few minutes Otto could hear the panting and puffing of the stout burgomaster, and the sound of his heavy and springless tread on the stone steps. Quick as lightning Otto sprang to the doorway, pulled open the heavy oaken door, and remained with fixed bayonet directed toward the winding staircase.

"Yield, Prussian!" cried the burgomaster, huskily. He was not yet in sight, being hidden by a turn of the stairs.

"Who goes there?" answered Otto. "Speak, or I fire!"

11. "Don't fire! don't fire!" entreated the magistrate.

There was a noise on the steps, and a thud, as of some heavy body coming violently in contact with the wall.

"Oh!" exclaimed the voice of one in acute pain. "You have crushed my foot, Mr. Burgomaster! Let me go on, if you 're afraid. I 'll tackle him!"

Thereupon the head and shoulders of the miller of Goldenau appeared in the open doorway.

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12. "Go back there, unless you want my bayonet in your body! Back, I say!"

Otto made so threatening and resolute an advance that the miller withdrew in his turn, and remained on a lower step, so that his flour-dusted head alone was visible from the door on the roof.

13. "Come, sentry," said the miller, "don't be a fool! We have something to say to you. You must listen."

"I don't know that. You have no business to talk to a sentry on guard."

"Perhaps you are not aware of one circumstance," said the miller, with something like a sneer; "namely, that your friends have abandoned you here altogether. They are on their march into Bohemia."

14. "Enough talk! I have nothing to say to you."

"Indeed! But I have something to say to you. You are our prisoner!"

"Pooh!"

The burgomaster's voice was heard from the lower steps, coming muffled by the thick wall. "Halloo, there! Is that Prussian rascal to keep us here all day? Why don't you bring him down?"

15. "He won't come!"

"Won't come? Nonsense! Drag him down!"

"Would you like to try it, Mr. Burgomaster?"

"The first man that advances within three steps of the doorway I will send my bayonet into," said Otto.

The miller re-descended to his friends. There was a dead pause. All at once the tavern-keeper made a brilliant suggestion. Why should they not reduce the enemy by famine? The idea was received with enthusiasm.

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16. It was resolved that the contumacious sentry should be informed that he would remain there without food until such time as he chose to submit himself to the civic authorities, and deliver up his needle-gun into their hands.

Otto listened with grave attention to the decision of the council of war. Then, after a short pause of deliberation, he made answer thus:—

17. "I am sorry that the people of Goldenau show such a spirit, and I think it my duty to warn you that this trick of yours may result unpleasantly to yourselves when my comrades come to relieve me. But as to your threat of starving me out, that 's all nonsense. I have a good supply of cartridges; I am a good shot; this tower commands the square, and all the lanes leading to it;—and unless I am fed, and well fed, I swear to you solemnly that I will pick off every human being who approaches within a hundred yards of the well yonder to draw water. There! deliver that message as my answer to the burgomaster."

18. With ludicrously chapfallen aspect the miller carried these bold, resolute words to his companions. The result was, that Otto was left to sustain a siege on the top of the belfry—a siege with the unusual circumstance that the besiegers were supplying the garrison with victuals.

For two days this state of things lasted. On the third day the regiment returned, and the guard was relieved.

19. When Otto descended from his airy station and appeared on the square, his comrades greeted him with a ringing "Hurrah!" and his captain said a few kind words, applauding his fidelity and endurance. The explanation of his having been abandoned was simply that in the hurry of an unexpected summons he had been forgotten. The contemplated attack had not taken place, however, and Otto's regiment was now in full march to join the main army.

F. E. Trollope.

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Preparatory Study.

I. **Frances Eleanor Trollope,** author of "The Sacristan's Household," in which novel the foregoing incident is related, is an English novelist. Her style is pleasing and interesting.

II. **Păr'a pet,** *a wall breast high.* **Frŏn'tiẽr,** *the border.* **Mōlt'en,** *melted.* **Bûrg'o más'ter,** *a magistrate of towns in Holland, Belgium, and Germany, corresponding to mayor in the United States.* **Civ'ic,** *of a city.* **Hem'mer ich, dis cern'** (diz zern').

III. **Gol'de nau** (gōl'de now) is a village in Saxony, which was occupied by the Prussians in the war of 1866. During this war, the incident above related really occurred.

IV. Relate this story in your own words, then write it in an abridged form, giving the principal points, but omitting the conversational parts. (19) Write this paragraph, substituting synonyms of **descended, station,** and any other words that you may select (*ten,* at least).

LXXXV.—Early Spring.

1.

Once more the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And domes the red-plow'd hills
With loving blue;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The throstles, too.

2.

Opens a door in Heaven;
From skies of glass
A Jacob's-ladder falls
On greening grass,
And o'er the mountain-walls
Young angels pass.

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3.

Before them fleets the shower,
And burst the buds,
And shine the level lands,
And flash the floods;
The stars are from their hands
Flung through the woods;

4.

The woods by living airs
How freshly fann'd,
Light airs from where the deep,
All down the sand,
Is breathing in his sleep,
Heard by the land!

5.

O follow, leaping blood,
The season's lure!
O heart, look down and up,
Serene, secure,
Warm as the crocus-cup,
Like snow-drops, pure!

6.

Past, future, glimpse and fade
Through some slight spell,
Some gleam from yonder vale,
Some far blue fell,
And sympathies, how frail,
In sound and smell.

7.

Till at thy chuckled note,
Thou twinkling bird,
The fairy fancies range,
And, lightly stirr'd,
Ring little bells of change
From word to word.

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8.

For now the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And thaws the cold and fills
The flower with dew;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The poets, too.

Alfred Tennyson.

Preparatory Study.

I. **Alfred Tennyson** (1810-——) was born in Lincolnshire, England, and educated at the University of Cambridge. His famous poem, "In Memoriam," a tribute to the memory of Arthur H. Hallam, the dearest friend of the poet, is considered, by critics in general, as the finest monody, or *song of grief*, in the English language. On the death of Wordsworth, Tennyson was made poet-laureate, or court-poet. His genius seems capable of directing itself to every variety of sentiment. In 1883, Tennyson was made **Baron Tennyson-D'Eyn court** (dane'court).

II. (1) Find an example of ellipsis. (2, 3) Find examples of hyperbaton. (4) What example of personification occurs? (5) What examples of ellipsis are in the last two lines? Define each figure named.

III. **Thros'tle** (thrŏs'sl), *the song-thrush.* **Fell,** *a hill.*

IV. **Jacob's-ladder** is an allusion to Genesis 28: 12—"And he (Jacob) dreamed, and behold, a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold, the angels of God ascending and descending on it."

V. In each **stanza**, the first, third, and fifth lines are written in **iambic trim'e ter**, that is, each is composed of *three iambic feet.* The second, fourth, and sixth lines are in **iambic dim'e ter**, or measure of *two iambic feet.*

A trimeter is a line of three poetical feet.

A dimeter is a line of two poetical feet.

VI. Write a prose version of this poem.

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LXXXVI.—Evening in Westminster Abbey.

1. The sound of casual footsteps had ceased from the abbey. I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening service, and the faint responses of the choir; these paused for a time, and all was hushed. The stillness, the desertion, and obscurity that were gradually prevailing around gave a deeper and more solemn interest to the place,—

> "*For in the silent grave no conversation,*
> *No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,*
> *No careful father's counsel—nothing 's heard,*
> *For nothing is, but all oblivion,*
> *Dust, and an endless darkness.*"

2. Suddenly the notes of the deep-laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulchre vocal!

3. And now they rise in triumph, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound. And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break forth in sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft, and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven.

4. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn, sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful; it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls; the ear is stunned, the senses are overwhelmed.

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5. And now it is winding up in full jubilee; it is rising from the earth to heaven; the very soul seems rapt away, floating upward on this swelling tide of harmony. I sat for some time, lost in that kind of reverie which a strain of music is apt, at times, to inspire. The shadows of evening were gradually thickening around me, and the distant clock gave token of the slowly waning day.

6. I rose and prepared to leave the abbey. As I descended the flight of steps which lead into the body of the building, my eye was caught by the shrine of Edward the Confessor, and I ascended the small staircase that conducts to it, to take from thence a general survey of this wilderness of tombs.

7. The shrine is elevated upon a platform, and close around it are the sepulchres of kings and queens. From this eminence the eye looks down between pillars and funeral trophies to the chapels and chambers below, crowded with tombs where warriors, prelates, courtiers, and statesmen lie mouldering in their "beds of darkness."

8. Close by me stood the great chair of coronation, rudely carved of oak, in the barbarous taste of a remote and Gothic age. The scene seemed almost as if contrived, with theatrical artifice, to produce an effect upon the beholder. Here was a type of the beginning and the end of human pomp and power; here it was literally but a step from the throne to the sepulchre.

9. Would not one think that these incongruous mementos had been gathered together as a lesson to living greatness, to show, even in the moment of its proudest exaltation, how soon that crown which encircles its brow must pass away, and it must lie down in the dust and disgraces of the tomb, and be trampled upon by the feet of the meanest multitude? For, strange to tell, even the grave is here no longer a sanctuary.

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10. There is shocking levity in some natures, which leads them to sport with awful and hallowed things; and there are base minds which delight to revenge on the illustrious dead the abject and groveling servility which they pay to the living.

11. The coffin of Edward the Confessor has been broken open and his remains despoiled of their funereal ornaments; the scepter has been stolen from the hand of the imperious Elizabeth, and the effigy of Henry the Fifth lies headless. Not a royal monument but bears some proof how false and fugitive is the homage of mankind. Some are plundered, some mutilated, some covered with ribaldry and insult—all more or less outraged and dishonored.

12. The last beams of day were now faintly streaming through the painted windows in the high vaults above me; the lower parts of the abbey were already wrapped in the obscurity of twilight. The chapels and aisles grew darker and darker. The effigies of the kings faded into shadows; the marble figures of the monuments assumed strange shapes in the uncertain light; the evening breeze crept through the aisles like the cold breath of the grave; and even the distant footfall of a verger, traversing the Poet's Corner, had something strange and dreary in its sound. I retraced my morning's walk, and as I passed out of the portal of the cloisters, the door, closing with a jarring noise behind me, filled the building with echoes.

13. I endeavored to form some arrangement in my mind of the objects I had been contemplating, but found they were already fallen into indistinctness and confusion. Names, inscriptions, trophies, had all become confounded in my recollection, though I had scarcely taken my foot from off the threshold. What, thought I, is this vast assemblage of sepulchres but a treasury of humiliation, a huge

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pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown and the certainty of oblivion? It is, indeed, the empire of Death; his great shadowy palace, where he sits in state, mocking at the relics of human glory, and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes.

14. How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name! Time is ever silently turning over his pages; we are too much engrossed by the story of the present to think of the characters and anecdotes that gave interest to the past; and each age is a volume thrown aside to be speedily forgotten.

15. The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection, and will, in turn, be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow. "Our fathers," says Sir Thomas Browne, "find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors."

16. History fades into fable; fact becomes clouded with doubt and controversy; the inscription moulders from the tablet; the statue falls from the pedestal. Columns, arches, pyramids, what are they but heaps of sand, and their epitaphs but characters written in dust? What is the security of a tomb, or the perpetuity of an embalmment?

17. The remains of Alexander have been scattered to the wind, and his empty sarcophagus is now the mere curiosity of a museum. "The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth; Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams."

18. What, then, is to insure this pile, which now towers above me, from sharing the fate of mightier mausoleums? The time must come when its gilded vaults, which now spring so loftily, shall be in rubbish beneath the feet; when, instead of the sound of melody and praise, the wind shall whistle through the broken arches, and the

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owl hoot from the shattered tower—when sunbeams shall break into these mansions of death, and the ivy twine round the fallen column, and the foxglove hang its blossoms about the nameless urn, as if in mockery of the dead.

Thus man passes away; his name perishes from record and recollection; his history is as a tale that is told, and his very monument becomes a ruin.

Washington Irving.

Preparatory Study.

I. Shad'ōw y, per'pe tu'i ty, mu ṣē'um, mau so lē'um, ped'es tal, con sūm'eth, re it'er a ted.

II. Westminster Abbey, within whose walls most English kings have been crowned, and many of them interred, was built, it is said, by a king of the East Saxons, about 610, and rebuilt by **Edward the Confessor** (1041–1066). (**1**) The quotation is from a poem entitled "The Grave," written by **Robert Blair** (1699–1746), a Scotch poet. (**8**) **Gothic** signifies *belonging to the Goths*, an ancient tribe, of Asiatic origin, who overran the Roman empire and hastened its downfall. (**9**) **These in coṇ'gru ous me men'tōs** are the chair of coronation and the tombs around. What does **incongruous** signify?

(**11**) **Elizabeth**, daughter of Henry VIII., was queen of England from 1558 to 1603. **Henry the Fifth**, king from 1413 to 1422, was one of the bravest and most upright of English sovereigns. **Rib'ald ry** is *low, vulgar language.* (**12**) A **verger** is an inferior officer in a cathedral, whose duty it is to preserve order during church service, etc.

(**13**) A **hom'i ly** is a *sermon* or *religious discourse.* (**15**) **Sir Thomas Browne** (1605–1682) was an eminent English physician, philosopher, and writer. A **sar coph'a gus** was a coffin made originally of a kind of limestone that consumed, in a few weeks, the flesh of the bodies placed within it. **Cam bȳ'sēṣ**, king of the Medes and Persians, succeeded his father, Cyrus the Great, about 530 B. C. **Miz'ra im** and **Pha'raōh** were kings of Ẹgypt.

III. (**12**) Write this paragraph, using synonyms of **faintly, obscurity, effigies, crept, traversing,** and **dreary,** and tell which words are better, the author's or the substituted words.

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LXXXVII.—The Blue and the Gray.

1.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

2.

Those, in the robings of glory,
These, in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

3.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

4.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,

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With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
'Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

5.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

6.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

7.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

F. M. Finch.

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Preparatory Study.

I. **Francis Miles Finch**, a New York jurist and poet, first published these verses in the Atlantic Monthly. On Decoration Day, 1867, the women of Columbus, Mississippi, "impartially tender" in honoring the memory of the dead, strewed flowers alike on the graves of Confederate and Union soldiers. Judge Finch paid tribute to the noble action in the poem whose pathos and beauty make it worthy of the sentiment that it commemorates.

II. (2) Explain the antithesis. Who are **those** and **these**? (4) What figure of etymology does **'broidered** illustrate?

III. (1) Who are meant by the **Blue** and the **Gray**? What is meant by **fleets of iron**? (2) What do the **laurel** and the **willow** signify? (6) What was the **generous deed**? (7) Explain the expression, "they laurel the graves."

IV. (3) What part of speech is **laden**? What does it modify? What part of speech is **alike**? What synonym may be used in its place? (5) **Calleth** and **falleth** are solemn or old English forms of **calls** and **falls**? Why are they used here? (6) What does **sadly** qualify? In what case is **upbraiding**, and what part of speech is it?

LXXXVIII.—Walter the Doubter.

1. It was in the year 1633 that Mynheer Wouter Van Twiller was appointed governor of the province of New Netherlands, under the commission and the control of their High Mightinesses the Lords-States-General of the United Netherlands, and the privileged West India Company.

2. This renowned old gentleman arrived at New Amsterdam in the merry month of June, the sweetest month in all the year—when Dan Apollo seems to dance up the transparent firmament—when the robin, the thrush, and a thousand other songsters make the woods resound with their ditties—all of which happy coincidence persuaded the old dames of New Amsterdam that this was to be a prosperous administration.

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3. The renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam, and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety that they were never either heard or talked of—which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of all magistrates and rulers.

4. There are two opposite ways by which some men make a figure in the world—one by talking faster than they think, and the other by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first, many a smatterer acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts; by the other, many a dunderpate, like the owl, the most stupid of birds, comes to be considered the very type of wisdom. This, by the way, is a casual remark, which I would not, for the universe, apply to Governor Van Twiller.

5. It is true he was a man shut up within himself, like an oyster, and rarely spoke except in monosyllables; but then he rarely said a foolish thing. So invincible was his gravity that he was never known to laugh, or even to smile, through the whole course of a long and prosperous life. Nay, if a joke were uttered in his presence, it was observed to throw him in a state of perplexity.

6. Sometimes he would deign to inquire into the matter, and when, after much explanation, the joke was made as plain as a pike-staff, he would continue to smoke his pipe in silence, and at length, knocking out the ashes, would exclaim, "Well! I see nothing in all that to laugh about." With all his reflective habits, he never made up his mind on any subject. His adherents accounted for this by the astonishing magnitude of his ideas. He conceived every subject on so grand a scale that he had not room in his head to turn it over and examine both sides of it.

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7. Certain it is that if any matter were propounded to him, on which ordinary mortals would rashly determine at first glance, he would put on a vague, mysterious look; shake his capacious head; smoke some time in profound silence, and at length observe that "he had his doubts about the matter"—which gained him the reputation of a man slow of belief and not easily imposed upon. What is more, it gained him a lasting name; for, to this habit of the mind has been attributed his surname of Twiller, which is said to be a corruption of the original Twijfler, or, in plain English, *Doubter*.

8. The person of this illustrious old gentleman was formed and proportioned as if it had been molded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary, as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions that dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his back bone, just between the shoulders.

His body was oblong and particularly capacious. His legs were short, but sturdy in proportion to the weight that they had to sustain, so that, when erect, he had not a little the appearance of a beer barrel on skids.

9. His face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is called expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament; and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of everything that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled, and streaked with dusky red.

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10. His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four and twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller—a true philosopher, for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world.

11. The very outset of the career of this excellent magistrate was distinguished by an example of legal acumen that gave flattering presage of a wise and equitable administration. The morning after he had been installed in office, and at the moment that he was making his breakfast from a prodigious earthen dish, filled with milk and Indian pudding, he was interrupted by the appearance of Wandle Schoonhoven, a burgher of New Amsterdam, who complained bitterly of one Barent Bleecker, inasmuch as he refused to come to a settlement of accounts, seeing that there was a heavy balance in favor of the said Wandle.

12. The two parties being confronted before Governor Van Twiller, each produced a book of accounts that would have puzzled anybody but a High Dutch commentator, or a learned decipherer of Egyptian obelisks. The sage Wouter took them one after the other, and having poised them in his hands, and attentively counted over the number of leaves, fell straightway into a very great doubt, and smoked for half an hour, without saying a word.

13. At length, laying his finger beside his nose, and shutting his eyes for a moment, he slowly took his pipe from his mouth, puffed forth a column of smoke, and with marvelous gravity and solemnity pronounced that, having carefully counted over the leaves and weighed the books, it was found that one was just as thick and as heavy as the other—hence it was the opinion of the court that the accounts were equally balanced: therefore Wandle

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should give Barent a receipt, and Barent should give Wandle a receipt—and the constable should pay the costs.

14. This decision diffused general joy throughout New Amsterdam, for the people immediately perceived that they had a very wise and equitable magistrate to rule over them. Not another lawsuit took place throughout the administration of Governor Van Twiller, and the office of constable fell into such decay that there was not one of those losel scouts known in the province for many years.

15. I am the more particular in dwelling on this transaction, not only because I deem it one of the most sage and righteous judgments on record, and well worthy the attention of modern magistrates; but because it was a miraculous event in the history of the renowned Wouter—being the only time he was ever known to come to a decision in the whole course of his life. *Washington Irving.*

Preparatory Study.

I. This description of the second Dutch governor of New York is from "Knickerbocker's History of New York," a humorous narrative of New Netherlands under its four Dutch governors.

II. (**3, 4, 7, 10, 15**) Select examples of irony, and explain each. (**5, 6, 10**) Select similes. Define the figures named.

III. **Mŷn heer′**, *the ordinary form of address among Dutchmen.* The **States-General** of the Netherlands *was the legislative body, composed of two houses.* **Dan Apollo** (*Sir* or *Master* Apollo) signifies the *sun.* **Skids**, *pieces of timber used for supports.* **Frē′sage** or **prĕs′age**, *token; omen.* **Com′men ta′tor**, *one who makes remarks or notes.*

High Dutch or **High German** *is the language spoken in the elevated and southern parts of Germany; hence, the cultivated German.* **Loṣ′el**, *wasteful; slothful.* **Schoon ho′ven**, **Bā′rent**, **Twij′fler** (twē fler).

The province of **New Netherlands** included, at one time, New York, New Jersey, and Delaware. **New Amsterdam** was the Dutch name of the city of New York. Locate **Rotterdam.**

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LXXXIX.—True Rest.

1.

Sweet is the pleasure
Itself cannot spoil!
Is not true leisure
One with true toil?

2.

Thou that wouldst taste it,
Still do thy best;
Use it, not waste it,—
Else 't is no rest.

3.

Wouldst behold beauty
Near thee, all round?
Only hath duty
Such a sight found.

4.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.

5.

'T is the brook's motion
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After its life.

6.

Deeper devotion
Nowhere hath knelt;
Fuller emotion
Heart never felt.

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7.

'T is loving and serving
The highest and best;
'T is onwards, unswerving —
And that is true rest.

John S. Dwight.

Preparatory Study.

I. **John Sullivan Dwight** (1813-——) was born in Boston, Mass. For over thirty years he was editor of "Dwight's Journal of Music." His translation of the minor poems of Goethe and Schiller was received with great favor.

II. (**1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7**) Select examples of ellipsis, synæresis, hyperbaton, and metonymy. Define each figure named. (**1, 2**) Select examples of antithesis. A formal contrast, or **antithesis**, is a figure of rhetoric.

Antithesis is the statement of a contrast or opposition of words or sentiments.

XC.—Fifty Years After.

1. Of the illustrious signers of the Declaration of Independence, there now remains only Charles Carroll. He seems an aged oak, standing alone on the plain, which time has spared a little longer after all his contemporaries have been leveled with the dust. Sole survivor of an assembly of as great men as the world has witnessed, in a transaction one of the most important that history records, what thoughts, what interesting reflections, must fill his elevated and devout soul!

2. If he dwell upon the past, how touching its recollections! If he survey the present, how happy, how joyous, how full of the fruition of that hope which his ardent

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patriotism indulged! If he glance at the future, how does the prospect of his country's advancement almost bewilder his weakened conception! Fortunate, distinguished patriot! Let him know that, while we honor the dead, we do not forget the living; and that there is not a heart here which does not fervently pray that Heaven may yet keep him back from the society of his companions.

3. Let us not retire from this occasion without a deep and solemn conviction of the duties which have devolved upon us. This lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchase of our fathers are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past, and generations to come, hold us responsible for this sacred trust.

4. Our fathers admonish us, with their anxious, paternal voices; posterity calls out to us, from the bosom of the future; the world turns hither its solicitous eyes; all, all conjure us to act wisely and faithfully in the relation which we sustain. We can never, indeed, pay the debt which is upon us; but by virtue, by morality, by religion, by the cultivation of every good principle, and every good habit, we may hope to enjoy the blessing, through our day, and to leave it unimpaired to our children.

5. Let us feel deeply how much of what we are, and of what we possess, we owe to this liberty, and to these institutions of government. Nature has, indeed, given us a soil which yields bounteously to the hand of industry; the mighty and fruitful ocean is before us; and the skies over our heads shed health and vigor. But what are lands, and seas, and skies, to civilized man, without society, without knowledge, without morals, without religious culture? and how can these be enjoyed, in all their extent and all their excellence, but under the protection of wise institutions and a free government?

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6. There is not one of us here present who does not, at this moment, and at every moment, experience, in his own condition, and in the condition of those most near and dear to him, the influence and the benefits of this liberty and these institutions. Let us, then, acknowledge the blessing, let us feel it deeply and powerfully, let us cherish a strong affection for it, and resolve to maintain and perpetuate it. The blood of our fathers, let it not have been shed in vain; the great hope of prosperity, let it not be blasted.

7. The striking attitude, too, in which we stand to the world around us, a topic to which, I fear, I advert too often, cannot be altogether omitted here. Neither individuals nor nations can perform their part well, until they understand and feel its importance, and comprehend and appreciate all the duties belonging to it.

8. It is not to inflate national vanity, or to swell a light and empty feeling of self-importance, but it is that we may judge justly of our situation, and of our own duties, that I earnestly urge upon you this consideration of our position and our character among the nations of the earth. It cannot be denied, but by those who would dispute against the sun, that with America, and in America, a new era commences in human affairs.

9. This era is distinguished by free representative governments, by entire religious liberty, by improved systems of national intercourse, by a newly awakened and an unconquerable spirit of free inquiry, and by a diffusion of knowledge through the community, such as has been before altogether unknown and unheard of. America, our country, our own dear and native land, is inseparably connected, fast bound up, in fortune and by fate, with these great interests. If they fall, we fall with them; if they stand, it will be because we have maintained them.

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10. Let us contemplate, then, this connection, which binds the prosperity of others to our own; and let us manfully discharge all the duties that it imposes. If we cherish the virtues and the principles of our fathers, Heaven will assist us to carry on the work of human liberty and human happiness. Auspicious omens cheer us. Great examples are before us. Our own firmament now shines brightly upon our path. Beneath this illumination let us walk the course of life, and at its close devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us all, to the Divine Benignity. *Daniel Webster.*

Preparatory Study.

I. Daniel Webster (1782–1852) was born in Salisbury, N. H., and died at Marshfield, Mass. He removed to Boston in 1816. He was a member of Congress from 1813 to 1817, and from 1823 to 1827; U. S. Senator from 1827 to 1839, when he resigned, and from 1845 to 1850, when he again resigned. He was Secretary of State under Presidents Harrison, Tyler, and Fillmore. As orator, statesman, and expounder of constitutional law, he is without a superior, perhaps without an equal, among his countrymen.

II. In'sti tū'tions, cult'ūre, per pet'ū ate, blást'ed, at'ti tūde, in quir'y, il lu'mi na'tion. Fru i'tion, *enjoyment.* **Be nign'** (be nīn'), *generous, gracious.* **Au spi'cious,** *favorable.*

III. The death of Adams and Jefferson, on the fiftieth anniversary of American independence, left **Charles Carroll**, of Maryland, the sole surviving signer of the Declaration. Daniel Webster's famous oration upon the deceased statesmen was delivered on the **2d of August, 1826**, exactly **fifty years after** the day upon which Congress in general, including Adams and Jefferson, had signed the Declaration of Independence.

IV. Analyze **prospect, devolved** (*volvere*), **transmit, sustain, condition, omitted, maintained.**

V. (**2**) What contrasted words are emphatic? (**6**) Why are **this** and **every** emphatic? (**8**) In the last sentence, indicate the emphatic words, and explain the emphasis.

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XCI.—Address of Brutus to the Romans.

1. Romans, countrymen, and lovers, hear me for my cause; and be silent that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him, I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition.

2. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? if any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? if any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? if any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply—— (*Citizens.* None, Brutus, none.) Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death. Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive—the benefit of his dying—a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart; that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.—*Shakespeare.*

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XCII.—Antony's Address to the Romans.

1.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interréd with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar! The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious.
If it were so, it was a grievous fault:—
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men;)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.——

2.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransom did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.

3.

You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown;
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
But here I am to speak what I do know.

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4.

You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar;
And I must pause till it comes back to me.

5.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong—I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

6.

But here 's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet: 't is his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood—
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.——

7.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening in his tent:
That day he overcame the Nervii:—

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Look! In this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made—
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his curséd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!
This was the most unkindest cut of all!
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him!

8.

Then burst his mighty heart:
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I and you, and all of us, fell down;
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity:—these are gracious drops.

9.

Kind souls! What, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!
Here is himself—marred, as you see, by traitors.
Good friends! sweet friends! Let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny!
They that have done this deed are honorable!
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it! They are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.

10.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts!
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend—and that they know full well,
That gave me public leave to speak of him!

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For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on:
I tell you that which you yourselves do know—
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Shakespeare.

Preparatory Study.

I. These "**Addresses**" are from the play of "Julius Cæsar," Act III., Scene 2. **Marcus Junius Brutus**, the chief conspirator against **Julius Cæsar**, was a true lover of liberty, and thought Cæsar's death necessary to the freedom of Rome. **Mark Antony** was Cæsar's friend, and sought to inflame the people against Brutus.

II. Select examples of climax and antithesis in the "Address of Brutus." In "Antony's Address," select examples of irony, antithesis, apostrophe, interrogation, synæresis, ellipsis, hyperbole, metonymy, and hyperbaton. Define each figure named.

III. (**2**) The **Capitol** was the temple of Jupiter in Rome. (**3**) The **Lu per'cal** (here pronounced Lu'per cal) was a feast of the Romans, in February, in honor of their god Pan. (**7**) **Cas'si us** and **Cas'ca** were among the assassins of Cæsar. The **Ner'vĭ ī** were one of the Belgic tribes, who, in Cæsar's time, lived between the Rhine and the Seine **Most unkindest**, which is a double superlative, is incorrect: Shakespeare's use of such expressions is justifiable by poetic license, and, perhaps, by the grammatical style of his time (300 years ago).

IV. Define blank verse. In what measure is "Antony's Address"? (**1**) Scan the third and the fourth lines.

V. (**2, 3**) How did Antony try to prove that Cæsar was not ambitious? State fully, in your own words, the orator's three arguments.

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XCIII.—Quotations from Shakespeare.

1. True hope is just, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

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2. The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten times barred-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honor is my life; both grow in one:
Take honor from me, and my life is done.

---

3. Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and the stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

---

4. The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway:
It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

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5. Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty,
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's.

6. What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

7. Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There 's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

8. 'T is the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?

9. Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 't is something, nothing;
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

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XCIV.—Speech against War.

1. What, sir, is the question in dispute? The carrying trade. What part of it? The fair, the honest, and the useful trade, that is engaged in carrying our own productions to foreign markets, and bringing back their productions in exchange?

2. No, sir; it is that carrying trade which covers enemies' property, and carries the coffee, the sugar, and other West India products to the mother country. No, sir; if this great agricultural nation is to be governed by Salem and Boston, New York and Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk and Charleston, let gentlemen come out and say so; and let a committee of public safety be appointed from these towns to carry on the government.

3. I, for one, will not mortgage my property and my liberty to carry on this trade. The nation said so seven years ago; I said so then, I say so now. It is not for the honest carrying trade, but for this mushroom, this fungus of war,—for a trade which, as soon as the nations of Europe are at peace, will cease to exist,—it is for this that the spirit of avaricious traffic would plunge us into war.

4. But yet, sir, I have a more cogent reason against going to war for the honor of the flag in the narrow seas, or any other maritime punctilio. It springs from my attachment to the principles of the government under which I live. I declare, in the face of day, that this government was not instituted for the purposes of offensive war. No; it was framed, to use its own language, for the common defense and general welfare, which are inconsistent with such war.

5. As, in 1798, I was opposed to this species of warfare, because I believed it would raze the Constitution to its very foundation; so, in 1806, I am opposed to it on the

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very same grounds. No sooner do you put the Constitution to this use,—to a test which it is by no means calculated to endure,—than its incompetency to such purposes becomes manifest and apparent to all. I fear that, if you go into a foreign war, for a circuitous, unfair foreign trade, you will come out without your Constitution.

6. We shall be told that our government is too free, or, in other words, too weak and inefficient,—much virtue, sir, in terms; that we must give the President power to call forth the resources of the nation,—that is, to filch the last shilling from our pockets, or to drain the last drop of blood from our veins. I am against giving this power to any man, be he who he may.

7. The American people must either withhold this power, or resign their liberties. There is no other alternative. Nothing but the most imperious necessity will justify such a grant. And is there a powerful enemy at the door? You may begin with a First Consul. From that chrysalis state, he soon becomes an emperor. You have your choice. It depends upon your election whether you will be a free, happy, and united people at home, or the light of your executive majesty shall beam across the ocean in one general blaze of the public liberty.

John Randolph.

Preparatory Study.

I. John Randolph of Roanoke (1773–1833) was born in Chesterfield County, Virginia. He claimed descent from Pocahontas, and was very proud of his Indian ancestry. In the House of Representatives and in the Senate, he was famous for his sharp, unsparing wit, his ready sarcasm, and fiery eloquence.

II. Fun′gus, *a spongy growth.* **Co′gent,** *forcible.* **Punc til′io** (punk til′yo), *a nice point of ceremony.* **Cir cu′i tous,** *roundabout.* **Chrys′a lis,** *the form from which the insect emerges.* **Ăl ter′na tive.**

III. Analyze **executive** (*sequi*); **cogent** (*agere*).

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XCV.—Napoleon at Gotha.

1.

Where o'er the windy uplands the slated turrets shine,
Duke August ruled at Gotha, in Castle Friedenstein—
A handsome prince and courtly, of light and shallow heart,
No better than he should be, but with a taste for Art.

2.

The fight was fought at Jena, eclipsed was Prussia's sun,
And by the French invaders the land was overrun;
But while the German people were silent in despair,
Duke August painted pictures, and curled his yellow hair.

3.

Now, when at Erfurt gathered the ruling royal clan,
Themselves the humble subjects, their lord the Corsican,
Each bade to ball and banquet the sparer of his line—
Duke August, with the others, to Castle Friedenstein.

4.

Then were the larders rummaged, the forest stags were slain,
The tuns of oldest vintage showered out their golden rain;
The towers were bright with banners—but all the people said:
"We, slaves, must feed our master—would God that he were [dead!"

5.

They drilled the ducal guardsmen, men young and straight and [tall,
To form a double column, from gate to castle-wall;
And as there were but fifty, the first must wheel away,
Fall in beyond the others, and lengthen the array.

6.

"*Parbleu!*" Napoleon muttered. "Your Highness' guards I prize,
So young and strong and handsome, and all of equal size!"
"You, Sire," replied Duke August, "may have as fine, if you
Will twice or thrice repeat them, as I am forced to do!"

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7.

Now, in the castle household, of all the folk, was one
Whose heart was hot within him, the Ducal Huntsman's son;
A proud and bright-eyed stripling, scarce fifteen years he had,
But free of hall and chamber: Duke August loved the lad.

8.

He saw the forceful homage; he heard the shouts that came
From base throats, or unwilling, but, equally, of shame:
He thought, "One man has done it—one life would free the land,
But all are slaves and cowards, and none will lift a hand!

9.

"My grandsire hugged a bear to death, when broke his hunting-spear;
And has this little Frenchman a muzzle I should fear?
If kings are cowed, and princes, and all the land is scared,
Perhaps a boy can show them the thing they might have dared!"

10.

Napoleon on the morrow was coming once again,
(And all the castle knew it) without his courtly train;
And, when the stairs were mounted, there was no other road
But one long, lonely passage to where the Duke abode.

11.

None guessed the secret purpose the silent stripling kept:
Deep in the night he waited, and, when his father slept,
Took from the rack of weapons a musket old and tried,
And cleaned the lock and barrel, and laid it at his side.

12.

He held it fast in slumber, he lifted it in dreams
Of sunlit mountain forests and stainless mountain streams;
And in the morn he loaded — the load was bullets three:
For Deutschland — for Duke August,— and now the third for me!"

13.

"What! ever will be hunting?" the stately marshal cried;
"I'll fetch a stag of twenty!" the pale-faced boy replied,

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As, clad in forest color, he sauntered through the court,
And said, when none could hear him: "Now may the time be short!"

14.

The corridor was vacant, the windows full of sun;
He stole within the midmost, and primed afresh his gun;
Then stood, with all his senses alert in ear and eye,
To catch the lightest signal that showed the Emperor nigh.

15.

A sound of wheels; a silence; the muffled sudden jar
Of guards their arms presenting — a footstep mounting far,
Then nearer, briskly nearer — a footstep and alone!
And at the farther portal appeared Napoleon.

16.

Alone, his hands behind him, his firm and massive head
With brooded plans uplifted, he came with measured tread:
And yet, those feet had shaken the nations from their poise,
And yet, that will to shake them depended on the boy's!

17.

With finger on the trigger, the gun held hunter-wise,
His rapid heart-beats sending the blood to brain and eyes;
The boy stood, firm and deadly — another moment's space,
And then the Emperor saw him, and halted, face to face!

18.

A mouth as cut in marble, an eye that pierced and stung
As might a god's, all-seeing, the soul of one so young:
A look that read his secret, and lamed his callow will,
That only smiled, and dared him his purpose to fulfil!

19.

As one a serpent trances, the boy, forgetting all,
Felt but that face, nor noted the harmless musket's fall.
Nor breathed, nor thought, nor trembled; but, pale and cold as stone,
Saw pass, nor look behind him, the calm Napoleon.

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20.

And these two kept their secret; but from that day began
The sense of fate and duty that made the boy a man;
And long he lived to tell it, and — better — lived to say,
"God's purposes were grander; He thrust me from His way!"

Bayard Taylor.

Preparatory Study.

I. (**1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 10, 11**) Select examples of hyperbaton; (**1, 6, 13**) of syncope, apocope, and synæresis; (**2, 3, 4, 9, 12, 14, 16, 20**) of antithesis and metaphor; (**3, 5, 9, 11, 15, 18, 19**) of ellipsis and simile; (**8, 9, 14, 19**) of metonymy and hyperbole. Define each figure named.

(**19**) "Felt but that face" signifies *felt but the power of that man*, and is an example of **syn ec'do che**, which is a figure of rhetoric.

Synecdoche is the use of a part for the whole, or the whole for a part.

II. **Păr bleû'**, *an exclamation of wonder.* **Deutsch'land** (doitch'länd), *Germany.* **Mus'zle**, *the mouth; the projecting mouth and nose of an animal.* **Cal'lŏw**, *unfledged, unable to fly;* hence, *very young and untrained.* **Au'gust** (ow'gōōst), **Fried'en stein** (frēd'en stīn), **Go'tha** (gō'tä), **Je'na** (yā'nä), **Er'furt** (ăr'fōōrt).

III. (**3**) Who was the **Corsican**? (**4**) What was the **golden rain**? (**9**) Who was the **little Frenchman**? (**16**) What do the last two lines mean? (**1, 2**) Describe Duke August in your own words. (**16, 18, 19**) Describe Napoleon. (**9**) What was the lad's purpose? (**18, 19**) Why did it fail?

Give synonyms of (**2**) eclipsed, (**3**) reigning, clan, humble, banquet, (**4**) slain, showered, (**6**) compelled, (**7**) stripling, (**8**) homage, base, free, (**9**) cowed, (**11**) guessed, (**12**) stainless, (**13**) sauntered, (**14**) vacant, alert, signal, (**16**) poise, (**19**) trances, purposes.

IV. Analyze presenting, purpose, senses.

V. (**1**) Why is **should** emphatic? (**3**) Why do **clan, subjects** and **Corsican** take the rising inflection? (**20**) Why should there be a pause after **boy**?

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XCVI.—The Burning of Moscow.

1. When Napoleon first came within sight of Moscow, with its domes, and towers, and palaces, he gazed long and thoughtfully on that goal of his wishes. Murat was the first to enter the gates, with his splendid cavalry; but, as he passed along the streets, he was struck by the solitude that surrounded him. Nothing was heard but the tramp of his squadrons: a deserted city was the prize for which unparalleled efforts had been made.

2. As night drew its curtain over the splendid capital, Napoleon entered the gates, and immediately appointed Mortier governor, commanding him to abstain from all pillage. "For this," said he, "you shall be answerable with your life. Defend Moscow against all, whether friend or foe." The bright moon rose over the mighty city, tipping with silver the domes of more than two hundred churches, and pouring a flood of light over a thousand palaces, and the dwellings of three hundred thousand inhabitants. The weary army sank to rest; but there was no sleep for Mortier.

3. When he had entered the city, scarcely a living soul met his gaze as he looked down the long streets; and when he broke open the buildings, he found them all furnished and in order—but no occupants! This sudden abandonment of their homes betokened some secret purpose. The midnight moon was stealing over the city, when the cry of "Fire!" reached the ears of Mortier: the first light over Napoleon's faltering empire was kindled, and that most wondrous scene of modern times commenced—THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

4. Mortier, as governor of the city, immediately issued his orders, and was putting forth every exertion, when at daylight Napoleon hastened to him. Affecting to disbelieve

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the reports that the inhabitants were firing their own city, he gave more rigid commands to Mortier to keep the soldiers from the work of destruction. The marshal simply pointed to some iron-covered houses, from every crevice of which smoke was issuing, like steam from the sides of a pent-up volcano. Sad and thoughtful, Napoleon turned toward the Kremlin, the ancient palace of the Czars, which rose high above the surrounding edifices.

5. In the morning, Mortier was enabled to subdue the fire. But the next night, Sept. 15, the sentinels on watch upon the lofty Kremlin saw at midnight the flames bursting through the houses and palaces; and the cry "Fire! fire!" again passed through the city. Fiery balloons were seen dropping from the air and alighting on the houses; dull explosions were heard on every side from the shut-up dwellings: the next moment light burst forth from them, and flames were raging through the apartments.

6. All was uproar and confusion. The serene air and moonlight of the night before had given way to driving clouds; and a wild tempest, like the roar of the sea, swept over the city. Flames arose on every side, blazing and crackling in the storm; white clouds of smoke and sparks in an incessant shower went driving toward the Kremlin. The clouds themselves seemed turned into fire, rolling wrath over devoted Moscow. Mortier, crushed with the responsibility thrown upon his shoulders, moved with his Young Guard amid this desolation, blowing up the houses and facing the tempest and the flames—struggling nobly to arrest the conflagration.

7. He hastened from place to place amid the ruins, his face blackened with smoke, and his hair and eyebrows singed with the fierce heat. When the day dawned, he entered a palace and dropped down from fatigue. The

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manly form and stalwart arm, that had so often carried death into the ranks of the enemy, gave way, and the gloomy marshal lay in utter exhaustion.

8. When night again enveloped the city, the wind had increased to a perfect hurricane, and shifted from quarter to quarter, as if on purpose to swell the sea of fire and extinguish the last hope. The fire was approaching the Kremlin: already the roar of the flames, the crash of falling houses, and the crackling of burning timbers, were borne to the ears of the startled Emperor. He arose and walked to and fro, gazing on the terrific scene. Murat and others of his marshals rushed into his presence, and on their knees besought him to flee; but he still clung to that palace, as if it were his empire.

9. But when the shout, "The Kremlin is on fire!" was heard above the roar of the conflagration, he reluctantly consented to leave. He descended into the streets with his staff, and looked about for a way of egress, but the flames blocked every passage. At length they discovered a gate leading to the Moskwa, and passed through it; but they had entered still farther into the danger.

10. Napoleon saw one single street yet open, but all on fire. Into this he rushed, and amid the crash of falling houses, and the raging of the flames, over burning ruins, through clouds of rolling smoke, and between walls of fire, he pressed on. Half suffocated, he emerged in safety from the blazing city, and took up his quarters in the imperial palace of Petrowsky, nearly three miles distant.

11. Mortier now redoubled his efforts to arrest the conflagration. Canopied by flame and smoke and cinders, and surrounded by walls of fire that rocked to and fro, and fell with a crash amid the blazing ruins, he struggled against an enemy that no boldness could awe or courage overcome.

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12. His brave troops had heard the tramp of cavalry sweeping to battle, without fear; but now they stood in terror before the march of the conflagration. The roar of the hurricane, mingled with that of the flames, was more terrible than the thunder of artillery; and before this new foe, in the midst of this battle of the elements, the awe-struck army stood powerless and affrighted.

13. When night again descended on the city, it presented a spectacle that baffles all description. The streets were streets of fire; the heavens a canopy of fire; and the entire body of the city a mass of fire, fed by a hurricane that sped the blazing fragments in a constant stream through the air. Incessant explosions shook the foundations of the city, and sent vast volumes of smoke rolling furiously toward the sky. Huge sheets of canvas on fire came floating, like messengers of death, through the flames. The towers and domes of churches and palaces were hurled by the tempest into the common ruin.

14. Thousands of wretches, driven by the heat from cellars and hovels, streamed in an incessant throng along the streets. O, it was a scene of woe and fear inconceivable and indescribable! A mighty and closely-packed city of houses and churches and palaces, wrapped from limit to limit in flames, fed by a whirling hurricane, is a sight this world has seldom seen.

15. When the flames had overcome all obstacles, and had wrapped everything in their red mantle, the great city looked like a sea of rolling fire, swept by a tempest that drove it into billows. The heavens themselves seemed to have caught the conflagration. Columns of flame rose and sunk along the surface of this sea, and huge volumes of black smoke suddenly shot into the air, as if volcanoes were working below.

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16. The black form of the Kremlin alone towered above the chaos — now wrapped in flame and smoke — again emerging into view — standing amid this scene of desolation and terror, like Virtue in the midst of a burning world, enveloped but unscathed by the devouring element. Napoleon stood and gazed on the scene in silent awe. Though nearly three miles distant, the windows and walls of his apartment were so hot that he could scarcely bear his hand against them. Years afterwards, he said,

"It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame; mountains of red rolling flames, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to the skies of flame above. O! it was the grandest, the most sublime, the most terrific sight the world ever beheld!"

J. T. Headley.

Preparatory Study.

I. Joel T. Headley (1814——) was born in Delaware County, N. Y. He is the author of "Napoleon and his Marshals," a "Life of Cromwell," etc.

II. Mu rat' (mu rä'), **Mor ti er'** (mor te ā'), **ṡtạl'wart, Pe trow'sky** (pā trōv'skee), **ex haus'tion** (egz hawst'yun), **un scăthed', el'e ments.**

III. (**9**) **Mos'cow** is on the **Mosk'wa** River. (**4**) The **Krem'lin** is the ancient citadel of Moscow; it contains the imperial palace, several churches and convents, an arsenal, etc. It is of a triangular form, about two miles in circuit, and surrounded by a high wall. The gilded domes and spires of its edifices give it a magnificent appearance. Moscow was formerly the capital of the Russian Empire; in 1812, it was burnt by the inhabitants to prevent its occupation by Napoleon and the French army.

IV. Give two synonyms of each of the following words: (**1**) **deserted,** (**2**) **abstain, pillage, answerable,** (**3**) **occupants, betokened, faltering,** (**4**) **rigid, edifices,** (**6**) **incessant, arrest.**

V. Analyze **capital** (*caput*); **apartment** (*pars*); **confusion** (*fundere*); **moved** (*movere*); **enemy** (*amicus*); **volumes, incessant, description.**

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When the knights had girded the noble dead,
And the burial-train moved out.

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XCVII.—The Cid's Funeral Procession.

1.

The Moor had beleaguered Valencia's towers,
And lances gleamed up through her citron bowers,
And the tents of the desert had girt her plain,
And camels were trampling the vines of Spain,
For the Cid was gone to rest.

2.

There were men from wilds where the death-wind sweeps;
There were spears from the hills where the lion sleeps;
There were bows from the sands where the ostrich runs,
For the shrill horn of Afric had called her sons
To the battles of the West.

3.

The midnight bell, o'er the dim seas heard
Like the roar of waters, the air had stirred;
The stars were shining o'er tower and wave,
And the camp lay hushed, as a wizard's cave;
But the Christians woke that night.

4.

They reared the Cid on his barbéd steed,
Like a warrior mailed for the hour of need;
And they fixed the sword in the cold right hand,
Which had fought so well for his father-land;
And the shield from his neck hung bright.

5.

There was arming heard in Valencia's halls,
There was vigil kept on the rampart walls;
Stars had not faded, nor clouds turned red,
When the knights had girded the noble dead,
And the burial-train moved out.

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6.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,
Was the still death march of the host begun;
With a silent step went the cuirassed bands,
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands,
And they gave no battle-shout.

7.

When the first went forth, it was midnight deep,
In heaven was the moon, in the camp was sleep:
When the last through the city's gates had gone,
O'er tent and rampart the bright day shone,
With a sun-burst from the sea.

8.

There were knights five hundred went armed before,
And Bermudez the Cid's green standard bore;
To its last fair field, with the break of morn,
Was the glorious banner in silence borne,
On the glad wind streaming free.

9.

And the Campeador came stately then,
Like a leader circled with steel-clad men!
The helmet was down o'er the face of the dead,
But his steed went proud, by a warrior led,
For he knew that the Cid was there.

10.

He was there, the Cid, with his own good sword,
And Ximena followed her noble lord;
Her eye was solemn, her step was slow,
But there rose not a sound of war or woe,
Not a whisper on the air.

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11.

But the deep hills pealed with a cry ere long,
When the Christians burst on the Paynim throng,
With a sudden flash of the lance and spear,
And a charge of the war-steed in full career,
It was Alvar Fañez came!

12.

He that was wrapped with no funeral shroud,
Had passed before like a threatening cloud!
And the storm rushed down on the tented plain,
And the Archer-Queen, with her bands lay slain,
For the Cid upheld his fame.

13.

Then a terror fell on the King Bucar,
And the Lybian kings who had joined his war;
And their hearts grew heavy, and died away,
And their hands could not wield an assagay,
For the dreadful things they saw.

14.

For it seemed where Minaya his onset made,
There were seventy thousand knights arrayed,
All white as the snow on Nevada's steep,
And they came like the foam of a roaring deep;
'T was a sight of fear and awe!

15.

And the crested form of a warrior tall,
With a sword of fire, went before them all;
With a sword of fire, and a banner pale,
And a blood-red cross on his shadowy mail,
He rode in the battle's van!

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16.

The kings and the leaders of Afric fled!
The sails of their galleys in haste were spread;
But the sea had its share of the Paynim slain,
And the bow of the desert was broke in Spain;
So the Cid to his grave passed on!

Felicia D. Hemans.

Preparatory Study.

I. **Felicia Dorothea Hĕm'ans** (1793–1835) was born in Liverpool, England. Her poetry has always been admired for its beautiful imagery, spirited, vivid description, melodious versification, and, above all, for the deep sense of religious truth and moral purity pervading it.

II. (**2, 3, 7, 9, 11, 14, 15**) Select examples of apocope, syncope, ellipsis, simile, antithesis, synæresis, and metaphor. Define each of these figures.

III. **Barb'ed,** *clothed with armor.* **Cui rassed** (kwē'rassed), *having armor for the body.* **As'sa gāy** (also spelled assegai and assagai), *a dart or spear used among the Africans.*

IV. The **Cĭd** was **Don Ro drī'go Laynez** (lī neth'), Count of Bī var' (1026 to 1099). He is regarded as the model of heroic virtues and the flower of Spanish chivalry. His honorable title, **Cid Cam pe'a dor'** (käm pā'ä dōr'), signifies *lord champion.*

(**4, 11, 14**) **Pe'ro Ber mu dez** (pā'ro bêr moo'deth) and **Ăl'var Fañ'ez Mi nay'a** (făn'yeth mē nī'yä) were noble warriors of the Cid's army. (**10**) **Xi me na** (hē mā'nä) was the wife of the Cid. (**11**) **Pāy'nim,** or **pai'nim,** signifies *pagan* or *infidel.*

(**12, 13**) The **Archer Queen,** an Amazonian negress, with two hundred female warriors, accompanied **King Bu car',** of Morocco, into Spain, to fight the Christians. With Bucar came also thirty-six African kings, **Libyans** and others, twenty-two of whom were killed in the battle gained by the dead Cid.

(**1, 14**) **Va len ci a** (vă len'shĭ a) is a famous city in Spain. The mountains called the **Si er ra Ne vä'da** are in the south and east of Spain.

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XCVIII.—Intellectual Qualities of Milton.

1. In speaking of the intellectual qualities of Milton, we may begin by observing that the very splendor of his poetic fame has tended to obscure or conceal the extent of his mind, and the variety of its energies and attainments. To many, he seems only a poet, when, in truth, he was a profound scholar, a man of vast compass of thought, imbued thoroughly with all ancient and modern learning, and able to master, to mould, to impregnate with his own intellectual power, his great and various acquisitions.

2. He had not learned the superficial doctrine of a later day, that poetry flourishes most in an uncultivated soil, and that imagination shapes its brightest visions from the mists of a superstitious age; and he had no dread of accumulating knowledge lest he should oppress and smother his genius.

He was conscious of that within him which could quicken all knowledge, and wield it with ease and might; which could give freshness to old truths and harmony to discordant thoughts; which could bind together, by living ties and mysterious affinities, the most remote discoveries, and rear fabrics of glory and beauty from the rude materials which other minds had collected.

3. Milton had that universality which marks the highest order of intellect. Though accustomed, almost from infancy, to drink at the fountains of classical literature, he had nothing of the pedantry and fastidiousness which disdains all other draughts. His healthy mind delighted in genius, in whatever soil or in whatever age it might have burst forth, and poured out its fulness. He understood too well the right, and dignity, and pride of creative imagination, to lay on it the laws of the Greek or Roman school.

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4. Parnassus was not to him the only holy ground of genius. He felt that poetry was a universal presence. Great minds were everywhere his kindred. He felt the enchantment of oriental fiction, surrendered himself to the strange creations of "Araby the blest," and delighted still more in the romantic spirit of chivalry, and in the tales of wonder in which it was embodied. Accordingly, his poetry reminds us of the ocean, which adds to its own boundlessness contributions from all regions under heaven.

5. Nor was it only in the department of imagination that his acquisitions were vast. He traveled over the whole field of knowledge, as far as it had been explored. His various philological attainments were used to put him in possession of the wisdom stored in all countries where the intellect had been cultivated. The natural philosophy, metaphysics, ethics, history, theology, and political science of his own and former times, were familiar to him. Never was there a more unconfined mind; and we would cite Milton as a practical example of the benefits of that universal culture of intellect which forms the distinction of our times, but which some dread as unfriendly to original thought.

6. Let such remember that mind is, in its own nature, diffusive. Its object is the universe, which is strictly one, or bound together by infinite connections and correspondences; and, accordingly, its natural progress is from one field to another, and wherever original power or creative thought exists, the mind, far from being distracted or oppressed by the variety of its acquisitions, will see more and more bearings, and hidden and beautiful analogies in all the objects of knowledge — will see mutual light shed from truth to truth, and will compel, as with a kingly power, whatever it understands, to yield some tribute of proof, or illustration, or splendor to whatever topic it would unfold.

William Ellery Channing.

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Preparatory Study.

I. **William Ellery Channing** (1780–1842) was born at Newport, R. I. He was an eminent Unitarian divine, a powerful speaker and writer, and a man of estimable personal character.

II. **Im preg′nate,** *to color deeply.* **Af fin′i ties,** *relations.* **Ped′ant ry,** *vain show of learning.* **Phil′o log′ic al,** *relating to the study of language.* **Met′a phys′ics,** *the science or philosophy of the mind.* **Eth′ics,** *the science of human duty.* **The ol′o gy,** *the science of divine things.* **Dif fu′sive,** *widely reaching.* **A nal′o gies,** *points of resemblance.*

III. (4) **Par nas′sus** was a mountain in Greece sacred to Apollo and the Muses, who were the goddesses of poetry, eloquence, music, history, and the arts.

IV. Analyze **genius** (*gignere*); **surrendered** (*dare*); **philological** (*philos, logos*); **metaphysics** (*phusis*); **political** (*polis*); **benefits** (*bene, facere*); **analogies, remote.**

V. (1) Of what verbs is **variety** the object? (2) What is the object of **could bind**? Of **could rear**? Of **had collected**? (1, 4) Why are **poet, scholar, presence,** and **kindred** in the nominative case?

XCIX.—The Hermit.

1.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And naught but the nightingale's song in the grove,
'T was thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rang symphonious, a hermit began;
No more with himself or with Nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man:

2.

"Ah! why, all abandoned to darkness and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthrall.

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But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay:
Mourn, sweetest complainer—man calls thee to mourn!
O soothe him whose pleasures like thine pass away!
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

3.

"Now, gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon, half extinguished, her crescent displays;
But lately I marked when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendor again!
But man's faded glory what change shall renew?
Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

4.

"'T is night, and the landscape is lovely no more.
I mourn—but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you!
For morn is approaching your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn—
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save;
But when shall spring visit the moldering urn?
O when shall day dawn on the night of the grave?

5.

"'T was thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,
My thoughts wont to roam from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
'O pity, great Father of Light!' then I cried,
'Thy creature, who fain would not wander from Thee!
Lo! humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride;
From doubt and from darkness Thou only canst free.'

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6.

"And darkness and doubt are now flying away;
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
So breaks on the traveler, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

James Beattie.

Preparatory Study.

I. James Beăt'tie (1735–1803) was born in Scotland. The prominent features of his character, as of his poetry and his essays, are purity of sentiment and devoted attachment to the principles of religion and morality. His celebrated poem, "The Minstrel," was received with great favor.

II. Philo me'la is a poetical name for the *nightingale.* **Em'bry o,** *undeveloped.* **Sym pho'ni ous,** *agreeing in sound.* **Wont,** *used.*

III. Explain the expressions: (3) "the planets were lost in her blaze;" (4) "the moldering urn."

IV. The foregoing poem is written in **an'a pest'ic** tetrameter.

An anapest is a poetical foot of three syllables, the last of which is accented.

Scan the poem thus:

Ă̆t thĕ clōse | ŏf thĕ dāy, | whĕn thĕ hām | lĕt ĭs stĭll,
Ănd mōr | tăls thĕ swēets | ŏf fŏr gĕt | fŭl nĕss prōve, | etc.

What do the various marks over the syllables indicate? Observe that the second line lacks a syllable; it is therefore **cat a lec'tic,** or *imperfect.* The first line is **ă cat'a lec'tic,** or *complete.* Define **tetrameter.**

V. (1) What words are made emphatic by antithesis? (2) What inflection is given to **fall**? (3) To **shone, pursue, renew**? (4) To **approaching, winter, urn, grave**? (5) Why is **thou** emphatic? Why is **Thee** spelled with a capital?

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C.—The Spacious Firmament on High.

1. The unspeakable glories of the rising and the setting sun; the serene majesty of the moon, as she walks in full-orbed brightness through the heavens; the soft witchery of the morning and the evening star; the imperial splendors of the firmament on a bright, unclouded night; the comet, whose streaming banner floats over half the sky,—these are objects which charm and astonish alike the philosopher and the peasant,—the mathematician who weighs the masses and defines the orbits of the heavenly bodies, and the untutored observer who sees nothing beyond the images painted upon the eye.

2. I had occasion, a few weeks ago, to take the early train from Providence to Boston, and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a serene midsummer night; the sky was without a cloud; the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral lustre but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly-discovered glories from the naked eye, in the south; the steady Pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

3. Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the

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west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of dawn.

4. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky: the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

5. I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who in the morning of the world went up to the hill-tops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of his hand. But I am filled with amazement when I am told that, in this enlightened age and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, "There is no God."

6. But it is when we turn our observation and our thoughts from our own system to the systems which lie beyond it in the heavenly spaces, that we approach a more adequate conception of the vastness of creation. All analogy teaches us that the sun which gives light to us is but one of those countless stellar fires which deck the firmament, and that every glittering star in that shining host is the center of a system, as vast and as full of subordinate luminaries as our own. Of these suns—

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centers of planetary systems — thousands are visible to the naked eye, millions are discovered by the telescope.

7. There is much by day to engage the attention of the observatory; but night is the astronomer's accepted time: he goes to his delightful labors when the busy world goes to its rest. A dark pall spreads over the resorts of active life; terrestrial objects, hill and valley, and rock and stream, and the abodes of men disappear; but the curtain is drawn up which concealed the heavenly hosts. There they shine and there they move, as they shone and moved to the eyes of Newton and Galileo, of Kepler and Copernicus, of Ptolemy and Hipparchus; yea, as they moved and shone "when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

8. All has changed on earth; but the glorious heavens remain unchanged. The plough passes over the site of mighty cities, the homes of powerful nations are desolate, the languages they spoke are forgotten; but the stars that shone for them are shining for us; the same eclipses run their steady cycle; the same equinoxes call out the flowers of spring and send the husbandman to his harvest; the sun pauses at either tropic as he did when his course began, and sun and moon, and planet and satellite, and star and constellation and galaxy still bear witness to the power, the wisdom, and the love of Him who placed them in the heavens, and upholds them there. *Edward Everett.*

Preparatory Study.

I. **Whist,** *silent, still.* **Ze'nith,** *the point of the heavens directly overhead.* **A nal'o gy,** *similarity; agreement.* **Cy'cle,** *a period; a round of time.* **Sat'el lite,** *a secondary planet, or moon.* **Gal'ax y,** *the milky way, or luminous belt in the heavens.*

II. (2) **Jupiter,** the largest planet of our system, is next to Venus, the brightest. The **Pleiades** (plē'ya dēz) are a group

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of seven small stars in the constellation Taurus. **Lȳ'ra** and **An drom'e da** are bright constellations in the northern heavens. The **Pointers**, two stars in the Great Bear, point almost directly to the north star. (5) The **Mā'ġi ans** were Persian priests, who worshiped the sun and sacred fires.

(7) **Sir Isaac Newton** (1642–1726) was a famous English philosopher and mathematician. **Galileo Galilei** (gä le lā'o gä le lā'ee) (1564–1642), was an illustrious Italian astronomer. **John Kepler** (1571–1630) was a German astronomer celebrated for his discoveries. **Nicholas Coper'nicus** (1472–1543), the great Prussian astronomer, established the present system of astronomy. **Ptolemy** (tŏl'e mĭ) was an Egyptian astronomer and mathematician of the second century A. D. **Hipparchus** (hip ar'kus), an ancient astronomer, lived in Nice (nī'cē), in Asia, about 150 B. C. (7) The quotation is from Job 38: 7.

III. (4) What kind of sentence is the last? Why? Read the participial phrase. What is meant by the **whole celestial concave**? Change the first sentence so that it shall be complex. Define complex sentence.

IV. Analyze **influence** (*fluĕre*); **objects, affected, perceptible, presence, superstition, attention.**

CI.—To the Ursa Major.

1.

With what a stately and majestic step
That glorious constellation of the north
Treads its eternal circle,—going forth
Its princely way among the stars, in slow
And silent brightness! Mighty one, all hail!
I joy to see thee, on thy glowing path,
Walk, like some stout and girded giant, stern,
Unwearied, resolute, whose toiling foot
Disdains to loiter on its destined way.

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2.

The other tribes forsake their midnight track,
And rest their weary orbs beneath the wave;
But thou dost never close thy burning eye,
Nor stay thy steadfast step. But on — still on —
While systems change, and suns retire, and worlds
Slumber and wake, thy ceaseless march proceeds.
The near horizon tempts to rest in vain;
Thou, faithful sentinel! dost never quit
Thy long-appointed watch; but, sleepless still,
Dost guard the fixed light of the universe,
And bid the north forever know its place.

3.

I wonder as I gaze. That stream of light,
Undimmed, unquenched,—just as I see it now,—
Has issued from those dazzling points, through years
That go back far into eternity.
Exhaustless flood! forever spent, renewed
Forever! Yea, and those refulgent drops,
Which now descend upon my lifted eye,
Left their far fountain twice three years ago.
While those winged particles, whose speed outstrips
The flight of thought, were on their way, the earth
Compassed its tedious circuit round and round,
And, in the extremes of annual change, beheld
Six autumns fade, six springs renew their bloom.

4.

Yea, glorious lamps of God! He may have quenched
Your ancient flames, and bid eternal night
Rest on your spheres; and yet no tidings reach
This distant planet. Messengers still come
Laden with your far fire; and we may seem
To see your lights still burning; while their blaze

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But hides the black wreck of extinguished realms,
Where anarchy and darkness long have reigned.

5.

Tell me, ye splendid orbs, as, from your throne,
Ye mark the rolling provinces that own
Your sway, what beings fill those bright abodes?
How formed, how gifted? what their powers, their state,
Their happiness, their wisdom? Do they bear
The stamp of human nature? Or has God
Peopled those purer realms with lovelier forms
And more celestial minds?

6.

Open your lips, ye wonderful and fair!
Speak, speak! the mysteries of those living worlds
Unfold! No language? Everlasting light,
And everlasting silence? Yet the eye
May read and understand. The hand of God
Has written legibly what man may know—
THE GLORY OF THE MAKER. There it shines,
Ineffable, unchangeable; and man,
Bound to the surface of this pigmy globe,
May know and ask no more.

7.

In other days,
When death shall give the cumbered spirit wings,
Its range shall be extended: it shall roam,
Perchance, among those vast, mysterious spheres,
Shall pass from orb to orb, and dwell in each,
Familiar with its children, learn their laws,
And share their state, and study and adore
The infinite varieties of bliss
And beauty, by the hand of power divine
Lavished on all its works.

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8.

Eternity
Shall thus roll on with ever fresh delight;—
No pause of pleasure or improvement; world
On world still opening to the instructed mind
An unexhausted universe, and time
But adding to its glories; while the soul,
Advancing ever to the Source of light
And all perfection, lives, adores, and reigns
In cloudless knowledge, purity, and bliss.

H. Ware, Jr.

Preparatory Study.

I. Henry Ware, Jr. (1794–1843) was born at Hingham, Mass. He was, for a time, minister of the Second Unitarian Church in Boston, and, afterward, professor in the Theological School, Cambridge. He wrote a number of religious poems and essays.

II. Com′passed, *accomplished.* **Cir′cuit** (sir′kit), *revolution.* **An′ar chy,** *confusion.* **In ef′fa ble,** *unutterable.* **Pig′my,** *very small.* **Cum′bered,** *burdened.* **Ho ri′zon, ex haust′less** (egz hawst′less), **te′di ous.**

III. Ur′sa Major, the Great Bear, one of the most conspicuous of the northern constellations, is estimated to be so far away that the passage of light from its nearest star to the earth takes six years. It contains the stars that form the Dipper, or Charles's Wain.

IV. (**1, 2, 4, 5**) What nouns are in the nominative case independent by address? (**2**) Name the nominative and the object of **rest.** What infinitive follows **bid**? What noun does **its** represent? (**3**) What infinitives follow **beheld**? Select three relative clauses, and tell what each modifies. (**5, 6**) Select four verbs in the imperative mode. (**6**) Name the nominative and the object of **unfold**? What is understood before **ask**? (**7**) What is the object of **shall give**? Of what is **spirit** the object?

V. In what measure is this poem written? Scan the first and the second lines.

VI. Analyze **anarchy** (*arche*); **instructed** (*struere*); **particles, circuit, distant, provinces.**

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CII.—Among the Children of the Sun.

1. The deity whose worship the Peruvian princes especially inculcated, and which they never failed to establish wherever their banners were known to penetrate, was the Sun. It was he who, in a particular manner, presided over the destinies of man; gave light and warmth to the nations, and life to the vegetable world; whom they reverenced as the father of their royal dynasty, the founder of their empire; and whose temples rose in every city and almost every village throughout the land, while his altars smoked with burnt-offerings—a form of sacrifice peculiar to the Peruvians among the semi-civilized nations of the New World.

2. The most ancient of the temples dedicated to the Sun was on the island in Lake Titicaca, whence the royal founders of the Peruvian line were said to have proceeded. This sanctuary was held in peculiar veneration: everything that belonged to it, even the broad fields of maize which surrounded the temple and formed part of its domain, imbibed a portion of its sanctity. The yearly produce was distributed among the different public magazines, in small quantities to each, as something that would sanctify the rest of the store. Happy was the man who could secure even an ear of the blessed harvest for his own granary!

3. But the most renowned of the Peruvian temples, the pride of the capital and the wonder of the empire, was at Cuzco, where, under the munificence of successive sovereigns, it had become so enriched that it had received the name of "Place of Gold." It consisted of a principal building and several chapels and inferior edifices, covering a large extent of ground in the heart of the city, and completely encompassed by a wall, which, with the edifices

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was all constructed of stone. The work was so finely executed that a Spaniard, who saw the temple in all its glory, assures us he could call to mind only two buildings in Spain which, for their workmanship, were at all to be compared with it. Yet this substantial, and, in some respects, magnificent structure, was thatched with straw!

4. The interior of the temple was, literally, a mine of gold. On the western wall was emblazoned a representation of the deity, consisting of a human countenance looking forth from amidst innumerable rays of light, which emanated from it in every direction, in the same manner as the sun is often personified with us. The figure was engraved on a massive plate of gold of enormous dimensions, thickly powdered with emeralds and precious stones. It was so situated in front of the great eastern portal that the rays of the morning sun fell directly upon it, lighting up the whole apartment with an effulgence that seemed more than natural, and was reflected back from the golden ornaments with which the walls and ceiling were everywhere incrusted.

5. Gold, in the figurative language of the people, was "the tears wept by the sun," and every part of the interior of the temple glowed with burnished plates and studs of the precious metal. The cornices, which surrounded the walls of the sanctuary, were of the same costly material; and a broad belt or frieze of gold, let into the stone-work, encompassed the whole interior of the edifice.

6. Adjoining the principal structure were several chapels of smaller dimensions. One of them was consecrated to the Moon, the deity held in reverence as the mother of the Incas. Her effigy was delineated in the same manner as that of the Sun, on a vast plate that nearly covered one side of the apartment. But this plate was of silver,

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as suited to the pale, silvery light of the beautiful planet. There were three other chapels, one of which was dedicated to the host of Stars, who formed the bright court of the Sister of the Sun; another was consecrated to the Thunder and the Lightning; and a third, to the Rainbow, whose many-hued arch was here gorgeously represented.

7. All the plate, the ornaments, the utensils of every description, appropriated to the uses of religion, were of gold or silver. Twelve immense vases of the latter metal stood on the floor of the great saloon, filled with grain of the Indian corn. The censers for the perfumes, the ewers that held the water for sacrifice, the pipes that conducted it through subterraneous channels into the buildings, the reservoirs that received it, even the agricultural implements used in the gardens of the temple, were all of the same rich materials.

8. The gardens, like those belonging to the royal palaces, sparkled with flowers of gold and silver, and various imitations of the vegetable kingdom. Animals, also, were to be found there,—among which the llama, with its golden fleece, was most conspicuous,—executed in the same style, and with a degree of skill which, in this instance, probably, did not surpass the excellence of the material.

9. If the reader sees in this fairy picture only the romantic coloring of some fabulous El Dorado, he must consider that these "Houses of the Sun," as they were styled, were the common reservoir into which flowed all the streams of public and private benefaction throughout the empire. Some of the statements, through credulity, and others, in the desire of exciting admiration, may be greatly exaggerated; but, in the coincidence of contemporary testimony, it is not easy to determine the exact line that should mark the measure of our skepticism.

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10. Even shorn of their splendor, the venerable edifices still presented an attraction to the spoiler, who found in their dilapidated walls an inexhaustible quarry for the erection of other buildings. On the very ground once crowned by the gorgeous "Place of Gold," rose a stately church, one of the most magnificent structures of the New World. Fields of maize and lucern now bloom on the spot which glowed with the golden gardens of the temple; and the friar chants his orisons within the precincts once occupied by the Children of the Sun. *Prescott.*

Preparatory Study.

I. William Hickling Prescott (1796–1859) was born in Salem, Mass. He was the grandson of Colonel William Prescott, who commanded the Americans at Bunker Hill. While he was a student at Harvard, an accident ruined the sight of one eye. The other, from excessive use as well as from sympathetic suffering, became very weak, and Prescott was, at times, totally blind. He abandoned the study of law, and devoted his life to literary labors. How bravely and faithfully he worked "in the dark," his high rank as a historian abundantly proves. His "Conquest of Mexico," "Conquest of Peru," "Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," etc., are standard works.

II. In cul'ca ted, *impressed on the mind.* **Dy'nas ty,** *a race of kings.* **Tit i ca'ca** (tit e kä'kä), *a lake on the eastern boundary of Peru.* **Cuz'co** (koos'ko), *a town in the eastern part of Peru, capital of the ancient Peruvian monarchy.* **Cor'ni ces,** *upper mouldings of rooms, doors, etc.* **Friēze,** *a flat band below the cornice.* **Ef'fĭgy,** *image.* **De lin'e a'ted,** *drawn, represented.* **Res'er voir'** (rĕz'er vwär), *a cistern, a basin.* **El Do rā'do,** *the golden land.* **Co in'ci dence,** *agreement.* **Skep'ti cism,** *doubt.* **Lū'çern,** *a plant cultivated for fodder.* **Maize,** *Indian corn.* **Or'i şons,** *prayers.*

III. (**6, 10**) The **In'cas,** or kings of ancient Peru, claimed to be, literally, the "Children of the Sun." (**8**) The **llä'mâ,** or Peruvian sheep, is a wool-bearing quadruped, resembling the camel in structure, but inferior in size, and without a hump.

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CIII.—"He who Died at Azan."

1.

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends:—

2.

Faithful friends! it lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdallah 's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears;
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this:—
"I am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie:
It was mine, it is not I."

3.

Sweet friends! what the women lave
For its last bed of the grave,
Is a tent which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room;—
The wearer, not the garb—the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from these splendid stars.

4.

Loving friends! be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye—
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.

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'T is an empty sea-shell — one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'T is an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him; let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in his store!

5.

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends;
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 't is true,
By such light as shines for you;
But in light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity —
In enlarging Paradise,
Lives a life that never dies.

6.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell:
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's time, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain;
Sunshine still must follow rain;

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Only not at death — for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is, of all life, center.

7.

Be ye certain all seems love
Viewed from Allah's throne above.
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La Allah illa Allah! yea!
Thou love divine! Thou love alway!

8.

He who died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.

Edwin Arnold.

Preparatory Study.

I. **Edwin Arnold,** a well-known English journalist and poet, is the author of "The Light of Asia," "Pearls of the Faith," "The Indian Song of Songs," and many other exquisite poems bearing chiefly upon the faith of the Arabians and Hindus.

II. (1) **Az'an** is the *hour of prayer; particularly the hour when the day begins to decline.* (3, 4) To what objects are the body and the soul, respectively, compared? (4) **Al'lah** is the Arabic name of the Supreme Being. **Shard,** which signifies a fragment of an earthen vessel, is here figuratively used to represent the body. (6) **Fain,** *disposed.* (7) **Lä Al'lâh ïl'lâ Al'lâh** is a form of prayer, equivalent to "There is no God but God."

III. (3) The third line, scanned thus, Īs a͡ | tent which | ī a͡m | quit ting | , is a **trō-chā'ic** tetrameter.

A trō'chee is a poetical foot of two syllables, the first of which is accented.

Define tetrameter. (3, 6) Select other trochaic lines, and scan them. The most of the lines are in iambic trimeter, **hȳ'pe-cat'a-lec'tic,** that having an extra syllable; thus, Hē | w͡ dīed | a͡t Āz | a͡n sends | . Define trimeter.

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CIV.—Goldsmith.

1. Who of the millions whom he has amused, does not love him? To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man! "He was a friend to virtue," says Sir Walter Scott, "and in his most playful pages never forgets what is due to it. A gentleness, delicacy, and purity of feeling distinguishes whatever he wrote, and bears a correspondence to the generosity of a disposition which knew no bounds but his last guinea."

2. A wild youth, wayward, but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out of doors, and achieve name and fortune; and after years of dire struggle, and neglect, and poverty, his heart turning back as fondly to his native place as it had longed eagerly for a change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home.

3. He paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with remembrances of Lissoy. Wander he must, but he carries away a home-relic with him, and dies with it on his breast. His nature is truant; in repose he longs for change, as on the journey he looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building an air-castle for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy; and he would fly away this hour but that a cage and necessity keep him.

4. What is the charm of his verse, his style, and humor? His sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns? Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you.

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Who could harm the kind vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon save the harp on which he plays to you, and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tents or the soldiers round the fire, the women and children in the villages, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet story of "The Vicar of Wakefield" he has found entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe.

5. "We read it," says the gentle Sir Walter, "in youth and in age—we return to it again and again, and bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature. The admirable ease and grace of the narrative, as well as the pleasing truth with which the characters are designed, make 'The Vicar of Wakefield' one of the most delicious morsels of fictitious composition on which the human mind was ever employed."

6. Goldsmith's sweet and friendly nature bloomed kindly always in the midst of a life's storm, and rain, and bitter weather. The poor fellow was never so friendless but he could befriend some one; never so pinched and wretched but he could give of his crust, and speak a word of compassion. If he had but his flute left, he could give that, and make the children happy in the dreary London court. While he was an under-teacher in a school, he spent all his earnings in treats for the boys. His purse and his heart were everybody's, his friends' as much as his own.

7. For the last half dozen years of his life, Goldsmith was in the receipt of a pretty large income from the booksellers, his patrons. Had he lived but a few years more, his public fame would have been as great as his private reputation, and he might have enjoyed a part of that esteem which his country has paid to the vivid and

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versatile genius who has touched on almost every subject of literature, and touched nothing that he did not adorn.

8. In the strength of his age, and the dawn of his reputation, having for patrons and friends the most illustrious literary men of his time, fame and prosperity might have been in store for Goldsmith, had fate so willed it. I say prosperity rather than competence, for it is probable that no sum could have put order into his affairs or sufficed for his habits.

9. As has been the case with many another good fellow of his nation, his life was tracked and his substance wasted by hungry beggars and lazy dependents. If they came at a lucky time,—and be sure they knew his affairs better than he did himself, and watched his pay-day—he gave them of his money; if they begged on empty-purse days, he gave them his promissory bills, or took them to a house where he had credit.

10. Staggering under a load of debt and labor, tracked by reproachful creditors, running from a hundred poor dependents, whose appealing looks, perhaps, were the hardest of all pains for him to bear, devising fevered plans for the morrow, new histories, new comedies, all sorts of new literary schemes, flying from all these into seclusion, and out of seclusion into pleasure—at last, at five and forty, death closed his career.

11. I have been many a time in the chambers of the Temple which were his, and passed up the staircase, which Johnson, and Burke, and Reynolds trod to see their friend, their poet, their kind Goldsmith—the stair on which the poor women sat weeping bitterly when they heard that the greatest and most generous of all men was dead within the black oak door; "they had no friend but him they had come to weep for."

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12. Ah! it was a different lot from that for which the poor fellow sighed, when he wrote, with heart yearning for home, those most charming of all fond verses, in which he fancies he revisits Auburn:

> "*In all my wand'rings round this world of care,*
> *In all my griefs — and God has given my share —*
> *I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,*
> *Amid these humble bowers to lay me down;*
> *To husband out life's taper at the close,*
> *And keep the flame from wasting, by repose;*
> *I still had hopes — for pride attends me still —*
> *Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill;*
> *Around my fire an evening group to draw,*
> *And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;*
> *And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,*
> *Pants to the place from whence at first she flew —*
> *I still had hopes — my long vexations past —*
> *Here to return, and die at home at last.*"

13. Think of him, reckless, thriftless, vain, if you like — but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. He passes out of our life, and goes to render his account beyond it. Think of the poor pensioners weeping at his grave! think of the noble spirits that admired and deplored him! think of the righteous pen that wrote his epitaph! and of the wonderful and unanimous response of affection with which the world has paid back the love he gave it!

14. His humor delighting us still; his song fresh and beautiful as when first he charmed with it; his words in every mouth; his very weaknesses beloved and familiar — his benevolent spirit seems still to shine upon us; to do gentle kindness; to succor with sweet charity; to soothe, caress, and forgive; to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor. *Thackeray.*

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Preparatory Study.

I. **William Makepeace Thackeray** (1811–1863), the distinguished novelist, essayist, and critic, was born in Calcutta. His writings are characterized by genuine humor, satire, keen insight into human nature, and incomparable powers of description, making the author one of the greatest of English prose-writers.

Oliver Goldsmith (1728–1774), poet, play-writer, novelist, historian, and essayist, was born in Ireland. His wandering habits and his improvident life pained his friends, but his real goodness seemed to overbear all the weaknesses of his nature.

II. (**8**) **Auburn** and **Wakefield** are supposed to be Lissoy, Ireland. (**12**) The quotation is from "The Deserted Village," a poem remarkable for its pathos and exquisite finish.

III. (**1, 4**) What inflection closes each question? (**3**) What antitheses make certain words emphatic? (**8**) Why are **competence** and **no** emphatic? (**9**) Why are **another, lucky, himself,** and **empty** emphatic?

CV.—Rome.

1.

Oh, Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, ye,
Whose agonies are evils of a day!
A world is at our feet as fragile as the clay.

2.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe—
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago;
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;

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The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber, through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

3.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climbed the capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:—
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say "here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

4.

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapped and wrap
All round us; we but feel our way to err;
The ocean hath his chart, the stars their map,
And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap;
But Rome is as the desert, when we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections; now we clap
Our hands, and cry "Eureka!" it is clear,
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

5.

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!
The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Alas! for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page!—but these shall be
Her resurrection; all besides—decay.
Alas, for Earth! for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free!

Byron.

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Preparatory Study.

I. **George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron** (1788–1824), was born in London, and educated at Harrow and Cambridge. His brilliant genius made him the most conspicuous man of his time. He died in Greece, whither he had gone to aid the nation in throwing off the Turkish yoke. The foregoing verses are from "Childe Harold," one of the finest poems in the English language.

II. **Chā'ŏs,** *confusion.* **Eū rē'kà,** *I have found it.* **Mi rage'** (mē rāzh'), *an optical delusion.* **Lū'nar, pict'ūred.**

III. (2) **Nī'o bē,** daughter of Tan'ta lus, king of Lydia, was so proud of her seven sons and seven daughters that Apollo and Diana, enraged at her boasting, slew them all. Niobe wept so long and bitterly that she was changed into a stone. **Scip'i o** (sĭp'ĭ o) **Af ri cā'nus** and his brother, **Scipio A'si at'i cus** (ā'shĭ at'i cus), were famous Roman warriors about 200 B. C. Another **Scipio Africanus,** the Younger, destroyed Carthage, 146 B. C.

(3) Rome was originally built upon **seven hills.** (5) **Marcus Tul'li us Cic'e rō,** or **Tul'ly** (109-43 B. C.), was the greatest of Roman orators. **Vir'gil** (70-19 B. C.) was the most celebrated of Latin poets. **Lĭv'y** (59 B. C.–17 A. D.) was a famous Roman historian. (5) Explain the third and the fourth lines.

IV. Analyze **monarchs** (*monos, arche*); **sufferance, recollections.**

V. "Childe Harold" is written in Spenserian verse, so called because it was introduced into English poetry by Edmund Spenser (1553–1599). Each stanza consists of nine lines, eight of which are iambic pentameters; the ninth, which contains six poetical feet, is a **hex am'e ter.**

A **hexameter** is a line of six poetical feet.

Scan the eighth and the ninth lines of each verse.

VI. (1) Why are **our, day,** and **world** emphatic? (2) What inflection is given to **hands**? Why is **mantle** emphatic? (3) Why must there be a pause after **steep**? (4) What antithesis makes certain words emphatic? (5) Why are **dagger's** and **sword** emphatic? Why does **besides** take the rising inflection? Why must there be a pause after this word?

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CVI.—Elegy in a Country Churchyard.

1.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

2.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

3.

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

4.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

5.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

6.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

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7.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

8.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

9.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

10.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

11.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

12.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

13.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;

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Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

14.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

15.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

16.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

17.

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

18.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

19.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

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20.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

21.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

22.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

23.

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

24.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

25.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn:

26.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,

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His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

27.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies would he rove;
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

28.

"One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

29.

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne:
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

30.

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

31.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gained from heaven ('t was all he wished) a friend.

32.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God. *Gray.*

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Preparatory Study.

I. **Thomas Gray** (1716–1771) was born in London and educated at Eton and Cambridge. He stands very high among English poets, not only for the finish and grace of his writings, but also for his profound learning and fastidious taste. His "Elegy" has been fitly termed "the corner-stone of his glory."

II. (**1, 3, 6, 14, 15**) Select examples of metonymy and metaphor; (**8, 11, 30**) personification; (**7, 29**) enallage; (**1, 7, 10, 13, 16, 20, 21, 22, 23, 25, 31**) ellipsis, syncope, apocope, and synæresis. Define each figure named.

III. **Clăr'i on,** *a trumpet; a shrill note.* **Glebe,** *ground; turf.* **Joc'und,** *lively.* **Hĕr'ald ry,** *the art or practice of recording coats-of-arms, descent, etc.* **Im pute',** *to charge.* **Fret'ted,** *ornamented with bands crossing at right angles.* **Preg'nant,** *filled to overflowing.* **Cir'cum scribed',** *limited.* **In gen'u ous,** *noble; frank.* **El'e gy,** *a mournful or funereal poem.*

IV. (**11**) The ancient Greeks and Romans burned their dead and kept the ashes in **urns,** on which was painted or engraved, in words and pictures, the story of the person whose ashes were within; hence, the expression, "**storied urn.**" **Animated** here signifies *life-like.* (**12**) **Celestial fire** signifies *genius,* or *intellectual power.* (**15**) **Oliver Cromwell** (1599–1658) was head of the party that condemned Charles I. to death.

V. (**2, 4, 6, 11, 12, 13, 14**) Read these stanzas in prose form, supplying all ellipses and transposing where it is necessary, and name the nominative of each verb, and the object (if any). What does **save** mean? What does **rude** mean? (**5**) What are the nominatives of **shall rouse**? (**8**) What infinitives follow **let**? What does **their** represent? (**9**) What does **but** mean? What part of speech is it? (**10**) In what mode is **impute**? What verb is modified by the prepositional phrase beginning with **through**? (**24**) What part of speech is **chance**?

VI. (**2, 3, 4**) Why do **holds, flight, tower, complain, bower,** and **ancient** take the rising inflection? (**4, 7, 8, 15, 21**) Why is there a pause after **yew-tree's, forever, hamlet, harvest, sickle, furrow, glebe, Ambition, Grandeur, fields, Milton,** and **text**? (**24**) Why do **dead, relate, led,** and **fate** take the rising inflection?

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CVII.—The Omnipotence of God.

1. Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?

2. Who hath directed the Spirit of the LORD, or, being his counselor, hath taught him?

3. With whom took he counsel, and who instructed him, and taught him in the path of judgment, and taught him knowledge, and showed to him the way of understanding?

4. Behold, the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance: behold, he takéth up the isles as a very little thing.

5. And Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt offering.

6. All nations before him are as nothing; and they are counted to him less than nothing, and vanity.

7. To whom then will ye liken God? or what likeness will ye compare unto him?

8. The workman melteth a graven image, and the goldsmith spreadeth it over with gold, and casteth silver chains.

9. He that is so impoverished that he hath no oblation chooseth a tree that will not rot; he seeketh unto him a cunning workman to prepare a graven image, that shall not be moved.

10. Have ye not known? have ye not heard? hath it not been told you from the beginning? have ye not understood from the foundations of the earth?

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11. It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in:

12. That bringeth the princes to nothing; he maketh the judges of the earth as vanity.

13. Yea, they shall not be planted; yea, they shall not be sown: yea, their stock shall not take root in the earth: and he shall also blow upon them, and they shall wither, and the whirlwind shall take them away as stubble.

14. To whom will ye liken me, or shall I be equal? saith the Holy One.

15. Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number: he calleth them all by names, by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in power; not one faileth.

16. Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the LORD, and my judgment is passed over from my God?

17. Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the LORD, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of his understanding.

18. He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.

19. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall:

20. But they that wait upon the LORD shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.

Isaiah XL. 12–31.

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APPENDIX.

Anglo-Saxon or English Prefixes.

A, *at, in, on.* **A**head, **a**bed, **a**foot.

Be, *over, by; to make.* **Be**wail, **be**side, **be**numb.

En, em, *in, on, into; to make.* **En**close, **en**throne, **em**balm.

For, *against, from.* **For**bid, **for**get.

Fore, *before.* **Fore**tell.

Mis, *wrong, ill.* **Mis**step, **mis**use.

Out, *beyond, out.* **Out**grown.

Over, *beyond, excess.* **Over**do, **over**charge.

Un, *not; to take off, or away.* **Un**kind, **un**hinge, **un**dress.

Under, *beneath, below.* **Under**value, **under**lay.

Up, *upward.* **Up**hold, **up**land.

With, *from, against.* **With**draw, **with**stand.

Latin Prefixes.

A, ab, abs, *from, away.* **A**vert, **ab**duct, **abs**tain.

Ad (changed, for assimilation or euphony, according to the consonant that follows, into **a, ac, af, ag, al, am, an, ap, ar, as,** or **at**), *to.* **A**scend, **ac**cept, **ad**duce, **af**fect, **ag**grandize. **al**lude, **am**munition, **an**nex, **ap**ply, **ar**range, **as**sure, **at**tend.

Ante, *before.* **Ante**cedent.

Bis, bi, *in two, twice, double.* **Bis**cuit, **bi**ennial, **bi**sect.

Circum, *around, about.* **Circum**navigate, **circu**it.

Con (changed into **co, cog, col, com,** or **cor**), *with, together.* **Co**-exist, **cog**nomen, **col**lect, **com**mit, **con**nect, **cor**rect.

Contra, contro, and the form **counter**, *against.* **Contra**dict, **contro**versy, **counter**act.

De, *down, from.* **De**pend, **de**part.

Dis, di, dif, *asunder, apart, not; to take away.* **Dis**join, **dis**honest, **di**vert, **dif**fer, **dis**courage.

Ex (changed into **e, ec, ef**), *out, out of, from.* **E**lect, **ec**centric, **ef**fect, **ex**cept.

Extra, *beyond.* **Extra**ordinary, **extra**vagant.

In (changed into **ig, il, im, ir**), *not; in, on, into.* **Ig**noble, **il**legal, **im**bibe, **in**duce, **ir**resolute.

Inter, *between, among.* **Inter**cede, **inter**national.

Intro, *within.* **Intro**duce.

Ob (changed into **oc, of, o, op**), *in the way, against, out.* **Ob**literate, **oc**cur, **of**fer, **o**mit, **op**pose.

Per, *through, thoroughly, by.* **Per**ish, **per**fect, **per** annum.

Post, *after.* **Post**script, **post**pone.

Pre, *before.* **Pre**fix, **pre**dict.

Pro, pur, por, *forth, forward, for.* **Pro**ceed, **pro**noun, **pur**pose, **por**trait.

Re, red, *back, again.* **Re**flect, **re**turn, **red**undant.

Retro, *backward.* **Retro**spect.

Se, *aside, apart.* **Se**lect, **se**cede.

Sub (changed into **suc, suf, sug, sum, sup, sur, sus**), *under.* **Sub**scribe, **suc**cor, **suf**fer, **sug**gest, **sum**mon, **sup**ply, **sur**rogate, **sus**tain.

Super, sur, *over, above.* **Super**vise, **sur**pass.

Trans, tran, tra, *over, beyond.* **Trans**mit, **trans**cribe, **tra**verse.

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Greek Prefixes.

A, an, *without, not.* **A**pathy, **an**archy.

Amphi, *on both sides, around.* **Amphi**bious.

Ana, *up, through, back.* **Ana**logy, **ana**lysis.

Anti, ant, *against, opposite.* **Anti**pathy, **ant**arctic.

Apo, aph, *from, away.* **Apo**logy, **aph**æresis.

Cata, cat, *down, against.* **Cata**logue, **cat**echism.

Dia, di, *through.* **Dia**meter, **di**æresis.

Epi, *upon.* **Epi**logue, **epi**dermis.

Hyper, *over, beyond.* **Hyper**critical.

Hypo, *under.* **Hypo**crite.

Meta, met, *beyond, after; change.* **Meta**physics, **met**onymy.

Para, par, *beyond, beside.* **Para**graph, **par**ody.

Peri, *around, about.* **Peri**meter.

Poly, *many.* **Poly**syllable.

Sym, sy, syl, sym, *with, together.* **Sym**æresis, **sym**metry, **syl**lable, **sy**stem.

Suffixes.

(The definitions of **suffixes** must be taken in a general sense, and varied to make them strictly applicable in the etymological analysis of individual words. **Suffixes** are added to roots to form *nouns, adjectives, verbs,* and *adverbs.*)

IN NOUNS.—**An, ant, ar, ard, ary, ate, ee, eer, ent, er, ery, ic, ice, ier, ist, ite, ive, ment, or, ory, ster, yer,** usually signify *one who, that which,* or *place where.* Historian, servant, scholar, standard, granary, certificate, absentee, mountaineer, resident, owner, rookery, critic, novice, glazier, organist, favorite, motive, tenement, director, armory, songster, lawyer.

Acy, age, ance, ancy, dom, ence, ency, hood, ice, ics, ion, ism, mony, ness, ry, ship, th, tude, ty, ure, y, signify *state of being, act of, office of, science of, practice of, quality of, collection of.* Obstinacy, foliage, assistance, constancy, dukedom, difference, decency, childhood, service, mathematics, exhibition, despotism, ceremony, gladness, rivalry, hardship, growth, solitude, liberty, failure, honesty.

Cle, cule, isk, kin, let, ling, ock, signify *little.* Particle, animalcule, asterisk, lambkin, streamlet, nestling, hillock.

IN ADJECTIVES.—**Able, ble, ible, ile,** signify *that may be, fit to be, worthy of, full of, causing.* Remarkable, legible, contemptible, ductile.

Ac, al, an, ane, ar, ary, esque, ic, ical, ile, ine, ish, ory, signify *of, like, pertaining to, somewhat, 'ing.'* Demoniac, parental, Roman, urbane, polar, primary, picturesque, despotic, political, mercantile, serpentine, childish, whitish, transitory.

Aceous, en, ful, ly, ose, ous, some, y, signify *consisting of, like, full of, having the quality of.* Crustaceous, earthen, painful, queenly, verbose, vigorous, quarrelsome, sandy.

Ant, ate, ent, id, ive, signify *being, having power, 'ing.'* Observant, roseate, sufficient, frigid, active.

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IN VERBS.—**Ate, en, fy, ise, ize, ish,** signify *to make, to give, to put, to take, to act.* Decor**ate,** length**en,** classi**fy,** critici**se,** patron**ize,** fin**ish.**

IN ADVERBS.—**Ly, wise,** signify *in a manner.* Swift**ly,** now**ise.**

MISCELLANEOUS.—**Escent** signifies *growing* or *becoming;* **escence,** state *of growing* or *becoming;* **less,** *without;* **ward,** *in the direction of;* **er,** *more:* **est,** *most;* **ess** *is a feminine termination.* Qui**escent,** convale**scence,** home**less,** home**ward,** low**er,** low**est,** poet**ess.**

Latin Roots.

Ag'e re, ac'tum, *to do, to act.* Agent, counter**act.**
A ma're, a ma'tum, *to love.* **A mi'cus,** *a friend.* **Ama**tory, **ami**cable.
An'i ma, *the soul, life.* **An'i mus,** *the mind.* **Ani**mate, magn**animous.**
Bo'nus, *good.* **Be'ne,** *well.* **Bo**unty, **bene**volent.
Cap'e re, cap'tum, *to take.* **Cap**able, **cap**ture.
Ca'put, cap'i tis, *the head.* **Cap**e, **capi**tal.
Ced'e re, ces'sum, *to go, to yield.* Pre**cede,** pro**cess**ion.
Cur're re, cur'sum, *to run.* Oc**cur,** **excur**sion.
Dic'e re, dic'tum, *to say.* Contra**dict.**
Dar'e, da'tum, *to give.* Ante**date,** condi**tion.**
Do ce're, doc'tum, *to teach.* **Doc**tor, **doc**ile.
Duc'e re, duc'tum, *to lead.* Ded**uce,** Aqued**uct.**
Es'se, *to be.* **Ens, en'tis,** *being.* **Ess**ence, pres**ent.**
Fac'e re, fac'tum, *to make, to do.* **Fac**ile, per**fect.**
Fer're, la'tum, *to bear, to carry.* Of**fer,** re**lat**ion.
Fig'e re, fix'um, *to fix, to fasten.* Pre**fix.**
Fi'nis, *an end, a limit.* **Fin**ish, de**fine.**
Flec'te re, flex'um, *to bend.* Re**flect,** **flex**ion.
Flu'e re, flux'um, *to flow.* **Fluc'tus,** *a wave.* **Fluid,** in**flux,** **fluct**uate.
For'tis, *brave, strong.* **Fort**itude, com**fort.**
Fran'ge re, frac'tum, *to break.* **Frag**ment, **frac**tion.
Fun'de re, fu'sum, *to pour.* Re**fund,** in**fus**ion.
Gig'ne re, gen'i tum, *to produce.* **Ge'nus, gen'e ris,** *a race.* **Gen**ial.
Ha be're, hab'i tum, *to have.* **Able, habit.**
Ho'mo, hom'i nis, *man.* **Hom**icide, **hum**ane.
I're, i'tum, *to go.* Circu**it.**
Jac'e re, jac'tum, *to throw.* Pro**ject,** sub**ject.**
Jun'ge re, junc'tum, *to join.* **Ju'gum,** *a yoke.* **Junc**tion, sub**jug**ate.
Leg'e re, lec'tum, *to read, to choose.* **Legi**ble, **elec**tion.
Li'ber, *free.* **Liber**ate.
Lo'qui, lo cu'tus, *to speak.* Soli**loquy,** **elocu**tion.
Mag'nus, *great.* **Ma jor,** *greater.* **Magni**fy, **majority.**
Ma'lus, *bad.* **Ma'le,** *ill.* **Mal**content, **male**volent.

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Ma'nus, *the hand.* **Manu**facture.
Mit'te re, mis'sum, *to send.* Com**mit, mis**sile.
Mo ve're, mo'tum, *to move.* **Remov**al, pro**motion.**
Nos'ce re, no'tum, *to know.* **Not**ice, **no**ble.
O'pus, op'e ris, *work.* **Operation,** co-**operate.**
Pars, par'tis, *a part.* Counter**part, part**icle.
Pli ca're, pli ca'tum, *to fold.* Sup**pli**ant, sup**plicate.**
Pon'e re, pos'i tum, *to place.* **Oppon**ent, **opposition.**
Por ta're, por ta'tum, *to carry.* Sup**ported.**
Quær'e re, quæ si'tum, *to ask, to seek.* Con**quer, question.**
Reg'e re, rec'tum, *to rule.* **Reg**ent, correc**tion.**
Scrib'e re, scrip'tum, *to write.* **Describe,** **description.**
Se ca're, sec'tum, *to cut.* Inter**sect, section.**
Sen ti're, sen'sum, *to feel, to think.* **Sens**ible.
Se'qui, se cu'tus, *to follow.* Con**sequent,** con**secutive.**
Spec ta're, spec ta'tum, *to look, to behold.* In**spection.**
Spi ra're, spi ra'tum, *to breathe.* In**spire,** **expiration.**
Sis'te re, sta're, sta'tum, *to stand, to set.* **Assist, station.**
Stru'e re, struc'tum, *to build.* **Destruction.**
Tem'pus, tem'po ris, *time.* **Tempor**ary.
Ten'de re, ten'sum, ten'tum, *to stretch.* **Tend,** **extension, attention.**
Te ne're, ten'tum, *to hold.* **Ten**ant, impertin**ent.**
Tra'he re, trac'tum, *to draw.* **Tract,** dis**traction.**
Ve ni're, ven'tum, *to come.* Con**vene,** con**vention.**
Ver'te re, ver sum, *to turn.* Con**vert,** con**version.**
Vi de're, vi'sum, *to see.* Pro**vide,** pro**vision.**
Vin'ce re, vic'tum, *to conquer.* Con**vince,** con**viction.**
Vo ca're, vo ca'tum, *to call.* **Vox vocis,** *the voice.* **Vocal, Vocation.**
Vol've re, vo lu'tum, *to roll.* **Revolve,** **revolution.**

Greek Roots.

Ar'che, *the beginning; government.* **Anarchy, architect.**
Graph'o, *I write.* **Gram'ma,** *a writing.* Para**graph,** epi**gram.**
Hu'dor, *water.* **Hydrant.**
Lo'gos, *speech, word, account.* **Log**ical, etymo**logy.**
Met'ron, *a measure.* **Metr**ical.
Mo'nos, *sole, only, alone.* **Mono**syllable.
Pa'thos, *feeling, suffering.* Sym**pathy, apathy.**
Phi'los, *a friend or lover.* **Philo**sophy.
Phu'sis, *nature.* **Phys**ical.
Po'lis, *a city.* Anna**polis, politics.**
The'os, *God.* **Theo**logy, **atheist.**

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